SIDE LIGHTS
ON
ENGLISH HISTORY

E. F. HENDERSON

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

SIDE LIGHTS

ON

ENGLISH HISTORY

BEING EXTRACTS FROM
LETTERS, PAPERS, AND DIARIES OF THE PAST THREE CENTURIES

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

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To My Sister,

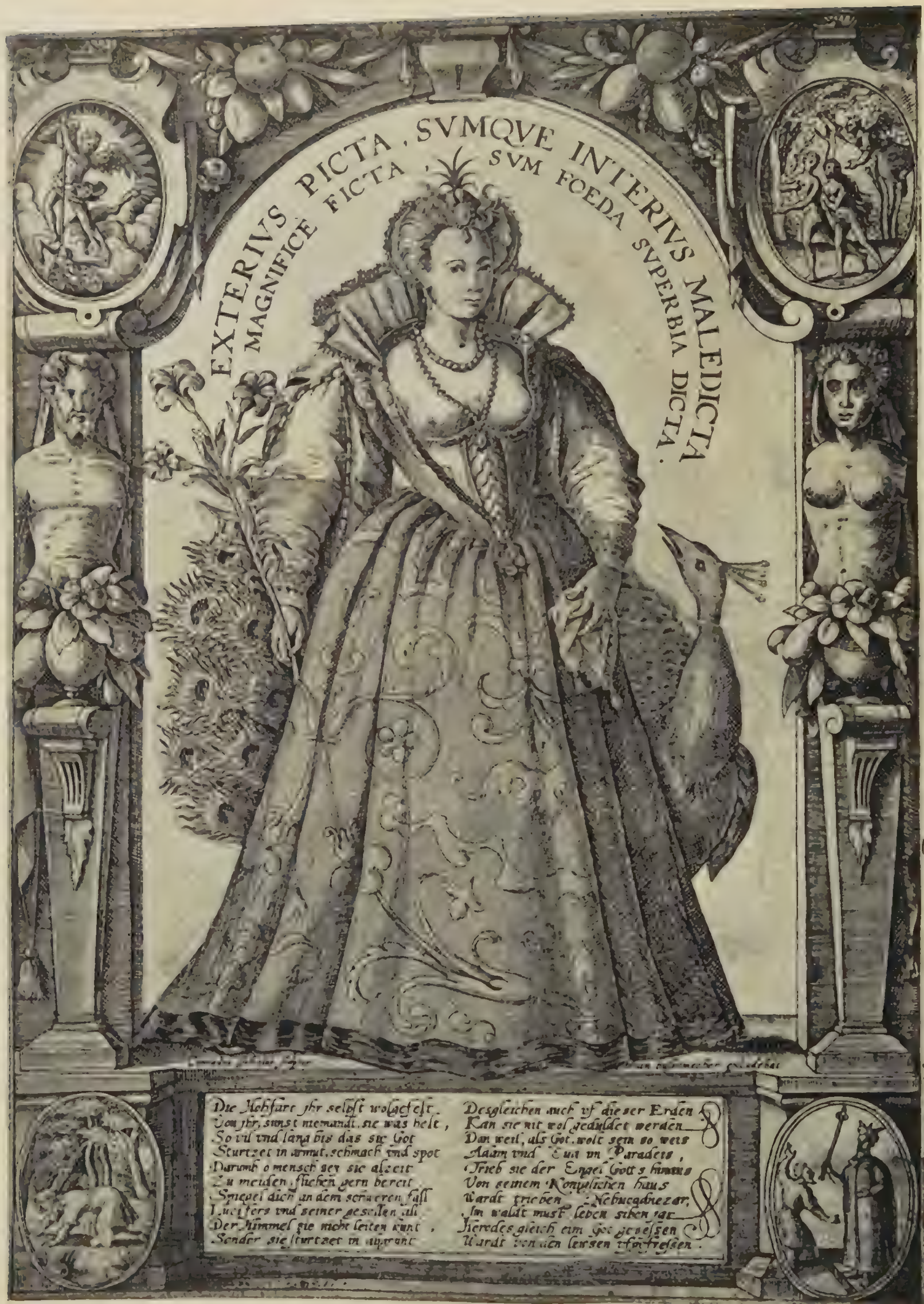
M. W. H.,

WHO FIRST RECOMMENDED TO ME THE STUDY

OF HISTORY,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.


EXTERIVS PICTA, SVMQVE INTERIVS MALEDICTA.
MAGNIFICE FICTA, SVM FOEDA SVPERBIA DICTA.
Die Hohfart jhr selbst wolgefelt
Von jhr, sunst niemandt, sie was helt,
So vil und lang bis das sie Got
Sturtzet in armut, schmach und spot
Darumb o mensch sey sie alzeit
Zu meiden, fliehen gern bereit
Spiegel dich an dem schweren fall
Lucifers und seiner gesellen all
Der himmel sie nicht leiden kunt,
Sonder sie sturtzet in abgrunt
Desgleichen auch uf dieser Erden
Kan sie nit wol geduldet werden
Dan weil, als Got wolt sein so weis
Adam und Eva im Paradeis,
Trieb sie der Engel Gotts hinaus
Von seinem Königlichen haus
Wardt trieben Nebucadnezar,
Im waldt must leben siben jar
Herodes gleich ein Got gewesen
Wardt von den lewsen uffgefressen.

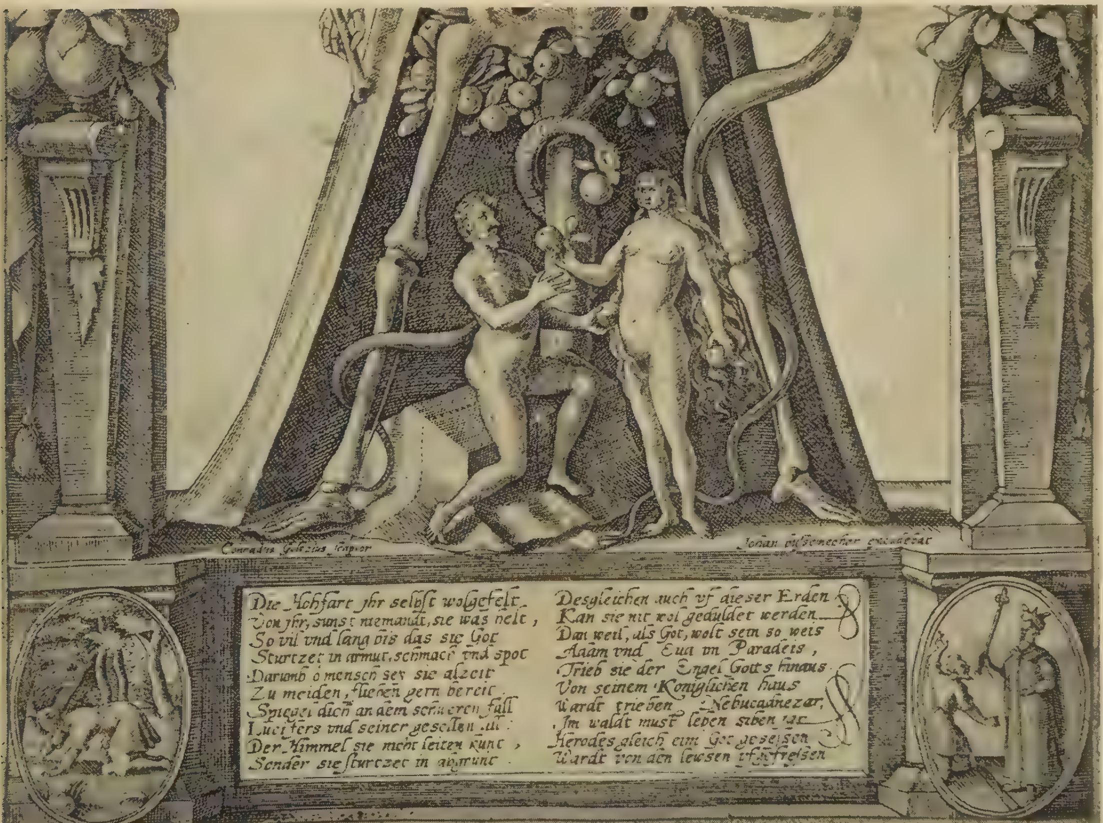
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Engraved by Goltz at the time of her execution.)

PREFACE

ALL hail to the new spirit that is permeating the methods of teaching and studying of history, in New England especially, but also as far as the influence of the thousand-membered American Historical Society extends. It is the veritable spirit of the Renaissance; the spirit that made those fifteenth century scholars hunt for manuscripts, and that caused Luther to found his theological teachings on the actual text of the Bible. Here was a cloud of witnesses capable of relating their own experiences as men to men and needing no veil of priestly mystery.

To those who have followed the movement the rapid increase of so-called source-books of history forms a very interesting phenomenon. We have them for American, English and general mediæval history, we are promised them for


Conradus Goltzius sculptor
Joan ... excudebat
Die Hohfart jhr selbst wolgefelt
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In the original (see opposite page), following out the motto "I am outwardly painted and inwardly accursed," the skirt lifts up and displays these skeleton legs, the coffin, serpent and temptation.

the history of Greece and Rome. There is scarcely a publisher of repute who is not announcing something of the kind; several universities are publishing periodical leaflets. Historical associations devote whole sessions to the question of rendering available such material. Teachers have found that this first-hand evidence rouses the interest of their students and dignifies their pursuit. It becomes to them what the flowers are to the botanist or the actual cases and decisions to the young lawyer. The movement is spreading even beyond the guild. The painter Verestchagin lays aside his brush to piece together the narratives of survivors of Napoleon's Russian campaign and gives a product of realism as fine as anything he has done on canvas.

In the time devoted to the learning of a given number of pages in some condensed history it is now recognized that one can read a different kind of matter more widely and gain better results. Many facts become clear of themselves. Who, for instance, can doubt Pitt's attitude towards the American war who has once heard him say in parliament, "You may traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sends his subjects to the shambles . . . your efforts are forever vain and impotent. . . . If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never"? Such illustrative material makes the cardinal facts stand out as though printed in letters of flaming fire. And the student is led on almost unconsciously to an appreciation and criticism of authorities, to the proper use of libraries, to the assimilation and combination of data, to orderly and thorough thinking. Above all, the personalities become real and definite.

By such writings we are initiated as by no other possible means into the spirit of the time. I ask you to witness the execution of the Queen of Scots through the eyes of the person who was appointed to tell Lord Burleigh all about it; to follow the parliaments of Charles I. and of Cromwell at the hand of men who served in them. Often the chief actors are our chief informants. These are voices that speak to us directly; the rest is merely commentary.

In a work like this present collection it is of course not expected of me to be thorough, or in any way to explain causes and results. My aim is to give color, and, above all, life. If I can make these people seem as real to others as they do to myself I shall have achieved something worth the effort. It is to this personal element in history that I have largely confined myself. Every great event is equally susceptible of this kind of illustration, only it would take very many volumes to accomplish the task. It is enough for the present to have lifted the mask from the kings and queens and from such prominent personages as the Pretenders, the Marlboroughs, the Electress of Hanover, the wife of George I. Naturally my work is elementary: I can only give specimens from a large body of literature full of its own interest to those who have time to devote to it.

A word as to the way in which this book may be made most useful to the student: I should suggest that he be given a topic corresponding to the heading of one of my thirty-two groups and be asked to make an abstract of its salient points from his text-book. After he has done this, and added some supplementary reading, I should consider him to have reached a frame of mind most suitable for approaching the sources. These are less concentrated and, I hope, more lively and entertaining than the majority of the narratives. Many dim facts will stand out more clearly after their perusal. All acquisitions to the knowledge already gained from the modern authorities should be carefully noted in writing. Riper scholars can subject them to a fire of criticism, comparing them with statements of other contemporary authorities.

It may not be out of place here to summarize the results likely to be obtained from the perusal of one or two of the groups. Space forbids our continuing the analysis through all the topics, but the table of contents will be sufficiently extended to remedy the deficiency.

In Group I. we start out with the personality of Queen Elizabeth, and are fortunate enough to have an account of her at the time of her accession in 1558, when she was already full blown as to her externals, and "for her internals, grown ripe and seasoned with adversity." We next find her addressing the Parliament on the all-important subject of her marriage, and shaking at them a finger on which gleams the ring with which she has solemnly espoused herself to the kingdom. When she dies she wishes to have engraved on her tomb, "Here lies Elizabeth, who liv'd and died a maiden Queen." There follow a series of extremely interesting letters sent by his different ambassadors in London, Feria, Aquila and Quadra to Philip II. at Madrid, and only recently published from the rich archives of Simancas. How much cunning and perseverance was wasted by these intriguing priests!—at first to get a footing in the palace at all, and then to tempt her to make such a match as will suit Spain's interest, perhaps Philip himself,—but the King is not to commit himself. "If she inclines to your Majesty," writes Feria, "it will be necessary for you to send me orders whether I am to carry it any further or throw cold water on it and set up the Archduke Ferdinand." In the case of one envoy after another hope gives place to despondency and the post is given up; there are laments that this queen is very different from "Her majesty now in Heaven," and a final cry of rage from Feria that this country "has fallen into the hands of a woman who is a daughter of the devil." These correspondents have much to say about Robert Dudley, later Earl of Leicester, and his extreme intimacy with the Queen. "The Queen told me that Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so," writes Quadra, "and asked me to say nothing about it. Certainly this business is most shameful and scandalous;" and again, "Since writing the above I hear the Queen has published the death of Robert's wife," and said, in Italian, "She broke her neck.

She must have fallen down a staircase." Philip writes to Quadra to take advantage of Elizabeth's love for Robert, but to trust to nothing that she does not give him in black and white. In a strange interview with the loving pair Quadra promises them his master's support, but at the price of the overthrow of the ministers in power. Nothing comes of the matter, but Leicester remains in the highest favor at court and accompanies the Queen in her different progresses. We see her at Cambridge and Oxford, turning the heads of all the doctors and making Latin speeches to them with such grace and modesty that the "wildest cheers" and blessings were bestowed upon her. "The walls, and even the windows and benches," writes one of them, "seemed to resound deafeningly with the voices of our men." The group ends with the letter of a French envoy, Chateauneuf, to his King, written in 1586, and giving an account both of the Queen's accomplishments and her shortcomings. The Earl of Leicester is still in high favor, indeed "the first man in England after the said lady;" but, alas for that early lover's romance, he is now fifty-three or four years old and has "grown very rotund."

In Group II. we at once come into a more sombre atmosphere, and find Elizabeth signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots and maintaining stoutly in her letters to Mary's son, James of Scotland, that she cannot "keep the serpent that poisons her," or make herself "a goodly prey for every wretch to devour." Old Melville, she says, "hath years enough to teach him more wisdom than tell a prince of any judgment such a contrarious, frivolous, maimed reason." Then we enter Fotheringay castle at the hand of Mary's body physician, Bourgoing, and learn of the first intimation to her that she must die shortly. She was in bed when the emissaries appeared, but sent word that if it was an urgent matter she would rise and dress. So seated in a chair at the foot of her bed she waited the knell of doom, and, guilty or innocent, made a most calm and heroic rejoinder to the formal announcement. A letter of hers, in which she tells of hearing them hammer away at her scaffold, was discovered too late to be inserted in this collection. She arranges her affairs, and at dead of night sits down and writes (No. 4) to her brother-in-law, Henry III. of France, asking his good offices for her servitors. "As for my son, I recommend him to you according to his merits, for I can not answer for him." By command of Lord Burleigh, Robert Wingfield, or Wynkfield, who is present, writes with the utmost detail of everything that happened in Mary's last hour; with uncompromising realism he depicts her as fat, round-shouldered, broadfaced, double-chinned and with false auburn hair. But he then goes on to faithfully describe one of the most touching and dignified death scenes that has ever been chronicled in the whole history of man. As she walks to the scaffold her faithful Melville throws himself on his knees and asks what his countrymen will say when he brings them this fatal news. "Carry this message from me," she said, "that I died a true woman to my religion and like a true woman of Scotland and France." The details of the actual execution are gruesome enough—her lips "stirred up and down almost a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off!" This is almost on a par with the death of the Earl of Argyle in 1685, whose headless body, "by the great commotion and agitation of the animal and vital spirits," rose up and had to be pulled down by the attendants (see p. 164). The letter of Elizabeth to James, disavowing her share in the execution, seems to have been designed for the public eye—it is not in keeping with those that went before. The messenger who bore it is afraid to risk being murdered by the incensed Scotch; but James accepts the explanation of *yon unhappy fact*, or will accept it if it be made worth his while. Nevertheless a coolness ensues which is ended by Elizabeth (!) declaring that *she* "is willing to drink most willingly a large draught of the river of Lethe." Wilson maintains (No. 10) that James's own emissary had persuaded Elizabeth to sign the death warrant, declaring that "Mortua non mordet" (when she is dead she cannot bite).

In Group III. we are introduced to Admiral Howard and Sir Francis Drake at the moment of the first reliable intimation of the sailing of the Spanish Armada in 1588. The whereabouts and strength of that fleet give rise to the wildest reports. Drake himself writes to the Queen that between four and five hundred ships are known to be approaching. He wishes to meet them off their own coasts, but is overruled, and doubtless bears his disappointment bravely, for Howard writes to Secretary Walsingham, "Sir, I must not omit to let you know how lovingly and kindly Sir Francis Drake bears himself." So the ships remain in the channel, and are forced to ride out some terrific gales, during which, however, to quote Howard, "we may compare that we have danced as lustily as the gallantest dancers at Court." In order that the Spaniards may not slip by unobserved and land their forces on the English shore the fleet is divided into three parts, within signalling distance of each other. When they do appear, one hundred and twenty sail in all, Howard manages to get to windward of them and do them considerable damage. They have been forced so far to leeward, writes Drake, "as I hope in God, the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days." Three other engagements take place, in the last of which the Admiral, about twelve of the clock at night, sent six small ships with intrepid crews which set fire to and then abandoned them in the midst of the enemy's great hulks. The Spaniards cut their anchors and fled precipitately, but one great galleass went ashore off Calais. The taking of this is most graphically described in a letter of a Richard Tomson to Secretary Walsyngham (No. 6). The Spanish fleet suffers terribly from storms on the coasts of Ireland, and the Governor of Connaught writes to the Queen of the extent of the damage within his province and the ruthless butchery of those unfortunates who swim ashore.

In Group IV. we follow Queen Elizabeth through her declining days. Bishop Goodman tells how in this same year of the Spanish defeat, when he himself was a young boy residing "at the upper end of the strand," Elizabeth came after dark to the Church of St. Clement, and how graciously she addressed the people. By this time, alas, she was growing wrinkled and had a goggle throat —a great gullet hanging out. Goodman mentions a report that "the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles." She is still very coy with her courtiers, and Cary, Earl of Monmouth (No. 2), has much ado in making her forgive him for having committed the crime of matrimony. In 1598, Paul Hentzer, a cultivated German on his travels, is admitted to kiss her hand and describes the genuflections and general oriental ceremonial at her court, going on then in a highly entertaining way to dilate on the general peculiarities of the Englishman of that day. While he is with the Queen, W. Slavata, a Bohemian nobleman, is brought in and presented, the same who twenty years later took his phenomenal flight from the window of the Prague Castle and started the Thirty Years' War. In the next selection, again from Goodman, we find the aged monarch merrily entertaining Duke Prussiano, a "courteous and brave nobleman"; and the bishop goes on to relate how "then did the Queen dance a galliard very comely, and like herself, to show the vigour of her old age." But soon after the clouds begin to descend on all sides. The beloved Essex heads a conspiracy and is imprisoned; Thomas Lea, between nine and ten at night, waits in the Queen's antechamber meaning to seize her person and make her sign a warrant for the Earl's release. "He only meant to vex her for half an hour, that she might live the merrier all her life after," but both he and Essex lose their heads. All this preys on the poor old lady's mind, and everything seems to portend her ruin. The ring of espousal to the kingdom has grown into the flesh and has to be cut in two; she cannot fail to see that the eyes of all are turning to the rising sun; day after day she sits in deep melancholy, afraid to go to bed lest she should never rise again. At last after a reign of forty-four years she "enjoys a blessed remove from this world to a better," and her 2,000 gowns, worth at peddler's prices £100,000, are taken to Holland and sold. Her successor, not altogether unnaturally, abhors her memory, but to the people she is always good Queen Bess.

E. F. HENDERSON.

Redwood Cottage, Dublin, N. H.,
May 4, 1900.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(Engraved by Greatbach from the original by N. Hilliard.)

SIDE LIGHTS

ON

ENGLISH HISTORY

GROUP I.

THE PERSONALITY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1. Extract from Sir Robert Naunton, "Fragmenta Regalia." (Printed together with Cary's Memoirs. Edinburgh, 1808.)

. . . Her destiny had decreed to set her (Elizabeth) an apprentice in the school of affliction, and to draw her through the ordeal fire of trial, the better to mould and fashion her to rule and sovereignty: which finished, and Fortune calling to mind that the time of her servitude was expired, . . . delivered up into her custody a sceptre, as a reward for her patience, which was about the twenty-sixth year of her age—a time in which (as for externals) she was full-blown; so was she for her internals grown ripe and seasoned with adversity, and in the exercise of her virtue. . . .

She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well-favored, but high-nosed, of limbs and feature neat, and, which added to the lustre of these exterior graces, of stately and majestic comportment, participating in this more of her father than mother, who was of an inferior allay [alloy?], plausible, or, as the French hath it, more *debonaire*, and affable virtues which might well suite with majesty, and which descending, as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of the people, who gave her the name and fame of a most gracious and popular Prince; the atrocity of her father's nature being rebated in hers, by the mother's sweeter inclinations. . . .

2. Answer of Elizabeth to the Speaker of the House of Commons, 1559. (In Camden, Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Originally in Latin.) The Speaker had begged her, in the name of the Parliament, to "accept some match capable of supplying heirs to your royal virtues and dominions."

. . . "I have made choice of such a state as is freest from the incumbrance of secular pursuits and gives me the most leisure for the service of God: and could the applications of the most potent princes, or the very hazard of my life, have diverted me from this purpose, I had long ago worn the honors of a bride. These were my sentiments when I was but a private person; but now that the care and weight of a kingdom lies upon my shoulders, to add to these the incumbrance of the married state would be no point of discretion in me: But that I may give you the best satisfaction I can, I have long since made choice of a husband, the Kingdom of England. And here," continues she, "is the pledge and emblem of my marriage contract, which I wonder you should so soon have forgot." With that she shewed them her finger with the same gold ring upon it with which she had solemnly and formally betrothed herself to the Kingdom at her inauguration. After she had paused a little, "I beseech you," said she, "gentlemen, charge me not with the want of children, for as much as every one of you, and every Englishman besides, are my children and relations. . . . Should it be my lot to continue as I am, a Virgin Queen, I doubt not but the providence of God, seconded by your counsels and my own measures, will so dispose matters as to put the question of a successor out of all debate. . . . For my own part, I desire no better character nor fairer remembrance of me to posterity than to have this inscription on my tomb when I come to pay my last debt to nature: 'Here lies Elizabeth, who liv'd and died a Maiden-Queen.' "

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3. Correspondence of Spanish Envoys in London with Philip II. (From State Papers; Spanish Series.)

Feria to Philip II.

Dec. 14, 1558.

. . . It gives me great trouble every time I write to your Majesty not to be able to send more pleasing intelligence, but what can be expected from a country governed by a Queen, and she a young lass, who, although sharp is without prudence, and is every day standing up against religion more openly? The kingdom is entirely in the hands of young folks, heretics and traitors, and the Queen does not favor a single man whom her Majesty, who is now in Heaven, would have received, and will take no one into her service who served her sister when she was Lady Mary. On her way from the Tower to her house where she now is, she saw the Marquis of Northampton, who is ill with a quartan ague, at a window, and she stopped her palfrey and was for a long while asking him about his health in the most cordial way in the world. The only true reason for this was that he had been a great traitor to her sister. . . . She seems to me incomparably more feared than her sister, and gives her orders and has her way as absolutely as her father did. . . . I am trying to get a chamber in the palace when she goes to Whitehall, although I am very much afraid they will not give me one; . . . they are so suspicious of me that not a man amongst them dares to speak of me. . . . They are all very glad to be free of your Majesty, as if you had done harm instead of very much good. . . . Truly they run away from me as if I were the Devil. The best thing will be to get my foot into the palace, so as to speak oftener to the Queen, as she is a woman who is very fond of argument. Everybody thinks that she will not marry a foreigner and they cannot make out whom she favours, so that nearly every day some new cry is raised about a husband. . . . The most discreet people fear she will marry for caprice. . . . I do not know which way the Queen is inclined, for on the one hand she complained to me of her sister's having married a foreigner, and on the other

PHILIPPVS II. D. G. HISPANIARVM
ET INDIARVM REX CATOLICVS,
ARCHIDVX AVSTRIÆ.

I see she is very vain and as much set against her sister as she was previous to her death. I fancy I can get at her through this feeling: . . . we must tell her that one of the reasons the Queen, now in heaven, disliked her was her fear that if she died your Majesty would marry her (Elizabeth). . . . If she inclines to your Majesty it will be necessary for you to send me orders whether I am to carry it any further or throw cold water on it and set up the Archduke Ferdinand. . . . When I left on that day I sent her by the Admiral's wife the two rings that your Majesty gave me which belonged to the late Queen, because as I saw she was so fond of her jewels I thought best to give her up even the poorest of them. . . . I told her about the jewels which were in the box at Whitehall and said I would give her the key when I came. She accepted. I have heard also that the Queen, now in heaven, ordered in her will that the jewels given to her by your Majesty and the Emperor should be returned to you, and these people had concealed this and kept the jewels. Seeing this I thought best to say that your Majesty would be very pleased for her to have them if she wanted them. . . . She is very fond of having things given to her, and her one theme is how poor she is. . . . Both times I have spoken with her have been in the presence chamber crammed with people, and what with this and all these gifts, I think I never saw her so carried away as she was to-day.

April 11, 1559.

. . . After she had finished with the Portuguese, she called me to her and asked whether I had letters from your Majesty. I told her yes, and that on the next day I would give her any information she wanted about them, but that I could not do so then, as I was so angry with her and so annoyed. She . . . began to say she had heard your Majesty was married, smiling, saying your name was a fortunate one, and now and then giving little sighs which bordered upon laughter. I told her . . . I could not rejoice to see your Majesty married to any one else but her. . . . To this she retorted that it was your Majesty's fault it had fallen through and not hers. . . . She . . . afterwards went on to say that your Majesty could not have been so much in love with her as I had said, as you had not had patience to wait four months for her, and many things of the same sort, as if she was not at all pleased at the decision adopted by your Majesty. . . .

May 10th.

What can be said here to your Majesty is only that this country, after thirty years of a government such as your Majesty knows, has fallen into the hands of a woman who is a daughter of the Devil, and the greatest scoundrels and heretics in the land. (Exit Feria, Ed.]

Bishop of Aquila to Philip.

May 30th.

. . . We [the queen and the bishop] continued at this for some time wasting words, and at last she said she was resolved not to marry except to a man of worth whom she had seen and spoken to, and she asked whether I thought the Archduke Charles would come to this country that she might see him. . . . I do not know whether she is jesting, which is quite possible, but I really believe she would like to arrange for this visit in disguise. I turned it to a joke. . . . Robert [Dudley] is as highly favored as usual. . . . I am not sure about her for I do not understand her. Amongst other qualities which she says her husband must possess is, that he should not sit at home all day amongst the cinders, but should in time of peace keep himself employed in warlike exercises.

July 27th.

I have lost all hopes in the affairs of this woman. She is convinced of the soundness of her unstable power, and will only see her error when she is irretrievably lost. In religious matters she has been saturated ever since she was born in a bitter hatred to our faith, and her one object is to destroy it. If your Majesty were to give her life and all in it, as you did once before, she would never be more friendly than she is now, and she would, if she had the power, sow heresy broadcast in all your Majesty's dominions to-day, and set them ablaze without compunction. Besides this her language (learnt from Italian heretic friars who brought her up) is so shifty that it is the most difficult thing in the world to negotiate with her. With her all is falseness and vanity. [Exit Aquila.—Ed.]

Bishop Quadra to the Duchess of Parma.

London, Sept. 11, 1560.

Since writing, news of importance is current here which I convey to your Highness. . . . She (the Queen) had promised me an answer about the marriage by the third instant, and said she was certain to marry; but now she coolly tells me she cannot make up her mind and will not marry. After this I had an opportunity of talking to Cecil [Lord Burleigh], who I understand was in disgrace and Robert [Dudley] was trying to turn him out of his place. After exacting many pledges of strict secrecy, he said the Queen was conducting herself in such a way that he thought of retiring. He said it was a bad sailor who did not enter port if he could when he saw a storm coming on, and he clearly foresaw the ruin of the realm through Robert's intimacy with the Queen, who surrendered all affairs to him and meant to marry him. He said . . . he should ask leave to go home, although he thought they would cast him in the Tower first. He ended by begging me in God's name to point out to the Queen the effect of her misconduct, and persuade her not to abandon business entirely but to look to her realm; and then he repeated twice over to me that Lord Robert would be better in Paradise than here. . . . He ended by saying that Robert was thinking of killing his wife, who was publicly announced to be ill, although she was quite well, and would take very good care they did not poison her. He said surely God would never allow such a wicked thing to be done. I ended the conversation by again expressing my sorrow without saying anything to compromise me, although I am sure he speaks the truth and is not acting crookedly. . . . The next day the Queen told me as she returned from hunting that Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and asked me not to say anything about it. Certainly this business is most shameful and scandalous, and withal I am not sure whether she will marry the man at once or even if she will marry at all. Cecil says she wishes to do as her father did. Their quarrels cannot injure public business, as nobody worse than Cecil can be at the head of affairs, but the outcome of it all might be the imprisonment of the Queen and the proclamation of the Earl of Huntingdon as King. . . . Cecil says he is the real heir of England, and all the heretics want him. . . . The cry is that they do not want any more women rulers, and this woman may find herself and her favourite in prison any morning. . . .

Since writing the above I hear the Queen has published the death of Robert's wife, and said, in Italian, "She broke her neck." She must have fallen down a staircase.

Quadra to the King.

Nov. 20th, 1560.

. . . Cecil has given way to Robert, who they say was married to the Queen in the presence of his brother and two ladies of the chamber. . .

Jan. 22d, 1561.

Since writing the enclosed letter Henry Sidney, who is the brother-in-law of Lord Robert, came to see me. He is a sensible man and better behaved than any of the courtiers. He began by beating about the bush very widely, but at last came to his brother-in-law's affairs and said that as the matter was now public property, and I knew how much inclined the Queen was to the marriage, he wondered that I had not suggested to your Majesty this opportunity for gaining over Lord Robert by extending a hand to him now. . . . I told him that what I had so far heard of this matter was of such a character that I had hardly ventured to write two lines to your Majesty about it, nor had either the Queen or Lord Robert ever said a word to me that I could write. . . . He said that if I was satisfied about the death of Robert's wife, he saw no other reason why I should hesitate to write the purport of this conversation to your Majesty, as, after all, although it was a love affair, yet the object of it was marriage, and that there was nothing illicit about it or such as could not be set right by your Majesty's authority. As regards the death of the wife, he was certain that it was accidental, and he had never been able to learn otherwise, although he had enquired with great care and knew that public opinion held the contrary. I told him if what he said were true the evil was less, for, if murder had been committed, God would never help nor fail to punish so abominable a crime, whatever men might do to mend it, but that it would be difficult for Lord Robert to make things appear as he represented them. He answered it was quite true that no one believed it, and that even preachers in the pulpits discoursed on the matter in a way that was prejudicial to the honour and interests of the Queen. . . . He said the Queen would not mention the matter to me unless I began the conversation, but that I might be sure that she desired nothing more than the countenance of your Majesty to conclude the match, and that Lord Robert would come to me and beg me to write to your Majesty what I heard from him. . .

The above is exactly what passed, and for some days I had suspected that the Queen had some such idea, but as the business is altogether such a bad one, I did not venture to broach the subject. . . . It is possible that if she finds herself unable to obtain your Majesty's favour, she may throw herself to the bad. . . Things have reached such a pitch that her chamberlain has left her, and Axele of the Privy Chamber is in prison for having babbled. . .

He (Robert) begged me to speak to the Queen at once. I did so two days afterwards. . . . After much circumlocution she said she wished to confess to me and tell me her secret in confession, which was that she was no angel, and did not deny that she had some affection for Lord Robert for the many good qualities he possessed, but she had certainly never decided to marry him or any one else. . . .

Philip II. to Quadra.

March 17th, 1561.

. . . Try also to lead the matter on to a more solid basis, as for instance by bringing the Queen and Lord Robert into it, and getting in writing and signed by her whatever the Queen may wish to be proposed to you. This is necessary, as her words are so little to be depended upon, and you know by experience you have had of her that this is always the course she pursues when she has no intention of fulfilling what she says, and only wishes to use our authority for her own designs and intentions. . . .

Quadra to Philip.

June 30th.

. . . On the day of St. John the Queen ordered me to be invited to a feast given by Lord Robert. . . . In the afternoon we went on board a vessel from which we were to see the rejoicings, and she, Robert and I being alone on the gallery, they began joking, which she likes to do much better than talking about business. They went so far with their jokes that Lord Robert told her that, if she liked, I could be the minister to perform the act of marriage, and she, nothing loth to hear it, said she was not sure whether I knew enough English. I let them jest for a time, but at last spoke to them in earnest, and told them that if they listened to me they could extricate themselves from the tyranny of the councillors who had taken possession of the Queen and her affairs. . . . If they did this they could effect the marriage they spoke of. . . . As things were I did not think the Queen would be able to marry except when and whom Cecil and his friends might please. . . .

Guzman de Silva to Philip II.

Oct. 2d, 1564.

. . . On Michaelmas day, with the usual ceremony, here the Queen created Lord Robert, Baron and Earl of Leicester, which they say is a title usually given to the second sons of the Kings of England. . . .

4. A Visit to Cambridge in 1564. (From a pamphlet entitled "The Triumph of the Muses, or The Grand Reception and Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge.")

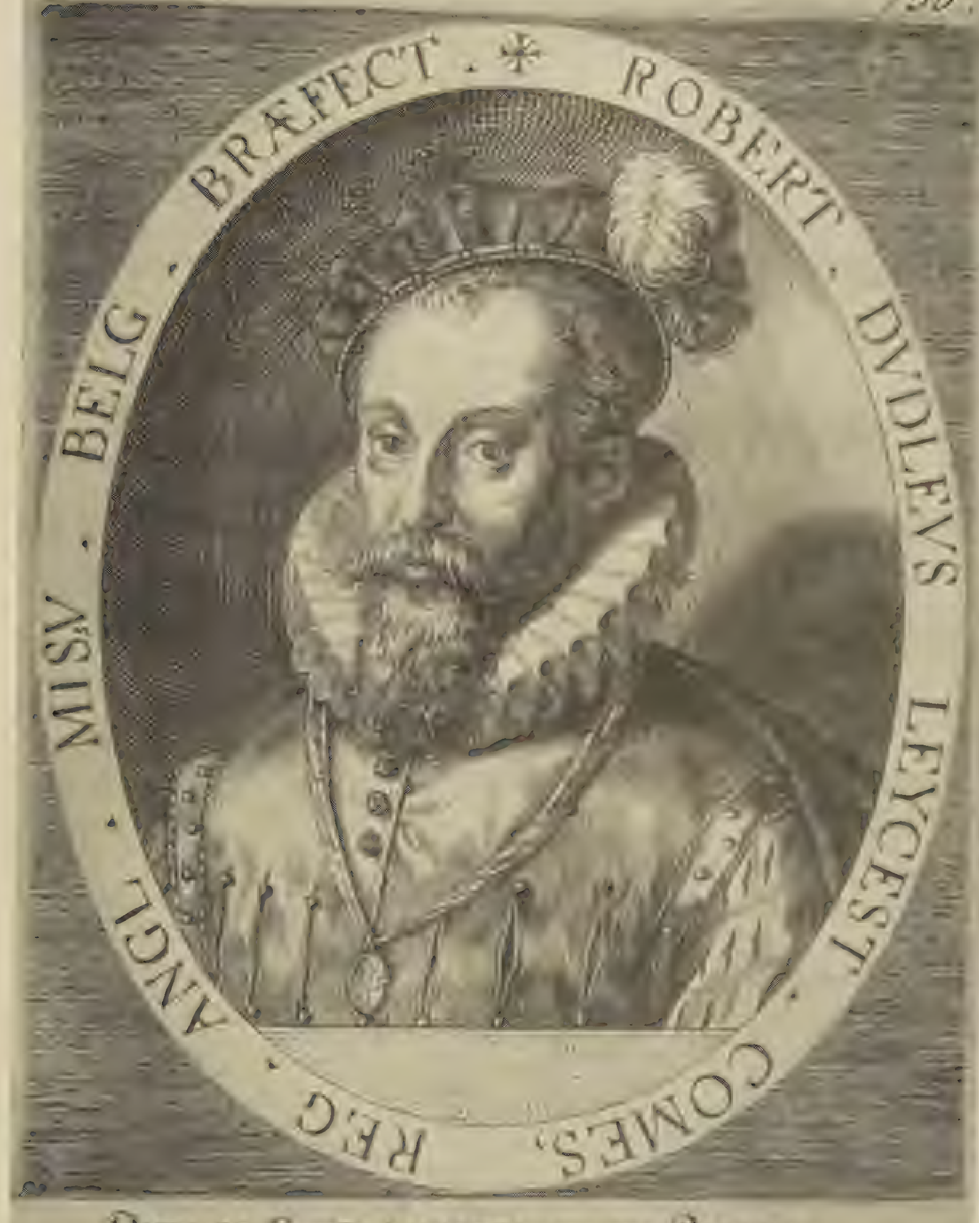
. . . Then came the Trumpetters, and, by solemn blast, declared her Majestie to approach. Then followed the Lords in their order and degree. Her almoner, the Bishop of Rochester, bareheaded, with the Bishop of Ely. Then the Garter King at Arms, in his royal cote; with divers Sergeants at Arms. Then the Lord Hunsdon with the sword, in a royal scabbard of goldsmith's work. And, after him, the Queen's Majestie (with a great companie of ladies and maids of honour). . . . And so she was brought among the Doctors; when all the Lords and Ladies did forsake their horses; and her Majestie only remained on horseback.

She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked: a call upon her head, set with pearles and pretious stones; a hat that was spangled with gold and a bush of feathers. . . .

When the Queen's Majestie came to the west doore of the church, Sir William Cecyl kneeled down and welcomed her Grace, shewing unto her the order of the doctors. And the Bedells, kneeling, kissed their staves; and so delivered them to Mr. Secretary; who likewise kissed the same, and so delivered them to the Queen's hands; who could not well hold them all. And her Grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and other magistrates of the University to minister justice uprightly, as she trusted they did. Or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it. Adding that, although the Chancellor did hault (for his leg was sore, as is before mentioned), yet she trusted that Justice did not hault. . . .

RVPERTVS DVDLÆVS COM. LICESTRIÆ, &c.

130.


ROBERT . DVDLEVS LEYCEST . COMES . REG . ANGL . MISV . BELG . PRÆFECT .

DVDLÆI Comitis LICESTRI, en, ora RVPERTI,
Magnanimi promptus Martis alumnus erat.

Then Mr. William Master, of the King's College, orator, making his three curtesies, kneeled down upon the first greese or step of the west door (which was, on the walls outward, covered with verses) and made his oration, of length almost half an hour. . . . First he praised and commended many and singular virtues set and planted in her Majesty. Which her Highness not acknowledging of she shaked her head, bit her lips and her fingers; and sometimes broke forth into passion and these words, "Non est veritas, et utinam ——" . . . Then she alighted from her horse and asking of what degree every doctor was? offered her hand to be kissed. . . . And as she went, she "thanked God that had sent her to this University, where she, altogether against her expectation, was so received that, she thought, she could not be better."

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5. A Visit to Oxford in 1566. (From John Bereblock's Commentary. In Plummer's Elizabethan Oxford. Oxford, 1887. *Editor's translation from the Latin.*)

On the last day of August, the brightest that we remember in our whole lives,—it was a wonderfully clear Saturday,—her royal Majesty, coming from Woodstock, directed her way with a large train of attendants towards Oxford. The Earl of Leicester had previously come with his suite to add the weight of his dignity and office in preparing the town for the intended function and to receive with us her royal Majesty. On this day, accompanied by some of the doctors in their purple gowns and also by some of the heads of the colleges (who, in consideration of their more exalted rank, drove in carriages, wearing the appropriate robes of their own faculties), he went out to meet the Sovereign. . . . Having proceeded two miles from the town (to the line where our jurisdiction ends) they greeted the most serene monarch with a felicitous and eloquent oration, which Marbeck delivered in their name and in that of the whole university. Then they moved towards Oxford, the peasants and farmers running out from the villages and settlements to greet her, their shouts and cheers making the hills and dales ring with the royal name and might.

Nor does it seem beneath our regard for the royal dignity to tell in what rank and order the different men marched. . . . First came the Academic lictors with their golden staves, to show the way, as it were. Then followed the noblest princes, in high good spirits, adorned to the last degree with royal magnificence—among them those men of supreme rank, the Earl of Leicester, the Chancellor of the University and the Mayor of the town. Then the royal lictors, in magnificent array, preceding the monarch with huge maces; just behind them the Earl of Sussex bore the sword, resplendent with its jewelled hilt, its golden belt and its embossed scabbard. Then at a short distance, at a slow and noble pace, followed the most august monarch borne along on a raised golden throne. Her palanquin was open on all sides, being carried by distinguished knights clad in purple and advancing with measured steps.

Lest the curious may ask in vain about her raiment, she had on the top of her head a little net sparkling with spun gold, with drops and pearls. Then her dress of state, a woman's toga of silk, was of richest purple shining with threads of gold. Her outer garment was similar, of scarlet tinged with purple, with a fur lining of dazzling whiteness and marked with black spots, such as might have been worn in a triumph.

. . . . . .

Nor ought I to pass over here what the most illustrious queen, with the utmost grace and suavity, did towards the end of our [oratorical] contest. For with the utmost condescension, lest by the harsh proof of her silence she might have seemed to scorn and despise our efforts, she looked round on the assembly and began with incredible facility [in Latin] to make an address which thrilled the souls of all. . . . Womanly timidity and modesty made her at first hesitate and appear diffident. She seemed to blush with maidenly shame from this display of her age and her learning, and to shrink with a certain ingenuous bashfulness from the task of speaking. But it was wonderful to see how the unutterable love of all of us affected her reluctance. For so did the whole assembly hang with eager hope and expectation on her lips and discourse that she was urged on, strengthened and reassured in mind, and delivered before us an oration in about these words:—

. . . . . .

She was listened to by all in silence and with rapt attention, but was afterwards greeted with the wildest cheers and blessings. The walls, and even the windows and benches, seemed to resound deafeningly with the voices of our men, and our words to come back to us more distinctly than we had uttered them.

. . . . . .

The next day, Friday, dawned for us more calamitously than the preceding ones. For even as, previously, the coming of our Sovereign had wonderfully delighted us, so, this day, her sudden departure the more grievously afflicted us. But we were obliged to bring our minds to it, for so had hard fate previously arranged and ordained. . . .

She, meanwhile, sad and mournful, mingled her own grief with ours. She seemed to feel this parting very much and to bewail her lot as she rode along. She is said to have bitterly regretted leaving us before she had visited any of the colleges or heard a sermon by one of our divines. They say that never before had she been so sad at ending a visit as now at leaving our town. With protestations to this effect, and often looking at us most graciously, she passed through the Eastern gate and Magdalen College and came to the confines of the university. Here once more Marbeck told her how pleasant in itself, and what a boon to the university her presence had been, how much more eager it would make us all in our studies, how it would spur us on, what a spark it had ignited. He thanked her most profusely in the name of all. After which speech the different doctors prostrated themselves at her feet. . . . She graciously raised them and gave them her right hand to kiss. . . .

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6. Extract from the Report of the French Envoy, Chateauneuf, to his King. In Teulet *Papiers d' Etat*, Vol. II. p. 807, 1586. *Translated.*

. . . The said lady, to speak of her peculiar characteristics, is a very prudent and accomplished princess who has been very well brought up. She plays all sorts of instruments, speaks several languages, and even Latin, very well, is intelligent and quick-witted, a woman with a deep sense of justice, in no way tyrannizing over her subjects, and who was beautiful when she was young. Besides all this a great manager and almost miserly, very high and quick tempered, and, above all, excessively jealous of her position.

[illegible]

[illegible] riginal

[illegible]

On her coming to the throne she made much use in public affairs of Mr. William Cecil, her Secretary of State, whom she afterwards made Lord Burleigh and Grand Treasurer of England. He was still living when I arrived in the said kingdom; a wise, prudent, pacific and thrifty man, with a clear and acute mind—a man who can say with truth that he has been a splendid servant, as indeed his mistress has always placed great confidence in him.

She has had Lord Dudley, later Earl of Leicester, whom she has always greatly loved since she was young, and indeed he was a very handsome gentleman, honorable and courteous; and at the time of my arrival he was about fifty three or four years old and had grown very rotund. These two men are the ones who during the whole of her reign have had most influence with her; and in fact I believe that the man in all the world she came nearest to marrying was this Earl of Leicester, having had a wonderful affection for him which she herself did not conceal. And although, as I have said, she had been sought by many great princes, like our three dauphins, by Archduke Charles, brother of the late Emperor Maximilian, by the King of Sweden, it is the said Earl of Leicester who came nearest to marrying her. However, the said lady having made up her mind not to marry at all, she has greatly elevated him and all his relatives; so much so that at the time of my arrival he might have been called the first man in England after the said lady. [This was 22 years after the scene on shipboard.—Ed.]

GROUP II.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

1. Extract from Sir James Melville's Memoirs (Publ. Bannatyne Club, 1827, p. 355 ff.). Spelling modernized.

1586.

. . . Now they that were enemies to our Queen and King's [Mary and James VI.] title to the right of the crown of England, seeing some of their fetches to fail them, entered in deliberation what way to proceed in the taking of the Queen's life. Sometimes they minded to give her an Italian posset [powder], sometimes to slay her at the hunting in a park, but at length, by way of an assize, to convict her. . . .

All their calumnies and false accusations being presented in writing unto the Queen of England, her heart would not suffer her, as she alleged, to let any sentence be given forth against the Queen, her dear sister and cousin, so near of her royal blood, until the council, nobility and estates, at least such as were seduced to that effect, sat down upon their knees, humbly requesting her Majesty to have compassion upon their unsure estate, albeit she cared not for her own, by the practices of the Queen of Scotland. Whereby she was at length moved, for very pity of them, to give forth the sentence of death upon the Queen, with condition that it should rather serve to be a fear and terror unto her, to cause her to cease from making any more practices, than that she would see the blood of so noble a princess to be shed. And in the meantime the written sentence was given in keeping to Mister Davison, one of her secretaries, and not to be delivered without her Majesty's express command.

Nevertheless, the said Davison being desired by the council, afterwards delivered unto them the said written sentence of death. Whereupon they gave the Queen warning a night before, to prepare her for God. . . .

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2. Extracts from Letters of Queen Elizabeth to King James of Scotland. (Publ. by Camden Society, 1849.)

January, 1586–7.

. . . You may see whether I keep the serpent that poisons me when they confess to have reward [*sic*]. By saving of her life they would have had mine. Do I not make myself, trow ye, a goodly prey for every wretch to devour? Transfigure yourself into my state, and suppose what you ought to do, and thereafter weigh my life and reject the care of murder, and shun all baits that may untie our amities, and let all men know that princes know best their own laws, and misjudge not that you know not. . . .

Feb. 1, 1586–7.

. . . They will make [out] that her life may be saved, and mine safe; which would God were true, for when you make view of my long danger endured these four—well nigh five months, . . . the greatest wits . . . will grant with me that if need were not more than my malice, she should not have her merit.

And now for a good conclusion of my long-tarried-for answer. Your commissioners tell me that I may trust her in the hand of some indifferent prince, and have all her cousins and allies promise she will no more seek my ruin. Dear brother and cousin, weigh in true and equal balance whether they lack not much good ground when such stuff serves for their building. Suppose you I am so mad to trust my life in another's hand and send it out of my own? . . . Old Master Melvin hath years enough to teach him more wisdom than tell a prince of any judgment such a contrarious, frivolous, maimed reason. Let your councillors, for your honor, discharge their duty so much to you as to declare the absurdity of such an offer. . . . Though like a most natural, good son you charged them to seek all means they could devise with wit or judgment to save her life, yet I cannot, nor do not, allege any fault to you of these persuasions. . . . I doubt not but your wisdom will excuse my need . . . and not accuse me either of malice or of hate. . . .

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3. Extract from the Journal of Bourgoing, Mary's body physician. (Chantelauze: Marie Stuart, pp. 571 ff.) *Translated from the French.*

Monday the sixth of February the dean of Peterborough and some others came to dine with Sir Amyas [Mary's jailor]. After dinner Mr. Beale arrived at the apartment all alone, remained closeted with Sir Amyas and then returned to the village.

Tuesday, Feb. 7th, several came, one of whom we think was the sheriff, and dined with Sir Amyas. After dinner the Earl of Kent, and last of all Mr. de Shrewesbury. At their coming we were in a great state of distraction and fear, having during the past three days fancied that many things boded ill for her Majesty in her straits, and suspecting that surely the blow was about to fall.

They sent word to her Majesty that they wished to speak to her, and she answered that she was in bed, but that if it was an urgent matter she would ask for a little time in which to rise and dress.

Having been told that it was an affair of importance her Majesty prepared to receive them in her room, seated in her chair at the foot of her bed; and when the said two Earls had come, together with Mr. Beale and Mr. Paulet and Sir Dru Drury, the Earl of Shrewesbury uncovering his head—while all the rest standing together did not uncover themselves during the whole time they were talking to her—commenced by saying that the Queen of England had sent them to her, in her own name and that of her Estates, to inform her that having proceeded, as she knew, honorably and as expediency demanded in her affair, she having been accused, found guilty and condemned, as she knew and as the Queen had taken care she should be informed, she should hear read her sentence which he and the Earl of Kent together with Mr. Beale had been appointed to carry out, as she should hear.

Thereupon said Beale commenced to read it, written on parchment with the great seal of England appended, and in it her Majesty was called Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., otherwise known as Queen of Scots and Dowager of France.

When this had been read her Majesty, very firmly and without emotion, replied that she thanked them for such agreeable news; that they were doing her a great benefit in removing her from this world, whence she was well content to go on account of the misery she saw there, and she herself having had continual sorrow and being of service or profit to no one. She had long expected what had now happened, and had only been waiting for it from day to day for eighteen years. Unworthy as she considered herself she was, by the grace of God, a queen, a born and anointed queen, a near relative of the Queen of England, granddaughter of King Henry VII., and she had enjoyed the honor of being Queen of France. But in all her life she had experienced nothing but evil, and she was very happy that it had pleased God to remove her from so many ills and afflictions, very ready and content to die and shed her blood in the cause of Almighty God her Saviour and Creator and of the Catholic Church, and for the maintenance of the law of this country. For such maintenance she protested that she had always done her utmost, loving the Queen, her good sister, and the Island as dearly as she did herself; as she had often shown by offering to take such measures that everything would turn out well, . . . in which endeavor she had always been rebuffed and repulsed and held prisoner without having merited it; having come of her own free will to this country and trusting in the promise of the Queen of England, with whom she could have come to an agreement and taken measures that would have been mutually satisfactory had she only one single time been allowed to speak to her. Finally after many words her Majesty protested, and swore on the Bible that she had upon her person, or at least on the Catholic new Testament that she had in English, that she had never attempted nor sought the life of the Queen nor of any other person whatever. She was told in reply that this Bible was a papistical version and that they could not take it into account.

She was offered the dean of Peterborough, one of the most learned men in Europe, who would give her consolation and talk to her about her salvation and about which was the true religion; that she had always remained fast bound in what she had learned in her youth, and this chiefly because she had had no one to tell her the truth. It was time, now that she had so few hours to live, for her to think of her conscience and recognize the true religion, and she should not hold any longer to these follies and abominations of papistry. Her Majesty answered . . . that she had heard and read the most learned men not only in the Catholic but also in the Protestant religion; . . . that she had found no edification, but, having lived thus far in the true religion it was no time to change; now was the hour for remaining firm and constant as she intended doing. Rather than falter she would lose ten thousand lives if she had them, and, if possible, shed all her blood several times and endure all the cruelest torments they could invent; finally, in order to console her and the better prepare her for death that they should let her see her priest, none other would she have. . . .

Finally, being constantly urged to hear the minister, her Majesty asked when she would have to die. The reply was the next day, "about eight o'clock in the morning." . . .

After supper her Majesty sent for all her servants, urged them to live in charity with each other, and, after a long harangue, took leave of them, granting them pardon for everything. . . .

In the night, after having lain down with her clothes on for several hours, she put her last wishes into writing as fully as she could in the time at her command, arranged about her furniture and about the journey of her servants, and gave each one his or her money as she thought right. . . .

4. Letter of Mary to her brother-in-law, Henry III. of France. Written at two o'clock on the morning of the execution. (Chantelauze, p. 397.) *Translation.*

My brother-in-law: Having come with God's permission, on account of my sins I suppose, to throw myself into the arms of this queen, my cousin, where I have passed more than twenty years constantly beset by annoyances, I have at last, by her and her Estates, been condemned to death. Having asked for my papers, which they had taken away, in order to make my will, I have received back nothing that was of any use. And they would grant me neither leave to make a new will nor my request that after my death my body might be transported to your kingdom, where I have had the honor of being queen, your sister and former ally. To-day, after dinner, they have pronounced to me my sentence without longer respite: that to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning, I should be executed like a criminal. I have had no time to draw up a full account of all that happened; but, if it will please you to believe my physician (Bourgoing) and these other bereaved servitors of mine you will know what the truth is, and that, thanks to God, I scorn death and resolutely protest that I am suffering it free from all crime, even though I were their subject, which I never will be. The Catholic religion and the maintenance of the right that God has given me to this crown: these are the two points of my condemnation. And yet they will not permit me to say that it is for the Catholic religion I am dying, but aver it is for fear I shall change theirs. Consequently they have removed my almoner, whom, although he is in the house, I have not been allowed to have confess me or shrive me at my death; but they have been very persistent in trying to make me receive the consolation and doctrine of their minister whom they have brought for the purpose. The bearer of this (Bourgoing) and his companions, who are mostly your subjects, will bear witness how I comport myself in this my last act. It remains for me to supplicate you, as most Christian king, my brother-in-law, friend, ally and one who has so done me the honor of loving me and protesting that love, that on the occasion of this blow you will give proof in all these matters of your high-mindedness, by, on the one hand, through charity, relieving me of one weight upon my conscience which I cannot throw off without you, namely, the recompensing of my bereaved servants and the continuing to them of their wages; on the other, by causing prayers to be made to God for a queen who has been called most Christian, and who dies a Catholic and bereft of all her means. As to my son, I recommend him to you according to his merits, for I cannot answer for him; but with regard to my servitors I beg it of you with locked hands. I make so bold as to send you two rare health stones, trusting that yours may be perfect and that your life may be long and happy. You will accept them as coming from your very devoted sister-in-law, who dies bearing testimony of the sincerity of her heart towards you. I will draw up a memorandum for you with regard to my servants, and in what concerns my soul you will be pleased to see to it that a part is paid out of what you owe me, and that in honor of Jesus Christ, to whom at my death to-morrow I shall pray for you, enough will be left to establish yearly masses and to dispense the necessary alms.

Wednesday, two hours past midnight.
Your very affectionate, good sister,
MARY.

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5. Letter of R. Wynkfield to Lord Burleigh. (In Dack: Trial, Execution and Death of Mary Queen of Scots. Northampton, 1889, p. 1 ff. Spelling modernized and construction occasionally simplified.)

Feb. 8th, 1586. (Counts the New Year as beginning March 25.)

It being certified on the 6th of February last to the Queen of Scots by the Right Honorable Earl of Kent, the Earl of Shrewesbury, and also by Sir Amyas Paulett and Sir Dru Drury, her governors, that she was to prepare herself to die the eighth of February then next coming, she, seeming not to be in any terror, by aught that appeared from any outward gesture or behavior, of how they were planning that she should die, but rather with smiling cheer and pleasant countenance digested and accepted the said admonition of preparing for Paradise. . . .

The said 8th of February came and the time and place appointed for the execution as aforesaid of the Queen of Scots. She was of stature tall and body corpulent, round-shouldered, her face fat and broad, double-chinned and with hazel eyes, her borrowed hair auburn. Her attire was this: on her head she had a dressing of lawn edged with bone lace, a pomander chain and an Agnus Dei about her neck, a crucifix in her hand, a pair of beads at her girdle with a golden cross at the end of them, a veil of lawn fastened to her cowl bowed out with wire and edged round about with bone lace. Her gown was of black satin, printed, with a train and long sleeves to the ground set with acorn buttons of jet trimmed with pearls, and short sleeves of black satin cut with a pair of sleeves of purple velvet whole under them. Her kirtle was whole of fine figured black satin; the upper bodice of her petticoat unlaced in the back, of crimson velvet; her shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward; a pair of green silk garters, her stockings of pale-blue colored worsted, clocked with silver and edged on the tops with silver, and next her legs a pair of white Jersey hose.

The Queen, thus apparelled, in a kind of joy, without any desire of deferring of matters or time, departed her chamber and very willingly bended her steps towards the place of execution, being gently carried out of her said chamber into an entry next out of the said great hall by two of Sir A. Paulett his chiefest gentlemen. Mr. Andrews, the high sheriff, went before her. In the entry the honorable Earl of Kent and the Earl of Shrewesbury, commissioners appointed by her Majesty for the said execution, together with the two governors of her person, Sir A. Paulett and Sir Dru Drury and divers knights and gentlemen of good account did meet her, where one of the said Queen's servants, named Melville, kneeling on his knees to the said Queen, his mistress, wringing his hands and shedding of many tears, used then and there these words unto her, saying: "Madame, unhappy me! What man on earth was ever before the messenger of such important sorrow and heaviness as I shall be when I shall report that my good and gracious Queen and mistress is beheaded in England!" This said, tears prevented him of further speaking; whereupon the said Queen, pouring out of her dying tears, thus answered him: "My good friend, cease to lament, for thou hast cause rather to joy than to mourn; for now shalt thou see Mary Stuart's troubles receive their long-expected end and determination: for (said she), good servant, all the world is but vanity and subject still to more sorrow than a whole ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray (she said) thee carry this message from me, that I died a true woman to my religion and like a true woman of Scotland and France; but God forgive them (said she) that have long desired my end and thirsted for my blood as the Hart doth the water-brooks." . . .

After this the said Queen, being supported by Sir A. Paulett and two gentlemen as aforesaid, Melville carrying up her train, being accompanied by the Earl of Kent and gentlemen and the Sheriff going before her as aforesaid, passed out of the entry into a hall within the said Castle of Fotheringay before mentioned, with a countenance unappalled then and there made for her death, stepped up to the scaffold in the said hall, being two foot high and twelve broad, with rails round about it hanged and covered with black. Then having the stool brought her she sat down, and on the right hand of her stood the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Shrewesbury, on the left hand Mr. Andrews the Sheriff; and opposite against her stood the two executioners, and round about the rails of the Scaffold stood Knights, gents and others; then silence being made the Queen Majesty's commission for the execution was read. During the reading of which said commission the said Queen was very silent, listening to it with so careless a regard as though it had not concerned her at all. Nay, rather, with so merry and cheerful a countenance as if it had been a pardon from her Majesty for her life. . . .

Then the two executioners kneeled down unto her and desired her to forgive them her death. She answered, "I forgive you with all my heart, for I hope that this death shall give me an end to all my troubles." Then they, with her two women, helping her up began to disrobe her; and then she laid the crucifix upon the stool and one of the executioners took from her neck the *Agnus Dei*. And then she began to lay hold on it, saying she would give it to some of her women, and withal told the executioner he should have money for it. Then she suffered him, with her two women, to take off her chain of pomander beads and all her other apparel, and that with a kind of gladness; and smiling she began to make herself unready, putting on a pair of sleeves with her own hands which the executioner rudely had before put off, and that with such speed as if she had longed to be gone out of the world. During all these actions of disrobing of the said Queen she never altered her countenance, but, smiling as it were, said she never had such grooms before to make her unready, nor ever did put off her clothes before such a company. At length, she being untired of such of her attire and apparel as was convenient, saving her petticoat and kirtle, her two women, looking upon her, burst out into a very great and pitiful weeping, crying and lamenting; and when their crying and shrieking began to decline they crossed themselves and prayed in Latin.

Then the said Queen, turning herself unto them and seeing them in such a lamentable and mournful plight, embraced them and said these words in French, crossing them and kissing them, "You ought rather to pray for me and not to be so mournful, for (said she) this day I trust shall end your mistress's troubles." Then with a smiling countenance she turned herself to her men-servants, Melville and the rest standing upon a bench near unto the scaffold, who were for some time crying out aloud and continually crossing themselves and praying in Latin,—and the said Queen turned unto them and did herself likewise cross them and bid them farewell, and prayed them to pray for her even unto the last hour. This done, one of her women having a Corpus Christi cloth lapped it up three-cornered ways, and kissed it and put it over the face of her Queen and mistress and pinned it fast upon the crown of her head. Then the two women mournfully departed from her. And then the said Queen kneeled down; at which time, very resolute and without any token of fear of death, she spake aloud this psalm in Latin, "In te Domine confido ne confundar in eternum." Then groping for the block she laid down her head, putting her chain upon the block with both her hands, which holding there still they had been cut off had they not been espied. Then she laid herself upon the block most quietly and stretched out her arms and legs and cried out, "In manus tuas Domini," three or four times. And at the last, while one of the executioners held her slightly with one of his hands, the other gave two strokes with an axe before he did cut off her head and yet left a little gristle behind; at which time she made very small noise and stirred not any part of herself from the place where she lay. Then the executioner that cut off her head lifted it up and bade God save the Queen. Then her dressing of lawn fell from her head, which appeared as gray as if she had been 3½ score years old, pawled [cut] very short, her face being in a moment so much altered from the form which she had when she was alive as few could remember her by her dead face. Her lips stirred up and down almost a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off. Then said Mr. Dean, "So perish all the Queen's enemies;" afterwards the Earl of Kent came to the dead body, and standing over it with a loud voice said likewise, "Such an end happen to the Queen and the gospel's enemies." Then one of the executioners, plucking off her garters, espied her little dog which was crept under her clothes, which would not be gotten forth but with force, and afterwards would not depart from the dead corpse but came and lay between her head and shoulders,—a thing diligently noted. The same dog, being imbrued in her blood, was carried away and washed, as all things else were that had any blood unless those things that were burned. The executioners were sent away with money for their fees, not having anything that belonged unto her. Afterwards everyone was commanded forth of the hall saving the sheriff and his men, who carried her up into a great chamber made ready for the surgeons to embalm her, and was embalmed.

And thus I hope, my very good Lord (Burleigh), I have certified unto your Honor of all such actions, matters and circumstances as did proceed from her or any others at her death. Wherein I dare promise unto your good Lord: if not in some better or worse words than were spoken I have somewhat mistaken, in matters I have not any whit offended. I will not so justify my duty herein but that many things might well have been omitted as not worthy noting; yet because it is your Lordship's fault to desire to know all and so I have certified it, it is an offence pardonable. So resting at your Honor's farther commands, I take my leave this 11th of February, 1586(7).

Your Honor's in all humble service to command,

R. Wynkfield.

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6. Letter of Queen Elizabeth to King James the Sixth, disavowing her having caused the execution of the Queen of Scots. (In Ellis, Original Letters, First Series; Vol. III. p. 22.) Modernized spelling.

Feb. 14, 1586.

My dear Brother, I would you knew (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelms my mind, for that miserable accident which (far contrary to my meaning) hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine whom, ere now, it hath pleased you to favor, to instruct you truly of that which is too irksome for my pen to tell you. I beseech you that as God and many more know how innocent I am in this case: so you will believe me, that if I had bid (directed) ought I would have bided by it. I am not so base minded that fear of any living creature or prince should make me afraid to do that were just, or done, to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But, as not to disguise fits not a king, so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them show even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet if I had meant it I would never lay it on other shoulders; no more will I not damnify my self, that thought it not.

The circumstance it may please you to have of this bearer. And for your part, think you have not in the world a more loving kinswoman, nor a more dear friend than myself; nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your estate. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than you. And thus in haste I leave to trouble you: beseeching God to send you a long reign. The 14th of Feb., 1586.

Your most assured loving sister and cousin,

Elizab. R.

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7. Extract from the Memoirs of Robert Cary [Edinburgh, 1808], the Bearer of the above Letter.

The next year (which was 1586) was the Queen of Scots' beheading, . . . at which time (few or none in the court being willing to undertake that journey) her Majesty sent me to the King of Scots, to make known her innocence of her sister's death, with letters of credence from herself to assure all that I should affirm.

I was waylaid in Scotland, if I had gone in, to have been murdered; but the king's majesty, knowing the disposition of his people [which he evidently did not share! Ed.] and the fury they were in, sent to me to Berwick, to let me know that no power of his could warrant my life at that time; therefore, to prevent further mischief, he would send me no convoy, but would send two of his counsel to the bound road to receive my letters, or what other message I had to deliver. . . . Sir George Hume and the master of Melven met me at the bound road, where I delivered my message in writing, and my letters from the Queen to the King. . . .

8. Letter of James to Elizabeth (in Camden Soc. publication).

March, 1586-7.

Madam and dearest sister, Whereas by your letter and bearer, Robert Cary, your servant and ambassador, you purge yourself of *yon unhappy fact*. As, on the one part, considering your rank and sex, consanguinity and long-professed goodwill to the defunct, together with your many and solemn attestations of your innocency, I dare not wrong you so far as not to judge honorably of your unspotted part therein; so, on the other side, I wish that your honorable behaviour in all times hereafter may fully persuade the whole world of the same. And, as for my part, I look that you will give me at this time such a full satisfaction [he later accepted a pension. Ed.] as shall be a means to strengthen and unite this isle. . . .

9. Letter of Elizabeth to James.

May, 1588.

My pen, my dear brother, hath remained so long dry as [that] I suppose it hardly would have taken ink again, but, mollified by the good justice that you have been pleased to execute, together with the large assurance that your words have given to some of my ministers: *Which all doth make me ready to drink most willingly a large draught of the river of Lethe*, never minding to think of unkindness. . . . God the searcher of all hearts ever so have misericord of my soul as my innocency *in that matter* deserveth, and no otherwise; which invocation were too dangerous for a guilty conscience. . . . You may the more soundly trust my vows, for never yet were they stained, neither will I make you the first on whom I shall bestow untruth, which God will not suffer me live unto.

10. Extract from Wilson: Life and Reign of James I. (In Kenneth, Vol. II. p. 689.)

And now the King [James has become King of England] casts his thoughts towards Peterborough, where his mother lay, whom he caused to be translated to a magnificent tomb at Westminster, and (somewhat suitable to her mind when she was living) she had a translucent passage in the night through the city of London by multitudes of torches; the tapers placed by the tomb and the altar in the cathedral smoking with them like an offertory; with all the ceremonies and voices their choirs and copes could express; attended by many prelates and nobles who paid this last tribute to her memory. This was accounted a piaculous action of the King's by many; though some have not stuck to say that, as Queen Elizabeth was willing to be rid of the Queen of Scots, yet would not have it of her action; and being it could not be done without her command, when it was done she renounced her own act. So, though the King was angry when he heard his mother was taken away by a violent death, recalling his ambassador, threatening war and making a great noise, which was after calmed and closed up with a large pension from the Queen, yet he might well enough be pleased that such a spirit was laid as might have conjured up three kingdoms against him. *For Patrick Grey, that the King sent to dissuade Queen Elizabeth from taking away his mother's life, was the greatest instrument to persuade her to it, distilling always into her this sentence, "Mortua non mordet" (when she is dead she cannot bite).*

GROUP III.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

(From State Papers, Navy Records Society, 1894.)

1. Letter of Admiral Howard to Secretary Walsyngham.

March 9th, 1587–8.

Sir: As I had made up my other letter, Captain Frobisher doth advertise me that he spake with two ships that came presently from Lisbon, who declared unto him that for certainty the King of Spain's fleet doth part from Lisbon unto the Groyne the 15th of this month by their account. Sir, there is none that comes from Spain but brings this advertisement; and if it be true, I am afraid it will not be helped when the time serveth. Surely this charge that her Majesty is at is either too much or too little; and the stay that is made of Sir Francis Drake going out I am afraid will breed great peril.

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2. Letter of Sir Francis Drake to the Council.

March 30th.

. . . My very good Lords, next under God's mighty protection the advantage and gain of time and place will be the only and chief means for our good; wherein I most humbly beseech your good Lordships to persevere as you have began, for that with fifty sail of shipping we shall do more good upon their own coast, than a great many more will do here at home; and the sooner we are gone, the better we shall be able to impeach them.

There is come home, since the sending away of my last messenger, one bark whom I sent out as an espial, who confirmeth those intelligences whereof I have advertised your Lordships by him; and that divers of those Biscayans are abroad upon that coast wearing English flags, whereof there are made in Lisbon three hundred with the red cross, which is a great presumption, proceeding of the haughtiness and pride of the Spaniard, and not to be tolerated by any true, natural English heart.

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3. Letter of Drake to the Queen.

April 28th.

Most gracious Sovereign: Sithence my last despatch of Mr. Stallenge to the court, I have three sundry ways received advertisements that the enemy continueth his preparations very mightily. The first report cometh by a man of Dartmouth who very lately came from St. Malos, and saith that he heard it reported there by divers Frenchmen returned home from Spain overland, that fifteen ships of that town, and as many at least of Rosco, besides many more of divers nations, are stayed there; affirming that their fleet is in number between four and five hundred sail, ready furnished with seventy or eighty thousand soldiers and mariners; and that for their better encouragement the wages of all the companies is advanced. . . .

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4. Letters of Howard to Walsynham.

June 14th.

. . . The opinion of Sir Francis Drake, Mr. Hawkyns, Mr. Frobiser and others that be men of greatest judgment and experience, as also my own concurring with them in the same, is that the surest way to meet with the Spanish fleet is upon their own coast, or in any harbour of their own, and there to defeat them. . . .

Sir, we have endured these three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, an extreme continual storm. Myself, and four or five of the greatest ships, have ridden it out in the Sound, because we had no room in Catwater, for the lesser ships that were there; nor betwixt the shore and the Island, because Sir Francis Drake, with four or five other ships did ride there. Myself and my company in these ships do continually tarry and lie aboard in all the storm, where we may compare that we have danced as lustily as the gallantest dancers in the Court. Her Majesty may be sure, what false and villainous reports soever have been made of them, she hath the strongest ships that any prince in Christendom hath. . . . Sir, I must not omit to let you know how lovingly and kindly Sir Francis Drake beareth himself; and also how dutifully to her Majesty's service and unto me, being in the place I am in; which I pray you he may receive thanks for, by some private letter from you. . . .

Howard to Walsyngham.

July 6th.

. . . Sir, I sent a fine Spanish caravel an eight days agone to the Groyne to learn intelligence, such a one as would not have been mistrusted; but when she was fifty leagues away, this southerly wind forced her back again unto us. Therefore I pray you, if you hear or understand of any news or advertisements by land, that I may hear of them from you with expedition.

I have divided myself here into three parts, and yet we lie within sight one of another, so as, if any of us do discover the Spanish fleet, we give notice thereof presently the one to the other, and thereupon repair and assemble together. I myself do lie in the middle of the Channel, with the greatest force. Sir Francis Drake hath twenty ships and four or five pinnaces, which lie toward Ushant; and Mr. Hawkyns, with as many more, lieth towards Scilly. Thus are we fain to do, else with this wind they might pass by and we never the wiser. . . . But for my own part I cannot persuade myself but that their intent is for Ireland. Where there are so many doubts we must proceed by the likelier ways, and leave unto God to direct for the best.

Howard to Walsyngham.

July 13th.

. . . I am very sorry to perceive by your letter that her Majesty doth think that we have not sufficiently sought to understand some certainty of the Spanish fleet. Sir, we are here to small purpose for this great service, if that hath not been thought of. Both before my coming, by Sir Francis Drake, and since my coming there hath been no day but there hath been pinnaces, Spanish caravels, flyboats, and of all sorts, sent out to discover there. . . . We have at this time four pinnaces on the coast of Spain. . . . God in his mercy keep us from sickness, for we fear that more than any hurt that the Spaniards will do this fleet, if the advertisements be true. . . .

Howard to Walsyngham.

July 21st.

Sir: I will not trouble you with any long letter; we are at this present otherwise occupied than with writing. Upon Friday, at Plymouth, I received intelligence that there were a great number of ships descried off of the Lizard, whereupon, although the wind was very scant, we first warped out of harbour that night, and upon Saturday turned out very hardly, the wind being at southwest; and about three of the clock in the afternoon descried the Spanish fleet, and did what we could to work for the wind, which by this morning we had recovered, descrying their fleet to consist of 120 sail, whereof there are 4 galeasses and many ships of great burden.

At nine of the clock we gave them fight, which continued until one. In this fight we made some of them to bear room to stop their leaks; notwithstanding we durst not adventure to put in among them, their fleet being so strong. But there shall be nothing either neglected or unhazarded that may work their overthrow.

Sir, the captains in her Majesty's ships have behaved themselves most bravely and like men hitherto, and I doubt not will continue, to their great commendation. And so, recommending our good success to your godly prayers, I bid you heartily farewell. From aboard the Ark, thwart of Plymouth, the 21st of July, 1588.

Your very loving friend,
C. Howard.

Sir, the southerly wind that brought us back from the coast of Spain brought them out. God blessed us with turning us back. Sir, for the love of God and our country, let us have with some speed some great shot sent us of all bigness; for this service will continue long; and some powder with it.

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5. Letter of Drake to Walsyngham.

July 29th.

Right Honourable: This bearer came aboard the ship I was in in a wonderful good time, and brought with him as good knowledge as we could wish. His carefulness therein is worthy recompense, for that God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward, as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days; and whensoever they shall meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service. The town of Calais hath seen some part thereof, whose Mayor her Majesty is beholden unto. Business commands me to end. God bless her Majesty, our gracious Sovereign, and give us all grace to live in his fear. I assure your Honour this day's service hath much appalled the enemy, and no doubt but encouraged our army. From aboard her Majesty's good ship the Revenge, this 29th of July, 1588.

Your Honour's most ready to be commanded,
Fra. Drake.

There must be great care taken to send us munition and victual withersoever the enemy goeth. Yours,
Fra. Drake.

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6. Letter of Richard Tomson to Walsyngham.

July 30th.

Since our first meeting of our enemies, which was on Sunday, the 21st of this present, we have had four encounters, such as, the Lord be praised, hath not a little daunted the minds of our enemies, but much impaired their great and unexpected forces, and to very little or no detriment of our English navy. At our first meeting of them, which was within two miles of Looe in Cornwall, they were 136 sail of ships and pinnaces, whereof 90 were very great ships, and the rest of smaller account; and at that time our English navy was not above 67 sail. By God's goodness and the good working of our commanders, we got the wind of them, which is a very great advantage and a special safety for the weaker part; and ever since God hath so blessed us that we have kept the same, to the great annoyance of our enemies; and by that means we have so daily pursued them at the heels, that they never had leisure to stop in any place alongst our English coast until they came within two miles of Calais, where in the evening, very politely, they came all upon a sudden to an anchor, being Saturday the 27th day, purposing that our ships with the flood should be driven to leeward of them; but in happy time it was soon espied, and prevented by bringing our fleet to an anchor also in the wind of them.

The same night they sent ashore to Calais and forthwith to the Duke of Parma, advertising of their being there; and one received answer that he with his forces would be in readiness upon Tuesday following, and come and join with them, with intent to come over and land their forces in England, about Margate in Vrent, as since I have thoroughly learnt of the Spaniards that were taken in the chief galleass that the king had, hard under the jetty head at Calais. It hath appeared by many arguments that the Spaniards were not evil welcome to Monsieur Gourdan and the rest of his government, by permitting their messengers to go so speedily between the Duke and that place, as also by suffering the boats to go to and from the shore so usually, all Sunday the 28th of July, as they did; and most of all, by sending his kinsman and lieutenant aboard the Duke of Medina with a great present; whereof no semblance was made at all unto our Lord Admiral.

It pleased my Lord Admiral to appoint certain small ships to be fired on Sunday about 12 of the clock at night, and let drive with the flood amongst the Spaniards; which practice, God be thanked, hath since turned to our great good; for it caused the Spaniards to let slip their anchors and cables, and confusedly to drive one upon another; whereby they were not only put from their roadstead and place where they meant to attend the coming of the Duke of Parma, but did much hurt one to another of themselves; and are now, by the earnest pursuit of our Englishmen, very much weakened and dispersed, the Lord be praised, so that of the 124 sail that they were in Calais Road, we cannot now find by any account above 86 ships and pinnaces; so that I cannot conjecture but by the furious assault that my Lord and his associates gave them early on Monday morning, and did continue in vehement manner 8 hours, hath laid many of them in the bottom of the sea, or else [caused them to] run with the coast of Flanders to save their lives, though impossible to save their great ships, by reason of their evil harbours.

At the break of day upon Monday morning, my Lord and all the fleet setting sail after our enemies, we espied riding within shot of the town of Calais the greatest of the king's galleasses, the rest of the Spanish fleet being two leagues to leeward of her.

My Lord Admiral began to go toward the galleass with his ship, the Ark, but finding the water to be shallow, other ships of less draught bare in with her and shot at her, whereupon she let slip and run the galleass aground hard before the town.

In our ship, which was the Margaret and John of London, we approached so near that we came on ground also; but afterwards came safely off again with the flood, being damaged by nothing but by the town of Calais, who, off the bulwarks, shot very much at us, and shot our ship twice through. And the like powder and shot did Monsieur Gourdan bestow upon sundry of our countrymen, and make us relinquish the galleass, which otherwise we had brought away, being masters of her above two hours, and gotten by hard assault, to the great credit of our country, if Monsieur Gourdan herein had not shown his affection to the Spaniards to be greater than our nation, or seemed by force to wrest from us that which we had gotten with bloody heads.

My Lord Admiral, seeing he could not approach the galleass with his ship, sent off his long boat unto her with 50 or 60 men, amongst whom were many gentlemen as valiant in courage as gentle in birth, as they well showed. The like did our ship send off her pinnace, with certain musketeers, amongst whom myself went. These two boats came hard under the galleass sides, being aground, where we continued a pretty skirmish with our small shot against theirs, they being ensconced within their ship and very high over us, we in our open pinnaces and far under them, having nothing to shroud and cover us; they being 300 soldiers, besides 450 slaves, and we not, at the instant, 100 persons. Within one half hour it pleased God, by killing the captain with a musket shot, to give us victory above all hope or expectation; for the soldiers leaped overboard by heaps on the other side, and fled with the shore, swimming and wading. Some escaped with being wet; some, and that very many, were drowned. The captain of her was called Don Hugo de Moncada, son to the viceroy of Valencia. He being slain, and the most part of their soldiers fled, some few soldiers remaining in her, seeing our English boats under her sides and more of ours coming rowing towards her, some with 10 and some with 8 men in them, for all the smallest shipping were the nearest the shore, put up two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers, signifying that they desired truce. Hereupon we entered, with much difficulty, by reason of her height over us, and possessed us of her, by the space of an hour and half as I judge; each man seeking his benefit of pillage until the flood came, that we might haul her off the ground and bring her away.

It may please your Honour to understand that during our fight to get her, the men of Calais stood in multitudes upon the shore hard by us and beholding all things, showing themselves at that instant indifferent lookers-on; but so soon as they saw us possessed of so princely a vessel, the very glory and stay of the Spanish army, a thing of very great value and strength, as was well known to them of Calais, for that they had been on board twice or thrice the day before; I say, Monsieur Gourdan, seeing us thus possessed, sent aboard to us that were in her, in which boat came his kinsman and another captain, desiring to parle with us. None being then in place that either understood or spake French but myself, I asked them from whom they came. They answered, from Monsieur Gourdan, the Governor of Calais. I demanded to know what his pleasure was. They answered that he had stood and beheld our fight and rejoiced of our victory, saying that for our prowess and manhood showed therein we had well deserved the spoil and pillage of the galleass, as a thing due unto us by desert, and that he willingly consented that we should have the pillage of her; further requiring and commanding us not to offer to carry away either the ship or ordnance, for that she was on ground under the commandment of his castles and town, and therefore did of right appertain unto him. I answered unto them that, for our parts, we thanked Monsieur Gourdan for granting the pillage to the mariners and soldiers that had fought for the same; acknowledging that without his leave and good will we could not carry away anything of that we had gotten, considering it lay on ground hard under his bulwarks; and that as concerning the ship and ordnance, we prayed it would please him to send a pinnace aboard my Lord Admiral, who was here in person hard by, from whom he should have an honourable and friendly answer which we all are to obey and give place unto. With this answer, to my seeming they departed well satisfied; but since I have understood that some of our rude men, who make no account of friend or foe, fell to spoiling the Frenchmen, taking away their rings and jewels as from enemies; whereupon going ashore and complaining, all the bulwarks and ports were bent against us, and shot so vehemently that we received sundry shot very dangerously through us. If this have not incensed Monsieur Gourdan, I suppose that he will easily, upon request made, either surrender all or the better part of all things unto her Majesty; for the ship cannot be so little worth, with her ordnance, as eighty thousand crowns; having in her four whole cannons, 8 demi-cannons, 12 culverins and demi-culverins, 16 sakers and minions, all of brass, 200 barrels of powder, and of all other things great provision and plenty; but very little or no treasure that I can learn to be in her.

This is the substance and very truth of all that passed in this action. Being thus departed from the galleasses, my Lord with all the fleet pursued the enemy, with all violent pursuit that our ordnance and small shot could yield; little to our hurt, the Lord be praised, but greatly to the detriment of the enemy, as the bearer hereof, Mr. John Watts of London, can amply inform your Honour; for he was present at the doing of most of these things happened within these two days, not without danger enough of his person both of cannon and musket shot, whereof his apparel beareth some tokens, although it pleased God to spare his life. At this instant we are as far to the eastward as the Isle of Walcheren, wherein Flushing doth stand, and about 12 leagues off the shore; and the wind hanging westerly, we drive our enemies apace to the eastward, much marveling, if the wind continue, in what port they will direct themselves. Some imagine the River of Hamburg, which is a bad place for the receipt of ships of such charge; others suppose, because they have yet provision of victuals for three months, they will about Scotland, and so for Spain. I trust her Majesty may, by God's help, little fear any invasion by these ships; their power being, by battle, mortality, and other accidents, so decayed, and those that are left alive so weak and hurtless, that they could be well content to lose all charges to be at home, both rich and poor. There is want of powder, shot and victual, amongst us, which causeth that we cannot so daily assault them as we would.

God grant the want may in time be supplied, that so necessary a service be not neglected thereby. Thus I take my humble leave of your Honour, to whom Almighty God send all continuance of health and increase of happiness.

Subscribed,

Richard Tomson.

7. Letter of Sir William Wynter to Walsyngham.

August 1.

. . . Upon Sunday, being the 28th day, my Lord [Howard] put out his flag of council early in the morning, the armies both riding still; and after the assembly of the council it was concluded that the practice for the firing of ships should be put in execution the night following, and Sir Henry Palmer was assigned to bear over presently in a pinnace for Dover, to bring away such vessels as were fit to be fired, and materials apt to take fire. But because it was seen, after his going, he could not return that night, and occasion would not be over slipped, it was thought meet that we should help ourselves with such shipping as we had there to serve our turn. So that, about twelve of the clock that night, six ships were brought and prepared [signalled] with a saker shot, and going in a front, having the wind and tide with them, and their ordnance being charged, were fired [*i. e.*, set fire to]; and the men that were the executors, so soon as the fire was made they did abandon the ships, and entered into five boats that were appointed for the saving of them. This matter did put such terror among the Spanish army that they were fain to let slip their cables and anchors; and did work, as it did appear, great mischief among them by reason of the suddenness of it. We might perceive that there were two great fires more than ours, and far greater and huger than any of our vessels that we fired could make. [The fires did, however, come from their own vessels.—Ed.] . . .

8. Letter of Howard to Lord Burleigh.

August 10.

My good Lord :—Sickness and mortality begins wonderfully to grow among us; and it is a most pitiful sight to see, here at Margate, how the men, having no place to receive them into here, die in the streets. I am driven myself, of force, to come a-land, to see them bestowed in some lodging; and the best I can get is barns and such outhouses; and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would grieve any man's heart to see them that have served so valiantly to die so miserably.

The Elizabeth Jonas, which hath done as well as ever any ship did in any service, hath had a great infection in her from the beginning, so as of the 500 men which she carried out, by the time we had been in Plymouth three weeks or a month there were dead of them 200 and above; so as I was driven to set all the rest of her men ashore, to take out her ballast, and to make fires in her of wet broom, three or four days together; and so hoped thereby to have cleansed her of her infection; and thereupon got new men, very tall and able as ever I saw, and put them into her. Now the infection is broken out in greater extremity than ever it did before, and the men die and sicken faster than ever they did; so as I am driven of force to send her to Chatham. We all think and judge that the infection remaineth in the pitch. Sir Roger Townshend, of all the men he brought out with him, hath but one left alive. . . .

9. Letter of Sir R. Bingham, Governor of Connaught, to the Queen.

Dec. 3rd, 1588.

Most gracious and dread Sovereign:—My long silence in not acquainting your Majesty with the occurrents of this your Highness's province hath proceeded rather through fear to offend your Majesty by pressing too far into your Highness's presence with my rude and uncomely letters. . . . Albeit . . . I have adventured . . . to present your Highness now with these humble and few lines, as a thanksgiving to Almighty God for these his daily preservations of your sacred person, and the continual deliverance of us, your Majesty's subjects, from the cruel and bloody hands of your Highness's enemies, and that lastly from the danger of the Spanish forces, defeated first by your Majesty's navy in the Narrow Seas, and sithence overthrown through the wonderful handiwork of Almighty God, by great and horrible shipwrecks upon the coasts of this realm, and most upon the parts and creeks of this province of Connaught, where it hath pleased your Majesty to appoint my service under your Highness's Lord Deputy. Their loss upon this province, first and last, and in several places, was twelve ships, which all we know of, and some two or three more supposed to be sunk to seaboard of the out isles; the men of which ships did all perish in the sea, save the number of 1100 or upward, which we put to the sword; amongst whom there was divers gentlemen of quality and service, as captains, masters of ships, lieutenants, ensign-bearers, other inferior officers and young gentlemen, to the number of some fifty, whose names I have for the most part set down in a list, and have sent the same unto your Majesty; which being spared from the sword till order might be had from the Lord Deputy how to proceed against them, I had special direction sent me to see them executed, as the rest were, only reserving alive one, Don Luis de Cordova, and a young gentleman, his nephew, till your Highness's pleasure be known. Other gentlemen of special reckoning we had none, for the Count Paredes and Don Alonzo de Leyva, with other gentlemen, being thrown ashore in Erris, the remotest place in all this province, and their ship all to broken, did afterwards by chance embark themselves in another of their ships and departed to sea; but being again driven back upon the northern coast in Ulster, and from thence putting to sea again, are sithence, as I hear say, cast away about the isles going for Scotland. My brother George had one Don Graveillo de Swasso and another gentleman, by license, and some five or six Dutch boys and young men, who coming after the fury and heat of justice was past, by entreaty I spared them, in respect they were pressed into the fleet against their wills, and did dispose them into several Englishmen's hands, upon good assurance that they should be forthcoming at all times. And thus, God be praised, was all the province quickly rid of those distressed enemies. . . . But the Lord Deputy . . . caused both these two Spaniards, which my brother had, to be executed, and the Dutchmen and boys which were spared before, reserving none but Don Luis and his nephew, whom I have here. I was glad in one respect that his Lordship should take his way through Connaught, for that thereby he might the better satisfy himself of what we had before performed here, and accordingly had written of. Other wrecks they had both in Munster and Ulster, which being out of my charge, I have not so good notice of . . .

Your Highness's most loyal
and humble soldier,
Ry. Bingham.

GROUP IV.

THE END OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1. Extract from Bishop Goodman's "Court of James I." (London, 1839.) Vol. I. p. 163.

. . . In the year '88, I did then live at the upper end of the strand near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report unto us (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, very dark) that the Queen was gone to council, and if you will see the Queen you must come quickly. Then we all ran; when the Court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. There we came where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten Sermons; and when we had staid there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried: "God save your majesty! God save your majesty!" Then the Queen turned unto us and said, "God bless you all, my good people!" Then we cried again: "God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!" Then the Queen said again unto us, "You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince:" and so looking one upon another awhile the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long we did nothing but talk what an admirable queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they have then gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief. But here we were to come in at the Court gates, and there was all the danger of searching.

Take her then in her yearly journeys at her coming to London, where you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat—a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather Henry the Seventh is ever painted withal; for in young people the glandels do make all things seem smooth and fair, but in old people, the glandels being shrunk, the gullet doth make a little deformity. And, truly, there was then a report that the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles; for having been exceeding beautiful and fair in her youth, such beauties are ever aptest for wrinkles in old age.

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2. Extract from the Memoirs of Cary, Earl of Monmouth. (Published in Edinborough, 1808.)

1593. [Cary had offended Elizabeth by marrying.]

I made all the haste I could to court, which was then at Hampton Court. I arrived there on St. Stephen's day in the afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The Queen was not there. My father [Lord Hunsdon] went to the Queen to let her know that I was returned. She willed him to take my message or letters and bring them to her. He came for them, but I desired him to excuse me; for that which I had to say, either by word or by writing, I must deliver myself. . . . He acquainted her Majesty with my resolution. With much ado I was called for in; and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her that "she herself was the fault of my marriage, and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her, nor her court; and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my pardon." She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends. Then I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and at last gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all faults, I kissed her hand, and come forth to the presence, and was in the court as I was ever before.

3. Paul Hentzer's Journey into England in 1598. (From Fugitive Pieces by several Authors. Dublin, 1762. Page 266 ff.)

Upon taking the Air down the River, the first Thing that struck us, was the Ship of that noble Pirate, Sir Francis Drake, in which he is said to have surrounded this Globe of Earth. On the left Hand lies Ratcliffe, a considerable Suburb: On the opposite Shore is fixed a long Pole with Rams horns upon it, the intention of which was vulgarly said to be, a Reflexion upon wilful and contented Cuckolds.

We arrived next at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally build by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent Additions from Henry VII. It was here Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides; particularly in Summer, for the Delightfulness of its Situation. We were admitted by an Order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the Presence-Chamber, hung with rich Tapestry, and the Floor after the English Fashion, strewed with Hay,* through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to Chapel: At the Door stood a Gentleman dressed in Velvet, with a Gold Chain, whose Office was to introduce to the Queen any Person of Distinction, that came to wait on her: It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest Attendance of Nobility. In the same Hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great Number of Councellors of State, Officers of State, Officers of the Crown, and Gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out; which she did from her own Apartment, when it was Time to go to Prayers, attended in the following manner:—

First went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded; next came the Chancellor, bearing the Seals in a red Silk Purse, between two: One of which carried the Royal Scepter, the other the Sword of State, in a red scabbard, studded with golden Fleurs de Lis, the Point upwards: Next came the Queen, in the Sixty-fifth year of her Age, as we were told, very Majestic; her Face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her Eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her Nose a little hooked; her Lips narrow, and her Teeth black (a Defect the English seem subject to, from their too great Use of Sugar); she had in her Ears two Pearls, with very rich Drops; she wore false Hair, and that red; upon her Head she had a small Crown, reported to be of some of the Gold of the celebrated Lunebourg Table: Her

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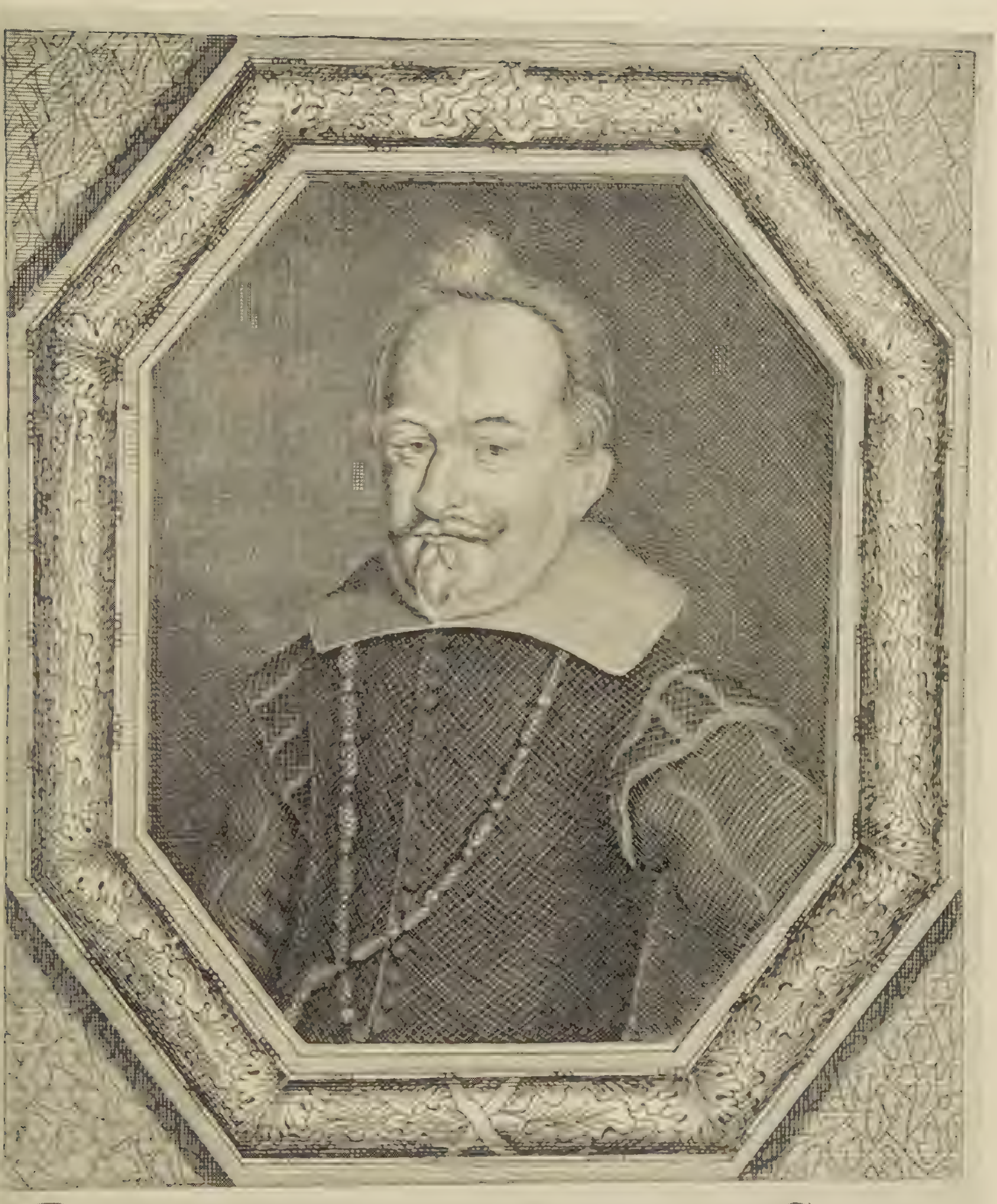
* He probably means Rushes.

Bosom was uncovered, as all the English Ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a Necklace of exceeding fine Jewels; her Hands were small, her Fingers long and her Stature neither tall nor low; her Air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That Day she was dressed in white Silk, bordered with Pearls of the Size of Beans, and over it a Mantle of black Silk, shot with silver Threads; her Train was very long, the End of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a Chain, she had an oblong Collar of Gold and Jewels. As she went along in all this State and Magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign Ministers, or those who attended for different Reasons, in English, French and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin and the Languages I have mentioned, she is Mistress of Spanish, Scotch and Dutch: Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her Hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian Baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her Glove, gave him her right Hand to kiss, sparkling with Rings and Jewels, a Mark of particular Favour: Wherever she turned her Face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The Ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most Part dressed in white; she was guarded on each Side by the Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in Number, with gilt Battleaxes. In the Antechapel next the Hall where we were, Petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the Acclamation of, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" She answered it with, "I thank you my good People." In the Chapel was excellent Music; as soon as it and the Service was over, which scarce exceeded half an Hour, the Queen returned in the same State and Order, and prepared to go to Dinner. But while she was still at Prayers, we saw her Table set out with the following Solemnity.

A Gentleman entered the Room bearing a Rod, and along with him another who had a Tablecloth, which after they had both kneeled three Times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the Table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the Rod again, the other with a Salt-seller, a Plate and Bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the Table, they too retired with the same Ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried Lady (we were told she was a Countess), and along with her a married one bearing a Tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white Silk; who, when she had prostrated herself three Times, in the most graceful Manner, approached the Table, and rubbed the Plates with Bread and Salt, with as much Awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bareheaded, cloathed in Scarlet, with a golden Rose upon their Backs, bringing in at each Turn a Course of twenty-four Dishes, served in Plate most of it Gilt; these Dishes were received by a Gentleman in the same Order they were brought, and placed upon the Table, while the Lady taster gave to each of the Guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular Dish he had brought, for Fear of any Poison. During the Time that this Guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest Men that can be found in England, being carefully selected for this Service, were bringing Dinner, twelve Trumpets, and two Kettledrums made the Hall ring



GUGLIELMO CONTE SLAUATA CONS^re. SECRETO DI STATO, E CAM^re. DELL' IMPERATORE FERDINANDO SECONDO GRAN CANCELLIERO DEL REGNO DI BOEMIA &.

for half an Hour together. At the End of this Ceremonial a number of unmarried Ladies appeared, who, with particular Solemnity, lifted the Meat off the Table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private Chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the Ladies of the Court.

The Queen dines and sups alone with very few Attendants; and it is very seldom that anybody, Foreigner or Native, is admitted at that Time, and then only at the Intercession of somebody in Power. . . .

. . . We left London in a coach in order to see the remarkable places in its neighborhood. . . .

Windsor, a Royal Castle, supposed to have been begun by King Arthur, its buildings much increased by Edward III. The Situation is entirely worthy of being a Royal Residence, a more beautiful being scarce to be found: For from the Brow of a gentle Rising it enjoys the Prospect of an even and green Country; its Front commands a valley extending every Way, and chequered with arable Lands and Pasturage, cloathed up and down with Groves, and watered by that gentlest of Rivers the Thames; behind the several Hills, but neither steep nor very high, crowned with Woods, and seeming designed by Nature herself for the purpose of Hunting. . . .

This Castle besides being the Royal Palace, and having some magnificent Tombs of the Kings of England, is famous for the ceremonies belonging to the Knights of the Garter. This Order was instituted by Edward III., the same who triumphed so illustriously over King John of France. The Knights of the Garter are strictly chosen for their military Virtues, and Antiquity of Family: They are bound by solemn Oath and Vow to mutual and perpetual Friendship among themselves, and to the not avoiding any Danger whatever, or even Death itself, to support by their joint Endeavours the Honour of the Society: They are stiled, Companions of the Garter, from their wearing below the left knee a purple Garter, inscribed in letters of Gold, with "Honi soit qui mal y pense," *i. e.*, *Evil to him that evil thinks:* This they wear upon the left Leg, in Memory of one which happening to untie, was let fall by a great Lady, passionately beloved by Edward, while she was dancing, and was immediately snatched up by the King; who, to do Honour to the Lady, not out of any trifling Gallantry, but with a most serious and honorable Purpose, dedicated it to the Legs of the most distinguished Nobility. The Ceremonies of this Society are celebrated every Year at Windsor on St. George's Day, the tutelar Saint of the Order, the King presiding; and the Custom is, that the Knights Companions should hang up their Helmet and Shield, with their Arms blazoned on it, in some conspicuous Part of the Church. . . .

The English are serious like the Germans, Lovers of Shew; liking to be followed wherever they go by whole Troops of Servants, who wear their Master's Arms in Silver, fastened to their left Arms, a Ridicule they deservedly lay under: they excel in Dancing and Music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker Make than the French; they cut their Hair close on the Middle of the Head, letting it grow on either Side; they are good Sailors, and better Pirates, Cunning, Treacherous and Thievish: above 300 are said to be hanged annually at London; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging; they give the Wall as the Place of Honour; hawking is the general Sport of the Gentry; they are more polite in Eating than the French, devouring less Bread, but more Meat, which they roast in Perfection; they put a great deal of Sugar in their Drink; their Beds are covered with Tapestry, even those of Farmers; they are often molested with the Scurvy, said to have first crept into England with the Norman Conquest; their Houses are commonly of two Stories, except in London, where they are of three and four, though but seldom of four; they are built of Wood, those of the richer sort with Bricks, their Roofs are low, and where the Owner has Money, covered with Lead.

They are powerful in the Field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like Slavery; vastly fond of great Noises that fill the Ear, such as the firing of Cannon, Drums, and the ringing of Bells, so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a Glass in their Heads, to go up into some Belfry, and ring the Bells for Hours together, for the sake of Exercise.

If they see a Foreigner, very well made or particularly handsome, they will say, *It is a pity he is not an* ENGLISHMAN.

4. Extract from Goodman, Court of King James I. (Vol. I. p. 17.) 1699.

. . . Duke Prussiano, a very courteous and brave nobleman, did resolve to come over to see England, and to come in a private way. Our ambassador in France, hearing thereof, gave notice to our secretary, who acquainting her majesty therewith, order was taken that one should come in his company, to be a spy upon him, to know his lodging and to discover his person. The duke (as the fashion was) came to the court upon a Sunday, to see the Queen go to the chapel. The Queen having notice of this, and knowing him by one that stood next to him, as she came by took some occasion to call the lord chamberlain, as I take it, to tie her shoe-strings, or to do some such like office; and there making a stay, she took the duke by the hand, who followed her into the privy chamber. She did then graciously use him, and after feasted him, and gave him great entertainment, which was very well taken by the French king and queen: and then did the Queen dance a galliard very comely, and like herself, to show the vigour of her old age. He that would relate those private dancings should not have forgotten this, so famous and so well-known; for even the Italians did then say that it was a wonder to see an old woman, the head of the church, being seventy years of age, to dance in that manner and to perform her part so well. . . .

5. Extracts from State Papers, 1601, concerning the conspiracy of Essex.

1. Speech of Cecil in the Star Chamber.

As the declining of the sun brings general darkness, so her Majesty's hurt is our continual night, and although the one by course of nature may be renewed, yet the other will hardly be matched in any future age; how odious then ought they to be in the eye of all good subjects, that have sought the utter ruin of so blessed a sovereign! The principal author thereof, that traitorous Earl of Essex, more like a monster than a man, has most ungratefully requited his most gracious Princess. Being but a boy in years and a child in experience, he has been graced with more than common dignities. Her Highness first made him master of the horse, then master of her ordnance, and first a member and then president of her Privy Council. Afterwards, besides many other private gifts of value, amounting to not less than 300,000£, she advanced him to the dignity of Earl Marshal and confirmed him Lord General of her forces in Ireland; where how traitorously he behaved himself, I would his own soul might be judge.

In all this flourishing time of these ill-deserved preferments, his head was hatching confusion to her person, and the whole state of his country. . . . Though he has as in a false glass presented his discontents to the view of the world, yet we know that these seven years he has intended treason, strengthening himself, with vulgar opinions, and the hearts of such subjects as, by affability and promises of gifts he was able to maintain. . . . He came over from Ireland so unexpectedly to remove such from the Queen as he misliked, and could not bend to his traitorous faction; then Tyrone and he were to join their forces, and by destroying her Majesty, Essex to be made sole King of England.

2. *Directions for Preachers.*

Amongst all the treasons that have happened in this kingdom none can be found more detestable than this wicked purpose of the Earl of Essex, now in the Tower, to set the crown of England upon his own head. . . . All this time he has carried himself after a very insolent and ambitious sort, especially for six or seven years past. . . .

If he had not been prevented, there had never been a rebellion in England since Richard II. more desperate or dangerous. The rebellion in the North was far off, and thereby not so perilous. The great Armada of Spain was but a thunderclap, the noise being greater than the danger, and her Majesty's subjects faithfully united to encounter it. . . . The Earl of Essex had so possessed this villain's (Thomas Lea's) heart that, last Thursday night, between 9 and 10 P. M. he pressed to the privy chamber door and remained there almost an hour, with the resolution that when her Highness came forth to supper in the privy chamber, he would seize upon her person, until she had signed a warrant for the Earl's deliverance.

3. *John Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton.*

. . . Tom Lea traitorously attempted to possess himself of the privy chamber; he told his enterprise to Sir Henry Neville . . . and to Sir Robert Crosse, who both revealed it. . . . When arraigned and confronted by Sir Robt. Crosse and the rest, he said he only meant to vex her for half an hour, that she might live the merrier all her life after; and in this tune he died very resolutely on the 17th at Tyburn. . . .

4. *Confession of Essex.*

. . . The late Earl . . . acknowledged with thankfulness that he was thus justly spewed out of the realm. He publicly in his prayer and protestation, as also privately aggravated the detestation of his sin, and especially in the hearing of them that were present at the execution, desiring God to forgive him his great, bloody, crying and infectious sin, which word infectious he had privately explained to us was a leprosy which had infected far and near.

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6. The Death of Elizabeth. (From Camden,)

1603.

The Queen, who had hitherto enjoyed a good stock of health, through her exact temperance both as to wine and diet (which she used to say was the noblest part of physick) being in her climacterical year, viz., the 70th year of her age, began to perceive in herself some weakness and decay of health and spirits, and the ill weather increased her indisposition; till on the last of January, which prov'd a very stormy day, she removed from Westminster to Richmond, to enjoy there the remains of life with more freedom, and better opportunities for the service of God. . . . The Courtiers made it their observation that the Queen was never more constant to the service of the chappel than at present. They likewise report that she then commanded the ring in which she had been espoused in form to her kingdom at her coronation, and had never been took off before, to be filed from her finger, because it was so grown into the flesh that it could not be got off any other way. And this was looked upon as a very melancholy omen and portending no less than a dissolution of her marriage with the state, which by that emblem she had contracted. In the beginning of her sickness the almonds of her throat swelled, but soon came down again. After that her appetite went off by degrees and she gave herself to a melancholy. . . . The Queen looked upon herself as an helpless and abandoned person, and would, in an excess of passion, drop now and then an expression to this purpose: "They have now got me in a yoak; I have nobody left that I can trust: and my condition is the very reverse of what it was." And to imbitter her sorrows yet more, they persuaded her that she had lost much of her interest in the hearts of her people. . . . As soon as the rumour was confirmed that the Queen's illness increased upon her, and that she was now greatly averse to physick, as indeed she had ever appeared in her younger days, 'tis hardly credible with how forward a zeal, all ranks and conditions of men, puritans, papists and others . . . hasted away . . . into Scotland, to pay their adorations to the rising sun, the young king: whose pretensions the Queen always favoured at the bottom. . . . In the beginning of March she was seized with a kind of stupour or heaviness, joined with a pettishness common enough to antient persons. . . . On the 24th of March (1603), being the eve of the annunciation, she enjoyed a blessed remove from this world to a better . . . after a glorious reign of 44 years and 4 months and in the 70th year of her age; a period never yet attained by any of the kings of England.

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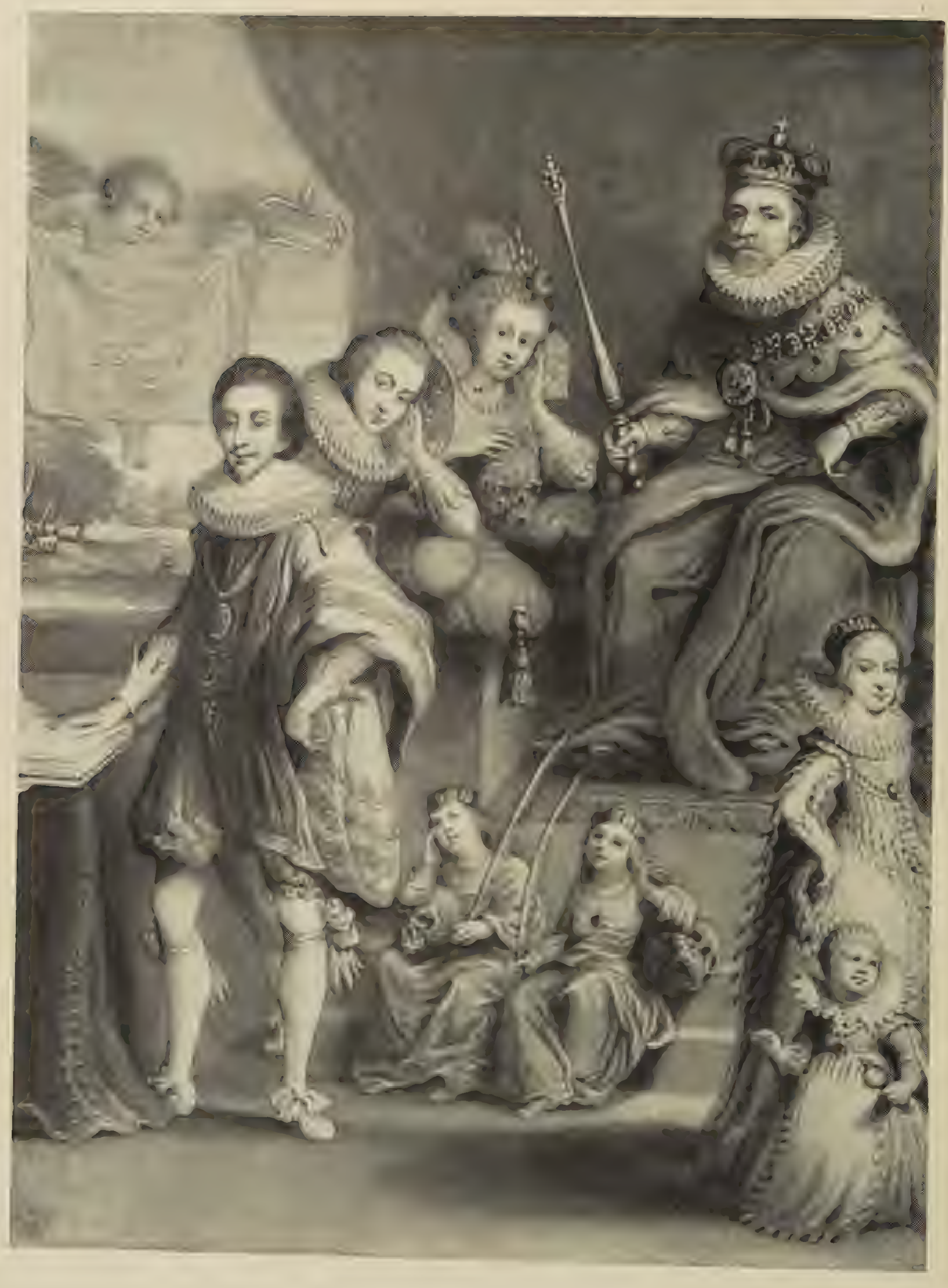
7. Letter of John Chamberlain, Esq., to Dudley Carleton, Esq. (In Court and Times of James I. Lond. 1848.)

March 30th, 1603.

. . . I make no question but you have heard of our great loss before this comes to you. . . . I had good means to understand how the world went, and find her disease to be nothing but a settled and unremoveable melancholy. . . . It can not be said of her, as it was of the Emperor Hadrian, that *turba medicorum occidit regem;* for they say she died only for lack of physic. There was some whispering that her brain was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter; only she held an obstinate silence for the most part, and because she had a persuasion that if she once laid down she should never rise, could not be gotten to bed in a whole week till three days before her death. So that, after three weeks' languishing, she departed the 24th of this present, being our Lady's Eve, between two and three in the morning. . . . She made no will, nor gave anything away, so that they which come after shall find a well-furnished house, a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all things else answerable.



KING JAMES, QUEEN ANNE, PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE HENRY.

(Engraved early in this century from an original of Crispin de Passe.)

GROUP V.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF JAMES I.

1. Extracts from Sully's Memoirs (Bohn Edition, 1856. Vol. II. p. 364).

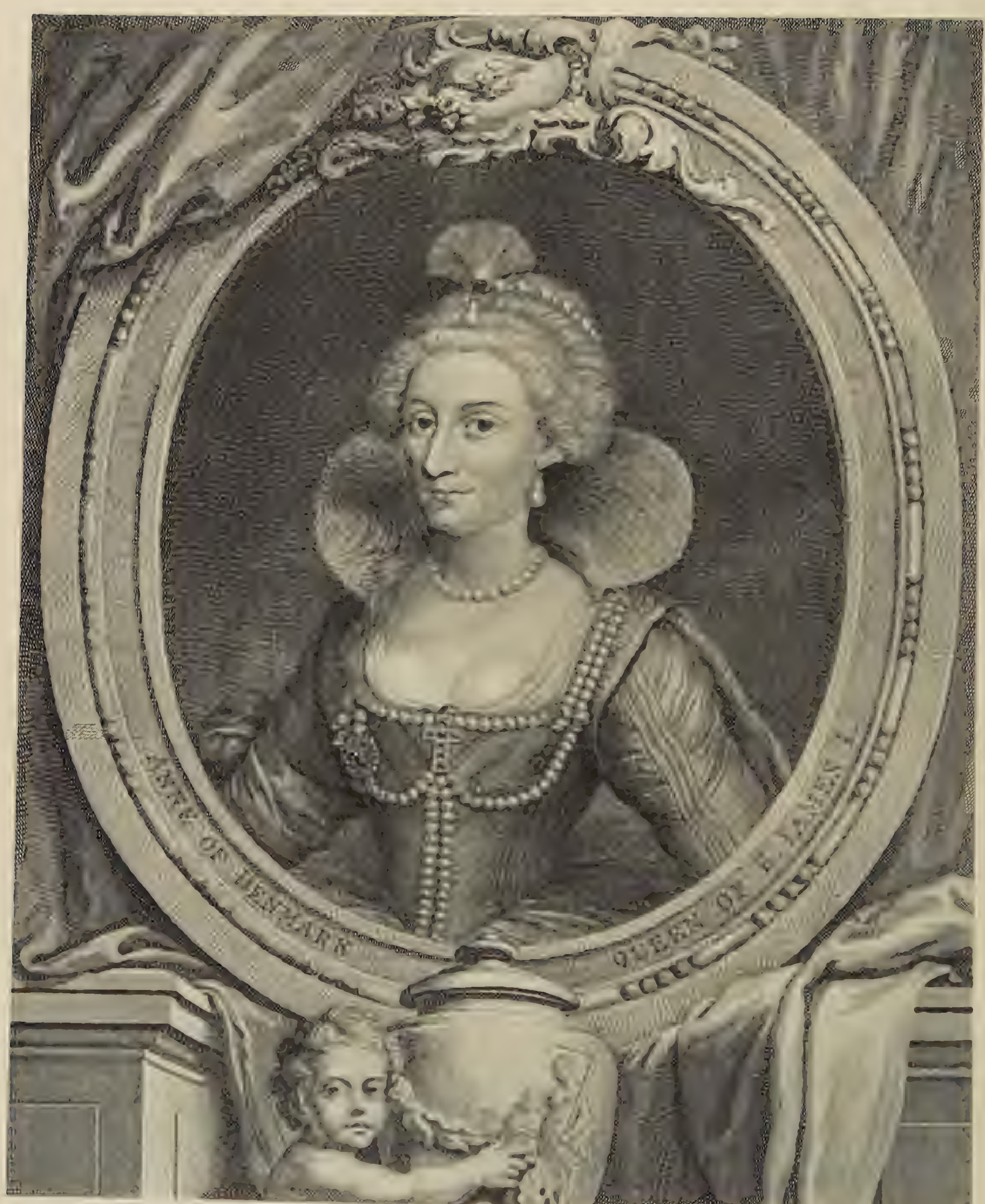
The King of England, who had before acquainted me that he would grant me an audience on the 22nd [June, 1603], which was Sunday, sent a gentleman to confirm it to me, to desire I would not think the time tedious, and to be informed how I was lodged, and whether I wanted anything. To this favor was also added a present of half a buck, which, as this prince informed me by the bearer, he had killed that day, and was the first he had ever taken in his life, though he was a great lover of the chase; the reason was, there being very few in Scotland, and this the first he had hunted in England. From hence he took occasion to make Henry [IV.] a compliment, by saying that he attributed his good fortune to the arrival of a man, who came from a prince that was looked upon to be the king of hunters. I replied . . . that when the king my master made a party for the chase, he was so far from thinking, like the King of England, that my presence would contribute to its success, that he generally sent me to pursue other affairs in the cabinet, where, he said, I was more happy. Though there was nothing serious in all this, I was nevertheless glad of the opportunity that was afforded me to insinuate myself into his Britannic majesty's favour, and with this view I turned my compliment in such a manner as might please the self-complacency of James, who, I very well knew, was extremely flattered by any comparison with the King of France. . . .

One part of the orders I had given with regard to the ceremony of my audience, was, that all my retinue should appear in mourning, to execute with propriety the first part of my commission, which consisted in complimenting the new king on the death of Elizabeth, though I had been informed at Calais that no one, whether ambassador, foreigner, or English, was admitted into the presence of the new king in black; and Beaumont had since represented to me, that what I intended would most certainly be highly disagreeable to the court, where so strong an affectation prevailed to obliterate the memory of that great princess that she was never spoken of, and even the mention of her name industriously avoided.

I should have been very glad not to have been sensible of the necessity I was laid under of appearing in a garb which would seem to cast a reproach on the king and all England; but my orders hereupon were positive, not to mention that they were almost laudable; and this was the reason I paid no regard to Beaumont's representations, who entreated me to defer putting myself to this trouble and expense till he had written about it to Erskine and some others, who were best acquainted with the court ceremonials. He wrote accordingly, but received no answer on Thursday, Friday, nor even on Saturday; and I still persisted in my resolution notwithstanding the reasons which he continually gave me to the contrary. On Saturday night, which was the evening of the day preceding my audience, and so late that I was in bed, Beaumont came to tell me that Erskine had sent to acquaint him that the whole court considered my intention as a premeditated affront, and that I had so offended the king by it, that nothing would more effectually prevent the success of my negotiation, from its very commencement. This information agreeing with that of Lord Sydney, the Viscount de Saraot, La Fontaine and the States' deputies, it was impossible for me to be in doubt about it; and, through fear lest a greater evil should ensue, I caused all my retinue to change their apparel, and provide themselves others as well as they could. Lewkenor coming the next morning to inform me that I should be presented to the king at three o'clock in the afternoon, I perceived, from the satisfaction which he expressed at the new orders I had given, that it was indispensably necessary to vanquish my repugnance; nevertheless it publicly gained me almost as much honour as if I had persisted in my intention, because none were ignorant that I had complied only through absolute necessity. . . .

What was most remarkable in my reception on Sunday, the 29th of June, was, that all the gentlemen of my retinue had the honour of being treated with a dinner by his majesty, and I had that of being admitted to his own table. In pursuance of His Majesty's directions, I arrived at Greenwich about ten o'clock in the morning, and was present with him at divine service, in which there was a sermon. He said nothing particular to me from the time of my arrival till our sitting down to table; the conversation turned almost entirely upon the chase and the weather; the heat was excessive, and much more violent than was usual at London in this month. Only Beaumont and myself sat with James at table, where I was not a little surprised to see that he was always served on the knee; a surtout in form of a pyramid was placed in the middle of the table, which contained most costly vessels, and was even enriched with diamonds.

The conversation continued the same as before, during great part of the entertainment; but an opportunity offering for the king to speak of the late Queen of England, he did it, and to my great regret, with some sort of contempt; he even boasted of the dexterity which he had employed to manage her by means of her own councillors, all of whom, he said, he had gained over during her life, so that they did nothing but what was agreeable to him; that it was, therefore, not at this time only he governed England, but several years before the death of the late Queen, whose memory did not seem agreeable to him. He then called for some wine, his custom being never to mix water with it, and holding the glass in his hand toward Beaumont and myself, he drank to the health of the King, the Queen and the royal family of France. I returned him his health, and that too without forgetting his children. He inclined himself to my ear when he heard me name them, and told me softly, that the next health he would drink should be to the double union which he meditated between the royal houses. He had never till now said a single word to me about this; and I thought the opportunity which he had thus taken for it was not extremely well chosen. I failed not, however, to receive the proposal with all possible marks of joy, and replied softly that I was certain Henry would not hesitate in his choice between his good brother and ally, and the King of Spain, who had before applied to him upon the same subject. James, surprised at what I told him, informed me in his turn, that Spain had made him the same offers of the Infanta for his son, as she had to France for the Dauphin. At last he quitted the company to go to bed, where he usually passed part of the afternoon, and sometimes even the whole of it.


ANNE OF DENMARK QUEEN OF K. JAMES I.

2. Sir Anthony Weldon's Character of King James I. First published in 1650. (In Smeeton's Historical and Biographical Tracts, Vol. I. London, 1820.)

This King's Character is much easier to take than his Picture, for he could never be brought to sit for the taking of that, which is the reason of so few good pieces of him; but his Character was obvious to every eye.

He was of middle stature, more corpulent through his cloathes then in his body, yet fat enough, his cloathes ever being made large and easie, the doublets quilted for steletto proof, his Breeches in plates, and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets, his eye large ever rowling after any stranger came in his presence, in so much, who that for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance; his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side his mouth; his skin was as soft as Taffeta Sarsnet, which felt so, because he never washt his hands, only rub'd his fingers' ends slightly, with the wet-end of a Napkin; his legs were very weak, having as was thought some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age, that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular . . . ; he was very intemperate in his drinking; however in his old age, and *Buckingham's* jovial Suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the very next day remember, and repent with tears. It is true that he drank very often, which was rather out of a custom than any delight, and his drinks were of that kind of strength as Frontiniack, Canary, High Canary wine, Tent wine and Scottish Ale, that had he not had a very strong brain, might have daily been overtaken, although he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two; he was very constant in all things, his Favorites excepted, in which he loved change, yet he never cast down any one he once raised from the height of greatness, though from their wanted nearness and privacy; unless by their own default, by opposing his change, as in *Somerset's* case: yet had he not been in that foul poisoning business, and so cast down himself; I do verily believe not him neither; for all his other Favorites he left great in Honor, great in Fortune; and did much love *Mountgomery*, and trusted him more at the very last gasp, then in the first minute of his Favoriteship: in his Dyet, Apparel, and Journeys, was very constant; in his apparel so constant, as by his good will he would never change his cloathes till very ragges: his fashion never; insomuch as a man bringing to him a Hat of a Spanish Block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions. Another time, bringing him Roses on his Shoes, asked if they would make him a ruff-footed-Dove? one yard of six penny Ribbond served that turn: his Dyet and Journeys were so constant, that the best observing Courtier of our time was wont to say, was he asleep seven years, and then awakened, he would tell where the King every day had been, and every dish he had had at his Table.

He was not very uxorious, though he had a very brave Queen that never crossed his designs, nor intermeddled with State affaires, but ever complyed with him, against the nature of any; but of a mild spirit in the change of favorites; for he was ever best when furthest from the Queen, and that was thought to be the first grounds of his often removes which afterwards proved habitual. He was unfortunate in the marriage of his Daughter, and so was all Christendom besides; but sure the Daughter was more unfortunate in a Father than he in a Daughter; he naturally loved not the sight of a Soldier, nor of any valiant man. . . . He was very witty, and had as many witty jests as any man living at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner. He was very liberal, of what he had not in his own gripe, and would rather part with £100 he never had in his keeping, than one twenty-shilling piece within his own custody: He spent much, and had much use of his subjects' purses, which bred some clashing with them in Parliament. . . .

He would make a great deal too bold with God in his passion, both in cursing and swearing, and one strain higher, verging on blasphemy; But would in his better temper say, he hoped God would not impute them as sins. . . . He was infinitely inclined to prayer, but more out of fear then conscience; and this was the greatest blemish this King had through all his reign, otherwise he might have been ranked with the very best of our Kings. . . .

In a word, take him altogether and not in pieces, such a King I wish this Kingdom have never any worse, on the condition, not any better; for he lived in peace, dyed in peace, and left all his Kingdoms in a peaceable condition, with his own Motto: *Beati Pacifica.*

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3. A Counterblast to Tobacco. Pamphlet written by James I. (In Arber English Reprints. London, 1869.) Spelling modernized.

. . . And now good Countrymen let us (I pray you) consider, what honor or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous and beastly manners of the wild, godless and slavish Indians, especially in so vile and stinking a custom? Shall we that disdain to imitate the manners of our neighbor France (having the style of the first Christian kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their King being now comparable in largeness of Dominions to the great Emperor of Turkey): Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in peace, famous and invincible in war, fortunate in both, we that have been ever able to aid any of our neighbors (but never deafed any of their ears with any of our supplications for assistance) shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so far as to imitate these beastly Indians, slaves to the Spaniards, refuse to the world, and as yet aliens from the holy Covenant of God? Why do we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they do? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones as they do? yea why do we not deny God and adore the Devil as they do?

Now to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this tobacco doth very well agree the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this Kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here as [that] this present age cannot yet very well remember, both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it among us. It was neither brought in by King, great Conqueror, nor learned Doctor of Physic.

With the report of a great discovery for a Conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea in fresh vigor: so as it seems a miracle to me, how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, [Raleigh] should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant . . .

. . . This tobacco is not simply of a dry and hot quality, but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof, which makes it have an antipathy against nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear. For the nose being the proper organ and convoy of the sense of smelling to the brains, which are the only fountain of that sense, doth ever serve us for an infallible witness whether that odor which we smell be healthful or hurtful to the brain. . . .

The second argument grounded on a show of reason is, that this filthy smoke, as well through the heat and strength thereof, as by a natural force and quality, is able to purge both the head and stomach of rheums and distillations, as experience teacheth, by the spitting and avoiding phlegm immediately after the taking of it. But the fallacy of this argument may easily appear. . . . This stinking smoke being sucked up by the nose and imprisoned in the cold and moist brains, is, by their cold and wet faculty, turned and cast forth again in watery distillations, and so are you made free and purged of nothing but that wherewith you wilfully burdened yourselves. . . .

As for the other two reasons founded upon experience, the first of which is, that the whole people would not have taken so general a good liking thereof if they had not by experience found it very sovereign and good for them: for answer thereunto how easily the minds of any people, wherewith God had replenished this world, may be drawn to the foolish affectation of any novelty, I leave it to the discreet judgment of any man that is reasonable. Do we not daily see that a man can no sooner bring over from beyond the seas any new form of apparel but that he cannot be thought a man of spirit that would not presently imitate the same? And so from hand to hand it spreads, till it be practised by all, not for any commodity there is in it but only because it is come to be the fashion. . . . Many in this Kingdom have had such a continual use of taking this unsavory smoke, as now they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober, without falling into an uncurable weakness. . . . It is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkeness, which is the root of all sins: for as the only delight that drunkards take in wine is in the strength of the taste, and the force of the fume thereof that mounts up to the brain: for no drunkards love any weak or sweet drink: so are not those (I mean the strong heat and the fume) the only qualities that make tobacco so delectable to all the lovers of it? . . .

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco pipes, and puffing of the smoke of tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers that after their death were opened. . . . The public use whereof at all times and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as [that] divers men, very sound both in judgment and complexion, have been at last forced to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular . . . and partly to be as one that was content to eat garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with tobacco? No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco among his fellows (though for his own election he would rather feel the savor of a sink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold Eastern countries. Yea the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco. . . . A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

Law of King James to restrict the Use of Tobacco. (In Arber.)

Oct. 17, 1604.

. . . Whereas Tobacco . . . is now at this day, through evil custom and the toleration thereof, excessively taken by a number of riotous and disordered persons of mean and base condition who . . . do spend most of their time in that idle vanity, to the evil example and corrupting of others, and also do consume that wages which many of them get by their labor, and wherewith their families should be relieved, not caring at what price they buy that drug, but rather devising how to add to it other mixture, thereby to make it the more delightful to their taste, though so much the more costly to their purse: by which great and immoderate taking of tobacco the health of a great number of our people is impaired, and their bodies weakened and made unfit for labor, the estates of many mean persons so decayed and consumed as [that] they are thereby driven to unthrifty shifts only to maintain their gluttonous exercise thereof, besides that also a great part of the treasure of our land is spent and exhausted by this only drug:—we do therefore will and command you our Treasurer of England . . . to give order to all Customers, Controllers, Searchers, Surveyors and other officers of our ports that . . . they shall demand . . . the sum of six shillings and eight pence upon every pound weight thereof, over and above the Custom of two pence upon the pound weight usually paid heretofore. . . .

Extract from a Letter of Rev. Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart.

(In Court and Times of James I. Vol. II. p. 137.)

. . . His majesty hath newly published a book, being certain meditations on the Lord's prayer, which he hath dedicated to the Marquis of Buckingham, as the preface can inform you. You shall receive it herein likewise.

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4. Extract from the "Daemonologie" of James I. (In Harris, Life of James I. Lond. 1814, p. 45.)

The fearful abounding at this time [1597], in this country [Scotland], of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to dispatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a shew of my learning and ingene, but only (moved of conscience) to press thereby so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised, and that the instrument thereof merits most severely to be punished, against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old errors of the Sadducees in denying of spirits; the other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession. And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books; the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancie in special: the second of sorcerie and witchcraft: and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits, and spectres that appear and trouble persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work. . . . Witches ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal law of all Christian nations. Yea to spare the life, and not to strike when God bids strike, and so severely punish in so odious a fault and treason against God, it is not only unlawful, but doubtless no less sin in the Magistrate nor it was in Saul's sparing Agag. . . . Barnes [bairns] or wives, or never so defamed persons, may serve for sufficient witnesses against them. . . . There are two good helps that may be used for their trial: the one is the finding of their mark, and the trying the insensibleness thereof: the other is their fleeting on the water: for, as in a secret murther, if the dead carkas be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer: God having appointed that secret supernatural sign, for trial of that secret unnatural crime: so that it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof: no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them as you please) while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime). Albeit the women-kind especially, be able otherwise to shed tears at every light occasion when they will, yea, although it were dissembling like the crocodiles.

Statute of First Year of James I.

(In Harris, p. 48.)

. . . If any person or persons shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation, or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil and wicked spirit, to or for any intent and purpose: or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or inchantment; or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, inchantment, charm or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof; that then every such offender or offenders, their aiders, abettors, and counsellors, being of any the said offenses duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer pains of death as a felon or felons, and shall lose the privilege and benefit of clergy and sanctuary.

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5. Letter of Sir John Harrington to Sir Amyas Paulett. (In Jesse, Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts. Vol. I. p. 70.)

January, 1610.

My Loving Cousin: It behoveth me now to write my journal respecting the gracious command of my sovereign prince to come to his closet; which matter, as you so well and urgently desire to hear of, I shall, as suiteth my best ability, relate unto you, and is as followeth:—When I came to the presence-chamber and had gotten good place to see the lordly attendants and bowed my knee to the prince, I was ordered by special messenger, and that in secret sort, to wait awhile in an outward chamber, whence, in near an hour waiting, the same knave led me up a passage, and so to a small room where was good order of paper, ink and pens, put in a board for the prince's use. Soon upon this the prince his highness did enter and in much good humor asked "if I was cousin to Lord Harrington of Exton?" I humbly replied "His majesty did some honor in enquiring my kin to one whom he had so late honored and made a baron," and moreover did add, "we were both branches of the same tree." Then he discoursed much of learning, and showed me his own in such sort, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge. He sought much to know my advances in philosophy, and uttered profound sentences of Aristotle and such like writers, which I had never read and which some are bold enough to say others do not understand; but this I pass by. The prince did now press my reading to him part of a canto of Ariosto; praised my utterance, and said he had been informed of many as to my learning in the time of the Queen. He asked me what I thought pure wit was made of and whom it did best become? Whether a king should not be the best clerk in his own country; and if this land did not entertain good opinion of his learning and good wisdom? His majesty did much press for my opinion touching the power of Satan in matter of witchcraft, and asked me with much gravity if I did truly understand why the devil did work more with antient women than others? I did not refrain from a scurvy jest, and even said (notwithstanding to whom it was said) that we were taught hereof in Scripture where it is told that the devil walketh in dry places. His majesty, moreover, was pleased to say much and favorably, of my good report for merit and good conceit: to which I did covertly answer, as not willing a subject should be wiser than his prince, nor even appear so.

More serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wanted room to continue, and sometimes some to escape: for the Queen, his mother, was not forgotten, nor Davison neither. His highness told me her death was visible in Scotland before it did really happen, being, as he said, spoken of in secret by those whose power of sight presented to them a bloody head dancing in the air. He then did remark on this gift (second sight) and said he sought out of certain books a sure way to attain knowledge of future chances. Hereat he named many books which I did not know, nor by whom written; but advised me not to consult some authors which would lead me to evil consultations. I told his majesty the power of Satan had, I much feared, damaged my bodily frame, but I had not further will to court his friendship for my soul's hurt. We next dis-

IACOBVS D.G. ANGLIAE, FRANCIAE, SCOTIAE ET HIBERNIAE REX · AET. 38 ANN. 1604.

coursed somewhat upon religion, when at length he said: "Now, sir, you have seen my wisdom in some sort and I have pried into yours; pray you do me justice in your report, and in good reason I will not fail to add to your understanding in such points as I find you lack amendment." I made courtesy hereat, and withdrew down the passage and out at the gate, amidst the many varlets and lordly servants who stood around. Thus you have the history of your neighbor's high chance and entertainment at court; more of which matter when I come home to my dwelling and talk of these affairs in a corner. I must press to *silence* hereon, as otherwise all is undone. I did forget to tell that His Majesty much asked concerning my opinion of the new weed, tobacco, and said it would, by its use, infuse ill qualities on the brain, and that no learned man ought to taste it, and wished it forbidden. I will now forbear further exercise of your time, as Sir Robert's man waiteth for my letter to bear to you, from your old neighbor,

Friend and Cousin,
John Harrington.

6. Letters of John Chamberlain. Esq., to Sir Dudley Carleton. (In Court and Times of James I. Vol. II. p. 115.)

London, Dec. 20th, 1618.

The king hath been to Theobalds ever since Wednesday, and comes to town this day; and unless his presence bring us some news, we are likely to have a dead and dull Christmas. I am sorry to hear that he grows every day more froward, and with such a kind of morosity, that doth either argue a great discontent in mind, or a distemper of humours in his body. Yet he is never so out of tune, but the very sight of my Lord of Buckingham doth settle and quiet all.

May 14th, 1619.

It were to no purpose to make any long description of the funeral [of Anne of Denmark, James's Queen], which was but a drawling, tedious sight, more remarkable for number than for any other singularity, there being 280 poor women, besides an army of men fellows, that were servants to the lords, and others of the train. And, though the number of lords and ladies was very great, yet methought, altogether, they made but a poor show; which, perhaps, was, because they were apparelled all alike, or that they came loggering all along, even tired with the length of the way and the weight of their cloaks, every lady having twelve yards of broad cloth about her, and the countesses sixteen. . . .

June 5th [three weeks after!]

The king came from Theobalds, on Tuesday, to Whitehall, all along the fields; and, on the back side of Gray's Inn, was met by a fair troop of our citizens on horseback, with their chains of gold, or pearl, or diamonds; and the aldermen in scarlet. The recorder made a short speech in congratulation of his recovery, and excuse of the lord mayor's absence; whereto the King gave no great heed, making little show of being pleased, as being given to understand that he is more sullen than sick, which, in very truth, is otherwise, for he continues still in weak estate. The King was attended by the prince [Charles I.], and all the nobility, in very good equipage; himself very fresh in a suit of watchet satin, laid with silver lace, with a blue and white feather; as also his horse was furnished with the like, both before and behind. Insomuch that all the company was glad to see him so gallant, and more like a wooer than a mourner. But what decorum it will be when ambassadors come to condole (as here is one now from the Duke of Lorraine, with three or four and twenty followers, all in black), let them consider whom it more concerns. . . .

June 26th.

. . . The king this next week, makes a petty progress to Otelands, Oking and Windsor. . . . His legs and feet come pretty well to him, having found out a very good expedient of late, to bathe them in every buck and stag's belly in the place where he kills them; which is counted an excellent remedy to strengthen and restore the sinews. *Au reste*, he is fallen to his old diet, and will not be persuaded to forbear fruit, nor sweet wines. In the mean time we are driven to hardships for money, and all too little; so that we are fain to make sale of jewels for £20,000, to furnish out this progress. . . .

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7. Letter of James to a certain Blake concerning the Puritans. No date. (In Ellis, Original Letters, 3d Series, 4th volume, p. 161.) English modernized.

My honest Blake. . . . The letter talking of deambulatory councils and such like satiric tricks did a little chafe me, but ye may see I answered according to the old scholar's rule, *in quo casu quæris, in eodem res pondere teneris*, for I would be sorry not to be as constant indeed as she was that called herself *semper eadem;* indeed ye may tell the beagle that he hath best cause to complain of my being a peripatetic, for I will oftimes walk so fast, round about and above with him, that he will be like to fall down dead upon the floor. I can give you no other thanks for your daily working and public railing upon me, save only this, do what ye can ye can give me no more arguments of your faithful affection towards me, and do what I can unto you, I can never increase a hair the devotion of your service towards me.

We have kept such a revel with the Puritans here these two days as was never heard. the like, where I have peppered them as soundly as ye have done the Papists there; it were no reason that those that will refuse the airy sign of the cross after baptism should have their purses stuffed with any more solid and substantial crosses; they fled me so from argument to argument without ever answering me directly, *ut est eorum moris*, that I was forced at last to say unto them, that if any of them had been in a college disputing with their scholars, if any of their disciples had answered them in that sort, they would have fetched him up in place of a reply, and so should the rod have plied upon the poor boy's buttocks. I have such a book of theirs as may well convert infidels, but it shall never convert me, except by turning me more earnestly against them; and thus praying you to commend me to the honest chamberlain, I bid you heartily farewell.

James R.

GROUP VI.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. 1605 A. D.

1. Account of Father John Gerard. (In "The Condition of Catholics under James by John Morris." Lond., 1871, p. 96.)

[Father Gerard was tried for complicity in the plot, but acquitted.]

. . . About ten days before the Parliament should have begun the Lord Mounteagle (whose affection to Catholics hath long time been known unto divers) being at his own house and at supper, a man came to his page in the street and delivered him a letter wishing him to deliver the same unto his Lord's own hands, which the page performed, but made no stay of the bringer thereof, who presently departed. The Lord Mounteagle not knowing the hand, and seeing no name subscribed, caused one of his men to read it unto him, and it was of this tenour.

"My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation, therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, there shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This council is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is passed so soon as you have burnt the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make use of it, to Whose holy protection I commend you."

This was the letter which the Lord Mounteagle having considered, and seeing so dangerous matter contained in it, he presently went to the Lord of Salisbury, who is Chief Secretary of His Majesty, and delivered the letter unto him, with relation of all circumstances of the receipt and reading of the letter. The Lord of Salisbury seemed not at the first to make any great account of it, yet said he would acquaint some other Lords of the Council with the same and commended the Lord Mounteagle for his fidelity and his care of His Majesty's safety, and of the State, and presently showed the letter to the Lord Chamberlain, and then both of them thought the letter might have some relation with other informations the Lord of Salisbury had received beyond seas, concerning some business intended by the Papists; and they seemed to think there might be some perilous attempt intended. And therefore they two concluded to join with them three other of the Council, to wit, the Lord Admiral the Lord of Worcester and Northampton, to be acquainted with this matter; who having all of them concurred together to the examination of the contents of the said letter, they did conclude (saith the book written of the discovery of this treason) that how slight soever a matter at the first appear, yet was it not absolutely to be condemned, in respect of the care which it behoved them to have of the preservation of His Majesty's person. Yet they resolved, for two reasons, first to acquaint the King himself with the same, before they proceeded to any further inquisition in the matter, as well (saith the book) for the expectation and experience they had of His Majesty's fortunate judgement in clearing and solving of obscure riddles and doubtful mysteries, as also because the more time would in the meanwhile be given for the practise to ripen (if any was) whereby the discovery might be the more clear and evident, and the ground of proceeding thereupon more safe, just, and easy. And so according to their determination the said Earl of Salisbury did repair to the King upon the Friday after, being All-Hallow-day which was the day after His Majesty's arrival from Royston, where he had been at his hunting exercise, and was come up to London to be present at the beginning of the Parliament. The Earl therefore finding the King alone in his gallery, without any other speech or judgement giving of the letter, but only relating simply the form of the delivery thereof, he presented it to His Highness. The King no sooner read the letter, but after a little pause, and then reading it over again, he delivered his judgement of it in such sort, as he thought it was not to be contemned; for that the style of it seemed to be more quick and pithy than is usual to be in any pasquil or libel, the superfluities of idle brains. But the Earl of Salisbury perceiving the King to apprehend it deeplier than he looked for, knowing his nature, told him that he thought by one sentence in it, that it was like to be written by some fool or madman, reading to him that sentence in it, "For the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter," which he said was likely to be the saying of a fool; for if the danger was passed so soon as the letter was burnt then the warning behoved to be of little avail, when the burning of the letter might make the danger to be eschewed. But the King by the contrary, considering the former sentence in the letter, "That they should receive a terrible blow at this Parliament, and yet should not see who hurt them;" joining it to the sentence immediately following already alleged, did thereupon conjecture that the danger mentioned should be some sudden danger by blowing up of powder. For no other insurrection, rebellion or whatsoever other private or desperate attempt could be committed or attempted in time of Parliament and the authors thereof unseen except only if it were by a blowing up of powder, which might be performed by one base knave in a dark corner: whereupon he was moved to interpret and construe the latter sentence in the letter (alleged by the Earl of Salisbury against all ordinary sense and construction grammar) as if by these words, "For the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter," should be closely understood by suddenty and quickness of the danger, which should be as quickly performed and at an end, as that paper should be of blazing up in the fire, turning the word of "as soon" to the sense of "as quickly;" and therefore His Majesty wished that before his going to the Parliament, the under rooms of the Parliament House might be well and narrowly searched. The Earl of Salisbury wondering at His Majesty's commentary, which he knew to be so far contrary to his ordinary and natural disposition, who did rather ever sin upon the other side, in not apprehending nor trusting the advertisements of practices and perils when he was freely informed of them, and interpreting rightly his extraordinary caution at this time to proceed from the vigilant care he had of the whole State more than of his own person, yet he thought good to dissemble still unto the King, that there was just cause of such apprehension, and ended the present talk with some merry jest as his custom is. But though he seemed to neglect it to His Majesty, yet he could not be addressed till with the Lord Chamberlain he came again unto His Majesty, at which time it was agreed that the said Lord Chamberlain should according to his custom and office view all the Parliament Houses both above and below, and consider what likelihood or appearance of any such danger might be gathered: but yet this was deferred until the afternoon before the sitting down of the Parliament, which was upon the Monday following: at what time, he according to this conclusion went to the Parliament House accompanied with the Lord Mounteagle, where having viewed all the lower rooms, he found in the vault under the Upper House great store and provision of billets, faggots, and coals: and inquiring of Whyneyard, keeper of the wardrobe to what use he had put the lower rooms and cellars, he told him that Mr. Thomas Percy had hired both the house and part of the cellar or vault under the same and that the wood and coal therein was the said gentleman's own provision. Whereupon the Lord Chamberlain looking into the room perceived a fellow standing in a corner, who called himself the said Percy his man, and keeper of that house for him, but indeed was Guido Faulks, the man that should have acted that monstrous tragedy.

The Lord Chamberlain looking upon all things with a heedful eye, though in outward show he seemed careless, presently addressed himself to the King, and in the presence of the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Admiral, the Earls of Worcester, Northampton, and Salisbury, he made his report what he had seen and observed there, affirming that he did wonder not a little at the extraordinary great provisions of wood and coal in that house where Thomas Percy had so seldom occasion to remain, as likewise it gave him in his mind, that his man looked like a very tall and desperate fellow. This could not but increase the King's former apprehension, whereupon he willed that those billets and coals should be searched to the bottom: and of the same opinion were the Lords there present, although they thought it fit to have it done in the night, and by a Justice of Peace only under pretence of searching for some of the King's stuff that was missing; and this for two reasons; one was lest if nothing were found, it should seem the King and State were too suspicious of every light toy; also for that they said it would lay an ill-favoured imputation upon the Earl of Northumberland, one of His Majesty's greatest subjects and Councillors: this Thomas Percy being his kinsman and most confident familiar. . . .

That night following being Monday night (when the Parliament should have begun *and ended also* the next day) Sir Thomas Knevet, a gentleman of His Majesty's Privy chamber, was sent to search the place at midnight under pretence of looking for some other things as was before devised. When he came to the Parliament House before his entry into Mr. Percy his lodging, he found the foresaid man that had the keeping of the house for Mr. Percy standing without the house and seeing him with his clothes on and booted at so dead time of the night, the Justice apprehended him: and after went forward to the searching of the house, where after he had caused to be overturned some of the billets and coals, he first found one of the small barrels of powder, and after, all the rest, to the number of thirty-six barrels great and small. And thereafter searching the fellow whom he had taken, found three matches and all other instruments fit for blowing up of the powder ready upon him: which made him instantly to confess what his intent was, affirming withal that if he had happened to have been within the house when he was taken, as he was immediately before at the ending of his work, he would not have failed to have blown up the Justice, house and all. . . .

The prisoner was carried fast bound unto the Court. . . . All that day the Council could get nothing out of him concerning his complices, refusing to answer to any such questions which he thought might discover the plot, and laying all the blame upon himself, whereunto he said he was moved only for religion and conscience sake, denying the King to be his lawful sovereign or the anointed of God, in respect he was an heretic. . . . But after he had been three or four days in the Tower and was threatened with the rack only, as the printed book saith (though the common voice was that he was extremely racked the first days), then, whether to avoid torments, or for that he might understand that the gentlemen had discovered themselves by rising up in arms in the country, he *then* named some of his complices, with his own name also [Fawkes], and how the matter was broken unto him, and how begun and prosecuted, as I have before declared; yet I cannot find by his confession which is published in print, that he named above six of those who had wrought in the mine and provision of the powder and who then were all known to be up in arms. . . .

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2. Declaration of Guy Fawkes. (From the Gunpowder Treason, Lond., 1679.)

I confess that a practice in general was first broken unto me against his Majesty for relief of the Catholique cause, and not invented or propounded by myself. And this was first propounded unto me about Easter last was twelve-month, beyond the seas, in the Low Countries of the Arch-Duke's obeysance, by Thomas Winter, who came thereupon with me into England, and there we imparted our purpose to three other Gentlemen more, namely Robert Catesby, Thomas Percy and John Wright, who all five consulting together of the means how to execute the same, and taking a vow among ourselves for secresie, Catesby propounded to have it performed by Gunpowder, and by making a myne under the Upper House of Parliament; which place we made choice of the rather, because religion having been unjustly suppressed there, it was fittest that justice and punishment should be executed there.

This being resolved amongst us, Thomas Percy hired an house at Westminster for that purpose, near adjoining to the Parliament House, and there we begun to make our Myne about the 11th of December, 1604.

The five that first entered into the work were Thomas Percy, Robert Catesby, Thomas Winter, John Wright, and myself: and soon after we took another unto us, Christopher Wright, having sworn him also, and taken the Sacrament for secrecy.

When we came to the very foundation of the wall of the House, which was about three yards thick, and found it a matter of great difficulty, we took unto us another gentleman, Robert Winter, in like manner, with oath and sacrament as aforesaid.

It was about Christmas when we brought our Myne unto the wall, and about Candlemas we had wrought the wall half through: and whilst they were in working, I stood as sentinel, to descrie any man that came near, whereof I gave them warning, and so they ceased until I gave notice again to proceed.

All we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, being resolved to die in that place before we should yield or be taken.

As they were working upon the wall, they heard a rushing in a cellar of removing of coales, whereupon we feared we had been discovered: and they sent me to go to the cellar, who finding that the coales were a selling, and that the cellar was to be let, viewing the commodity thereof for our purpose, Percy went and hired the same for yearly rent.

We had before this provided and brought into the house twenty barrels of powder, which we removed into the cellar, and covered the same with billets and fagots, which were provided for that purpose.

After Easter, the Parliament being prorogued till October next, we dispersed ourselves, and I retired into the Low Countreys, by advise and direction of the rest, as well as to acquaint Owen with the particulars of the plot, as also least by my longer stay I might have grown suspicious, and so have come in question.

In the mean time, Percy having the key of the Cellar, laid in more powder and wood into it. I returned about the beginning of September next, and then receiving the key of Percy, we brought in more powder and billets to cover the same again, and so I went again into the countrey till the 30th of October.

It was further resolved amongst us, that the same day that this act should have been performed, some other of our confederates should have surprised the person of the Lady Elizabeth [Later Queen of Bohemia], the king's eldest daughter, who was kept in Warwickshire at the Lord Harington's house, and presently have proclaimed her queen, having a project of a proclamation ready for that purpose, wherein we made no mention of altering of religion, nor would have avowed the deed to be ours, until we should have had power enough to make our party good, and then we would have avowed both.

Concerning Duke Charles, the king's second son, we had sundry consultations how to seize on his person. But because we found no means how to compass it (the Duke being kept near London, where we had not forces enough) we resolved to serve our turn with the Lady Elizabeth.

GROUP VII.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE COUNT PALATINE.

Extracts from the Letters of John Chamberlain, Esq., to Sir Dudley Carleton. (In Court and Times of James I., London, 1848, pp. 157.)

Jan. 28th, 1612.

. . . We hear the king is still at Newmarket, somewhat troubled with a humour in his great toe, that must not be christened or called the gout. . . .

June 17th.

. . . The king hath been coming and going to Eltham all the last week. . . . But for all his pleasure, he forgets not business; but hath found the art of frustrating men's expectations, and holding them in suspense.

October 22d.

The king came from Theobalds on Saturday, having notice of the Count Palatine's arrival at Gravesend the night before. He [the Count Palatine] had a very speedy and prosperous passage;

for coming from the Hague on Thursday, at eleven o'clock, he embarked that evening at Maesland Sluice, and the next night, about ten, landed at Gravesend, where he continued all Saturday; and on Sunday morning the Duke of Lennox, and some other noblemen and courtiers, were sent to conduct him to the court, where he arrived about five o'clock, and was met at the watergate by the Duke of York, attended by the Earls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and others, and so brought through the hall, and along the terrace to the new great chamber, where the king expected him. The prince [Henry, heir apparent] stirred not a foot, which was much noted. He had a great peal of ordnance as he passed by the Tower, and came with some disadvantage into such presence, having been so long on the water in the coldest days that came this winter; and yet he carried himself with that assurance, and so well and gracefully, both toward king, queen and prince, and specially his mistress, that he won much love and commendation. The king is much pleased in him, and carried him presently into his bedchamber, and there bestowed a ring of the value of £1800 upon him. From thence he was conveyed through the privy lodgings and galleries to the water, and so to Essex House, where he yet remains; but is every day at court, and plies his mistress hard, and takes no delight in running at ring, nor tennis, nor riding with the prince, as Count Henry, his uncle, and others of his company do, but only in her conversation. On Tuesday she sent to invite him, as he sat at supper, to a play of her own servants in the cockpit; and yesterday they were all day together at Somerset House, which is much beautified within this year or two. He hath a train of very sober and well-fashioned gentlemen; his whole number is not above 170, servants and all, being limited by the King not to exceed. There have been some called *coram*, for scandalous speeches of him and the match . . . But howsoever some would embase his means, and meanness of estate and title to match with such a lady, yet all do approve his manners and behaviour; and there be, that stick not to prefer or equal him, at least, with the best princes in Italy for blood and dignity, and not far behind them in revenue; his rents and earnings in being approved to be £160,000 a year, besides provisions, which amount to half as much more, and his charge and expense not answerable to theirs. . . .

Nov. 4th, 1612.

. . . The Count Palatine continues in favour and liking with all, especially at court, where he is now lodged in the late lord treasurer's lodgings. Yesterday night the Lady Elizabeth invited him to a solemn supper and a play, and they meet often at meals without curiosity or crowing. On Sunday was sevennight he dined with the king and prince in the privy chamber, but sat bare all the while, whether by custom or rather, as is thought, to bear the prince company, who never come abroad since that day, being seized by a fever that . . . hath continued a quotidian since Wednesday last and with more violence than it began, so that on Saturday he was let blood by advice of most physicians, though Butler, of Cambridge, was loth to consent. The blood proved foul; and that afternoon he grew very sick, so that both king, queen and Lady Elizabeth went severally to visit him, and revelling and plays appointed for that night were put off . . . He and the Count Palatine were invited and promised to the lord mayor's feast on Thursday last,

[illegible]rico DEI gratia, Bohemiæ Regi, Comiti [illegible]
[illegible] Marchioni Moraviæ, Duci Silesiæ et [illegible]
a Mich: J. Miereveldio ad vivum delictum [illegible]
consecrantq; idem pictor ac sculptor. Cum privilegio [illegible]

and great preparations were made for them; but by this accident he failed.

The Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the show in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new made lord mayor, and presented toward the end of the dinner in the name of the city with a fair standing cup, a curious basin and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing altogether 1200 ounces, to the value almost of £500 . . . He behaved himself very courteously and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go to see and salute the lady mayoress and her train where she sat. The show was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants and other devices.

Nov. 12th, 1612.

When I was closing up my letter to you the last week, I understood more of the prince's sickness than I was willing to impart; for I knew it could be no welcome news anywhere; and I was in hopes the world might amend. But going the next morning, the 5th of November, to hear the Bishop of Ely preach at court, . . . I found, by the king and queen's absence from the sermon, and by his manner of praying for him, how the matter stood, and that he was *pleni deploratus.* For I cannot learn that he had either speech or perfect memory after Wednesday night, but lay, as it were, drawing on till Friday, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, that he departed. The world here is much dismayed at the loss of so beloved and likely a prince on such a sudden, and the physicians are much blamed, though, no doubt, they did their best. . . . It is verily thought that the disease was no other than the ordinary ague that hath reigned and raged almost all over England since the latter end of summer, which, by observation, is found must have its ordinary course, and the less physic the better, but only sweating, and an orderly course of keeping and government. The extremity of the disease seemed to lie in his head, for remedy whereof they shaved him, and applied warm cocks and pigeons newly killed, but with no success. . . . In his extremity, they tried all manner of conclusions upon him, as letting him blood in the nose, and whatsoever else they could imagine; and, at the last cast, gave him a quintessence sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, which, he says, they should have applied sooner, that brought him to some sort of sense, and opening his eyes, and some will needs say, speech, but all failed again presently.

Amongst the rest he [Raleigh] hath lost his greatest hope, and was grown into special confidence with him, insomuch that he had moved the king divers times for him, and had, lastly, a grant that he should be delivered out of the Tower before Christmas. . . . It is observed that this late prince never cast or shed his teeth from his infancy, which, when Butler heard some days since, he prophesied that he was not *vitalis* or long-lived. . . . The Lady Elizabeth is much afflicted with this loss, and not without good cause, for he did extraordinarily affect her, and, during his sickness, inquired still after her; and the last words he spoke in good sense, they say, were, "*Where is my dear sister?*" . . .

Nov. 19th, 1612.

. . . The king was quickly weary of Kensington, because he said the wind blew thorough the walls that he could not lie warm in his bed. He came to Whitehall yesterday was sevennight and went away on Tuesday last to Theobalds, and is this day for Royston.

He carried the Count Palatine along with him, whose marriage, by this late accident, is retarded, because it would be thought absurd that foreign ambassadors, coming to condole the prince's death, should find us feasting and dancing; so that it is deferred till May-day, and the mourning for the prince to continue till the 24th of March, but the fiancing is appointed the 27th of December, and his counsellors hope and do their best to advance the marriage soon after.

Dec. 17th, 1612.

. . . Sir Francis Bacon hath set out new essays, where, in a chapter of *Deformity*, the world takes notice that he paints out his little cousin to the life. . . .

Dec. 31st.

. . . Sir Thomas Lake, on Sunday last, outstripped his competitors by one, by reading the contract betwixt the Palsgrave and the Lady Elizabeth, which is the part of a principal secretary, *praeire conceptis verbis*, in such solemn business. But they say he had translated the words of our Communion Book into French so badly, and pronounced them worse, that it moved an unseasonable laughter, as well in the contractors as standers-by. . . . This affiancing was solemnized in the great banqueting-room on Sunday before dinner, in the presence of the king and great store of the nobility; but the queen was absent, being troubled, as they say, with the gout. The king was not out of his chamber in three or four days before, nor since, having a spice of the same disease. . . .

Feb. 4th, 1612–13.

. . . The Prince Palatine feasted all the council the last week, and carried himself with great commendation, but specially he respected the archbishop and his followers above all the rest as having received only at his hands entertainment and kind usage since his coming into England. On Sunday last and on Candlemas-day he and his lady were solemnly asked openly in the chapel by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the next Sunday is the last time of asking.

There is extraordinary preparations for fireworks and fights upon the water, with three castles, built upon eight western barges, and one great castle upon the land, over against the court. One or two of the pinnaces are come already from Rochester; and divers other vessels, to the number of six and thirty, are provided, some like galleys, some galleasses, and some like carracks, and other ships of war; and above 500 watermen, already pressed, and 1,000 musqueteers of the Trained Bands, in the shires hereabout, made ready for this service, which, in all computation, cannot stand the King in so little as £5,000.

On Tuesday, I took occasion to go to court, because I had never seen the Palsgrave nor the Lady Elizabeth near hand for a long time. I had my full view of them both, but will not tell you what I think; but only this, that he owes his mistress nothing, if he were a king's son, as she is a king's daughter. The worst is, methinks, he is much too young and small timbered to undertake such a task.

Letter from John Chamberlain, Esq., to Mrs. Carleton.

London, February 18, 1612–13.

Though Mr. Wake be now coming, and looks for his dispatch within a day or two, who is able to make a large discourse of all that passed at this wedding; yet because this is like to arrive there before him, I will give you a little touch or taste of that, whereof

CONSTAN

you may receive from him full and complete satisfaction.

On Thursday night the fireworks were reasonably well performed, all save the last castle of fire, which bred most expectation, and had most devices, but when it came to execution had worst success. On Saturday, likewise, the fight upon the water came short of that show and brags have been made of it; but they pretend the best to be behind, and left for another day, which was the winning of the castle on land. But the king and all the company took so little delight to see no other activity but shooting and putting of guns, that it is quite given over, and the navy unrigged, and the castle pulled down, the rather for that there were divers hurt in the former fight, as one lost both his eyes, another both his hands, another one hand, with divers others maimed and hurt, so that to avoid further harm it was thought best to let it alone; and this is the conclusion of all the preparation, with so much expense of powder and money, which amounted to no less than £9,000.

On Sunday, I was fetched from Paul's, where I was set at the sermon, to see the bride go to church; and though it were past ten o'clock before we came there, yet we found a noble window reserved in the Jewel House, which was over against her coming down. A pair of stairs set off the gallery, made along the court into the hall, so that we had as much view as a short passage could give; but the excess of bravery, and the continual succession of new company, did so dazzle me, that I could not observe the tenth part of that I wished. The bridegroom and bride were both in a suit of cloth of silver, richly embroidered with silver, her train carried up by thirteen young ladies, or lords' daughters, at least, besides five or six more that could not come near it. These were all in the same livery with the bride, though not so rich. The bride was married in her hair, that hung down long, with an exceeding rich coronet on her head, which the king valued the next day at a million of crowns. Her two bridemen were the young prince and the Earl of Northampton. The king and queen both followed, the queen all in white, but not very rich, saving in jewels. The king, methought, was somewhat strangely attired in a cap and feather, with a Spanish cape and a long stocking. The chapel was very straitly kept, none suffered to enter under the degree of a baron, but the three lords chief justices. In the midst there was a handsome stage or scaffolding made on the one side, whereon sat the king, prince, Count Palatine, and Count Henry of Nassau. On the other side, the queen, with the bride and one or two more. Upon this stage they were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who made the sermon. It was done all in English, and the Prince Palatine had learned as much as concerned his part reasonably perfectly. The French, Venetian, and State's ambassadors, dined that day with the bride. The Spanish ambassador was sick, and the archduke's was invited for the day, but would not come.

That night was the lord's masque, whereof I hear no great commendation, save only for riches, their devices being long and tedious, and more like a play than a masque. The next morning, the king went to visit these young turtles that were coupled on St. Valentine's day, and did strictly examine him whether he were a true son-in-law and was sufficiently assured. That afternoon the king, prince, Count Palatine, with divers others, ran at the ring, and, when that was ended, and the king and prince gone, the Palsgrave mounted upon a high-bounding horse, which he managed so like a horseman, that he was exceedingly commended, and had many shouts and acclamations of the beholders; and, indeed, I never saw any of his age come near to him in that exercize.

It were long and tedious to tell you all the particulars of the excessive bravery, both of men and women, but you may conceive the rest by one or two. The Lady Wotton had a gown that cost fifty pounds a yard the embroidery. I hear, the Earl of Northumberland's daughter was very gallant, and the Lord Montacute, that hath paid reasonably well for recusancy, bestowed fifteen hundred pounds in apparel for his two daughters. The Viscount Rochester, the Lord Hay and the Lord Dingwall, were exceeding rich and costly; but, above all, they speak of the Earl of Dorset. But this extreme cost and riches makes us all poor.

On Monday night was the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn masque prepared in the hall at court, whereas the lords' was in the banqueting room. It went from the Rolls all up Fleet Street and the Strand, and made such a gallant and glorious show, that it is highly commended. They had forty gentlemen of best choice out of both houses, and the twelve masquers, with their torch-bearers and pages, rode likewise upon horses exceedingly well trapped and furnished, besides a dozen little boys, dressed like baboons, that served for an anti-masque, and, they say, performed it exceedingly well when they came to it; and three open chariots, drawn with four horses apiece, and carried their musicians and other personages that had parts to speak. All which, together with their trumpeters and other attendants, were so well set out, that it is generally held for the best show that hath been seen many a day. The king stood in the gallery to behold them, and made them ride about the Tilt Yard, and then they were received into St. James's Park, and so out, all along the galleries, into the hall, where themselves and their devices, which they say were excellent, made such a glittering show, that the king and all the company were exceedingly pleased, and especially with their dancing, which was beyond all that hath been seen yet. The king made the masters kiss his hand on parting, and gave them many thanks, saying, he never saw so many proper men together, and himself accompanied them at the banquet, and took care it should be well ordered, and speaks much of them behind their backs, and strokes the master of the rolls and Dick Martin, who were chief doers and undertakers.

On Tuesday it came to Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple's turn to come with their masque, whereof Sir Francis Bacon was the chief contriver; and, because the former masque came on horseback and in open chariots, they made choice to come by water from Winchester Place, in Southwark, which suited well with their device, which was the marriage of the river of Thames to the Rhine; and their show by water was very gallant, by reason of infinite store of lights, very curiously set and placed, and many boats and barges, with devices of light and lamps, with three peals of ordnance, one at their taking water, another in the Temple Garden, and the last at their landing; which passage by water cost them better than three hundred pounds. They were received at the Privy Stairs, and great expectation there was that they should every way excel their competitors that went before them; but in device, daintiness of apparel and, above all, in dancing, wherein they are held excellent, and esteemed for the properer men.

But by what ill planet it fell out, I know not, they came home as they went, without doing anything; the reason whereof I cannot yet learn thoroughly, but only that the hall was so full that it was not possible to avoid it, or make room for them; besides that, most of the ladies were in the galleries to see them land, and could not get in. But the worst of all was, that the king was so wearied and sleepy with sitting up almost two whole nights before, that he had no edge to it. Whereupon, Sir Francis Bacon adventured to entreat of his majesty that by this difference he would not, as it were, bury them quick; and I hear, the king should answer, that then they must bury him quick, for he could last no longer, but withal gave them very good words, and appointed them to come again on Saturday. But the grace of their masque is quite gone, when their apparel hath been already showed, and their devices vented, so that how it will fall out God knows, for they are much discouraged and out of countenance, and the world says it comes to pass after the old proverb, the properer man the worse luck.

One thing I had almost forgotten, that all this time, there was a course taken, and so notified that no lady or gentleman should be admitted to any of these sights with a vardingale, which was to gain the more room, and I hope may serve to make them quite left off in time. And yet there were more scaffolds, and more provisions made for room than ever I saw, both in the hall and banqueting room, besides a new room built to dine and dance in.

John Chamberlain Esq. to Sir Dudley Carleton.

LONDON, February 25, 1612–13.

The King went away on Monday to Theobalds, and so towards Royston and Newmarket, whence he is not expected till the 22nd of March. The Prince and Count Palatine follow him this day, and mean the next week to visit Cambridge. And there is speech that before Easter-day they will make a progress to Oxford, which will be a good errand for the young married gentleman, whose friends and followers wish he might oftener have occasion to visit his uncle. All well-affected people take great pleasure and contentment in this match, as being a firm foundation and establishing of religion, which, upon what ground I know not, was before suspected to be *en branle*, and the Roman Catholics malign it as much as being the ruin of their hopes. The queen, likewise, is well come about, and graces it all she can, and seems to take special comfort in him.

Yesterday was the great christening of the Earl of Salisbury's daughter, in the chapel at court, whence the queen, Prince Palatine, Lady Elizabeth's highness, and all the company conveyed it home, and went by water to the banquet.

Our revels and triumphs within doors gave great contentment, being both dainty and curious in devices and sumptuous in show, especially the inns of court, whose two masques stood them in better than £4,000, besides the gallantry and expense of private gentlemen that were but *ante ambulores*, and went only to accompany them. And our Gray's Inn men and the Inner Templars were nothing discouraged, for all the first dodge, but on Saturday last performed their parts exceeding well and with great applause and approbation, both from the king and all the company. The next night, the king invited the masquers, with their assistants, to the number of forty, to a solemn supper in the new marriage-room, where they were well treated and much graced with kissing her majesty's hand, and every one having a particular *accoglienza* from him. The king husbanded the matter so well that this feast was not at his own cost, but he and his company won it upon a wager of running at the ring, of the prince and his nine followers, who paid £30 a man. The king, queen, prince, Count Palatine and Lady Elizabeth sat at table by themselves, and the great lords and ladies, with the masquers, above four score in all, sat at another long table, so that there was no room for them that made the feast, but they were fain to be lookers-on, which the young Lady Rich took no great pleasure in, to see her husband, who was one that paid, not so much as drink for his money.

Extracts from Letters to the Rev. Joseph Mead. (In Court and Times of James I. Vol. II. p. 252.)

London, May 4th, 1621.

. . . On Tuesday, Floyd, a councillor, steward, and receiver in Shropshire . . . was censured to ride thrice with papers, and stand in the pillory, and first at Westminster, for saying, "Goodman Palsgrave, and goody Palsgrave, may, or must go pack their children at their backs, and beg." On Wednesday should have been the first time, but his majesty stayed it.

Yesterday, the king and the House met. His majesty thanked them for the care they had of his son-in-law's, daughter's, and grandchildren's honour. If it were in them to censure his prisoner, the censure should be executed; otherwise, there should be a punishment equivalent to that they had set down. Which gave good content. . . .

June 1, 1621.

On Saturday last, the lords of the Upper House added unto Floyd's censure, formerly passed in the Lower House. On Monday, he received part of his punishment; for he rode from Fleet Bridge to the Standard in Cheap side; his face towards the horse's tail, and papers about his hat, bearing this inscription, "For using ignominious and despiteful behaviour, reproachful and malicious words against the Prince and Princess Palatine, the king's only daughter and children." There he stood two hours on the pillory, when he had the K branded on his forehead, and was conveyed to the fleet. To-day he shall have rid thence to Westminster Palace, there to have stood two hours also on the pillory; thence to have been whipped to Newgate, there to remain in perpetual imprisonment, fined in £5,000, and never to bear arms, or come in company of gentle or honest men. But yester evening, it was generally said, the prince had begged of the House the release of this day's punishment, and of the king his fine. But whether true or not, I yet know not.

Jan. 11th.

. . . The same day, his majesty rode by coach to Theobald's to dinner. . . . After dinner, riding on horseback abroad, his horse stumbled, and cast his majesty into the New River, where the ice broke; he fell in so far, that nothing but his boots were seen. Sir Richard Young was next, who alighted, went into the river, and lifted him out. There came much water out of his mouth and body.

Mr. Thomas Locke to Sir Dudley Carleton.

Jan. 12, 1621–2.

. . . A servant to one Mr. Byng, a counsellor, is deeply questioned for saying, that there would be a rebellion, or to that effect. He hath been upon the rack, and they say it will cost him his life.

GROUP VIII.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE-PROJECT.

Extracts from Private Letters. (In Court and Times of James I. Ed. by author of Sophia Dorothea. London, 1848.)

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, March 1, 1622–3.

When I wrote my last, I was not then fully persuaded of the prince's [Charles I.] going to Spain, though the report were frequent, from London. But, within an hour after, I believed it; but it was too late to open my letter again, being sealed and sent. The news enclosed would fain hope that he is gone some whither else than to Spain; but they have, that hope so, no ground but desire. The persuasion of most is otherwise.

It was something strange, that, when the prince desired to go so concealedly, it should be publicly revealed and talked, even by the court, before, almost, he was out of the land. Sure I am that at London it came to town on Tuesday night, and was general all Wednesday, the morning of which day he took ship. . . . How could it come from Dover to London so soon? or how could they discover they were for Spain?

I shall not need tell you how we entertained the ambassadors of Spain and Brussels . . . how our doctors pledged healths to the infanta and the archduchess; and, if any left too big a snuff ["heeltaps"] Columbo would cry, "*Supernaculum! Supernaculum!*" . . .

John Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton.

London, March 8, 1622–3.

We have little certainty of the prince's journey since his going hence, but only that they landed at Boulogne the Wednesday, and rode three posts that same night. On Friday they came to Paris, very weary; and, resting there all Saturday, went away early on Sunday morning. Some give out, that during their abode there they saw the king at supper, and the queen practising a ball with divers other ladies, which, though it be somewhat confidently affirmed, yet I think it not probable, by reason it was their first Saturday in Lent. . . . Divers of their servants and followers are gone after them by land, and more preparing to go by sea. . . .

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, March 14th, 1622–3.

The prince and my lord marquis came well through the greater part of France, to and from Bordeaux, though not unknown, and were offered great honor. . . . The Lords Andover, Vaughan, and Kensington went hence also twelve days ago that way overland for Spain. The beginning of next week there go likewise hence about 200 persons more, of nobles, knights, gentlemen and others, towards Portsmouth, there to embark in two ships . . . and afterwards to ride overland to Madrid. . . . Two days ago came Count Mansfield's secretary hither, and rode the second and last time, to present his master's service to our sovereign. But alas! our hands are now bound by the absence of our most precious jewel.

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, Mar. 15th, 1622-3.

. . . The King heard our comedy on Wednesday, but expressed no remarkable mirth thereat. He laughed once or twice towards the end. At dinner, before the comedy, their talk in the presence was, as I heard, most of the prince. One present tells me, that he heard the king say, he hoped he would bring the lady with him. . . .

On Monday last, Dr. Man and Dr. Wren had their despatch at Newmarket for Spain. They also asked the King's advice what they should do, if they chanced to meet the host carried in the streets as the manner is; who answered, that they should avoid to meet it if they could: if not, they must do as they did there and so give no scandal. But I suppose they expected another answer, for a better privilege, as being his son's chaplains; but it is a hard case.

John Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton.

London, March 21st, 1622-3.

. . . For want of other matter, I send you here certain verses made upon Jack's and Tom's journey; for the prince and marquis went through Kent under the names of Jack and Tom Smith. They [the verses] were fathered first upon the king, but, I hear since, they were only corrected and amended by him. The other paper is but a toy, touching the great loss of the library at Heidelberg. . . . The last news we heard of the prince came this day sevennight from Walsingham Greisley . . . who met them the 2nd of this month, almost a day's journey within France. . . . It seems . . . that things are not so forward and ripe there [in Spain] as we take them. But what this noble ingenuity and confidence to commit and cast himself into their hands may work, is uncertain. . . . The young Lord Compton hath charge of the jewels that are to be sent and presented; which are the choice of all in the Tower; and estimated at £200,000; but, by the more moderate, at £80,000. There is a continual posting, likewise, through France, which, together with the expense that the others must make from the sea-side to Madrid, will so exhaust our coin, that is so scant already, that it is feared we shall be driven to use black moneys, as they call it, and is now in a manner altogether current in Spain. And wise men stick not to say that this match, one way or other, will stand the king and kingdom in as much as she is like to bring, besides whatsoever else may like to happen. Many of our churchmen are hardly held in, and their tongues itch to be talking. . . . On Sunday last, in the parish church next to us, one went so far, that the parson of the church caused the clerk to sing him down with a psalm, before he had half done.

A Letter from Spain.

March 18–28, 1622-3.

You shall understand that the prince and marquis arrived here under the names of Brown and Smith, upon the 17th day of this present month. It was presently blazed abroad, and the second day after, the king brought out his sister, in great state, to be seen of the prince; and, late at night, the king and he had a private meeting in the fields, hard by the town. He lay ten days at my Lord of Bristol's house, and yesterday he made a most stately and magnificent entry into the king's palace, under a most rich cloth of state. The king himself, with all the guards and councils, came to accompany him, and it was decreed by the council of State, that the King should give him the hand at all meetings.

He went in the same form and state that the Kings of Spain do at their coronation. It is beyond imagination, to think what shouts and acclamations of joy ran amongst the people, crying, "Vive el Princesse d' Ingilterra!" He is now in the palace, attended by Spaniards, and they are noblemen: his table is served with flesh, though in Lent. There was a day of triumphs, and running at the ring appointed, which was not well performed by the Spanish courtiers in taking the same, but was often missed. But the prince, taking his horse and spear in hand, did run at the ring, and at first took it, and laid it down, and run no more at that time; which caused great admiration. The king, at his first entry into the palace, congratulated his welcome with the gift of all offices falling in the time of his residence in Spain.

In the king's house, about 300 prisoners, some of them for very enormous crimes committed, were freed; and there is order given to release any English, Irish, or Scottish galley-slaves throughout all Spain. There is another order come out, that no man shall scandalize or abuse any man about matters of religion. Likewise, the reformation of ruffs, gold and silver lace, is recalled, and both men and women may wear what they list, whilst the prince is here. . . . We hope all matters will be here absolutely concluded by Michaelmas, and the prince and his equipage to sail home with his new wife.

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, March 28, 1623.

The prince's highness, the 7th of this present . . . came with the lord marquis [Buckingham], to the Earl of Bristol's house, at Madrid. . . . The next morning, before they were up, the king sent his favourite to welcome the marquis, who, with the prince, presently arose; but yet, before they could be ready to admit the favourite, the king himself was come. Great was the joy at meeting, and the king said, though it were Lent, it should not be Lent to him; but he should have all that he would, and the country could afford. Yea, and the better to express his affection, he desired the prince to tell him wherein he should chiefly pleasure him the first day; who answered, in letting him see his mistress, for whose sake he had undertaken so long, wearisome and dangerous a journey. The king promised, sent presently for her to meet him in coach on a plain. Abroad they go; the prince with the king in his coach (which made the people wonder what stranger it should be); the marquis in the favourite's coach. The Lady Mary came to the place appointed, and stood with her coach abreast the king's. The king bade her unmask, because he would talk with her. She unmasks; they talk. The prince sees her, and she him; but they spake not together. Then they parted, and the king brought the prince back; by which time the rumour was spread abroad that it was the prince. The people so flocked and thronged to see him, that the coaches could hardly pass. . . . The prince, as is said, saw the lady three times, in manner as at first, but still without speaking to her. . . .

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, Apr. 4th, 1623.

On Tuesday night last, our bells rung merrily, and our streets glittered with bon-fires, for joy of the prince's safe coming to the Spanish court, and his wonderful, great, and royal entertainment there. The prince, from Paris to Madrid, being about 750 miles, in thirteen days; which was near upon sixty miles, one day with another. The last Sunday came Mr. Grimes, of the prince's bedchamber, hither in fifteen days from Spain. . . .

To the Same.

London, April 11th, 1623.

With the first and last ships, there went, amongst others of the prince's servants, eight of his footmen; with three more to go now, viz., the George, of the king's, that goes to fetch back the marquis, and two hired ships, to carry eight great tilting horses and fair ambling geldings, of the prince's; there go twenty-two more of his footmen, which, with the former eight, make thirty, the very apparrelling of which stands in £3,000.

John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton.

London, April 19th, 1623.

. . . Sir John Wentworth . . . is lately become a Roman Catholic, forsooth, as likewise the Lord Vaughan, the prince's comptroller, who never discovered himself till now, and it is likely, at the infanta's coming, we shall have many more fall away as fast as withered leaves in autumn. . . . Let men think and talk what they will, the king knows more than we all, and is very confident of the success, and joys much to talk of the prince's journey. . . .

May 3rd.

. . . Now for the infanta's part: it is said she is to have £8,000 jointure for every £100,000 she is to bring, which, being given out to be £600,000, it will make a great breach into the crown land, which hath been so much weakened already, and this must be confirmed by Parliament; with divers other prerogatives and privileges she is to have more than ever Queen of England had. . . . The fleet is preparing with all speed, and the prince's ship so richly furnished with all manner of bedding, hangings, and the like, as hath not been seen at sea; and all things are so carried, as if we were to receive some goddess to come among us. . . .

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, May 24, 1623.

. . . All the prince's servants, chaplains, and all, are said to be coming back, as having not only no employment, but no permission to come at their master. That an inhibition from our king is given to all the English in Spain, merchants and others, not to write anything into England to their friends about the prince and his affairs. . . .

My Lord Hay is returned, but tells nothing, save only, that because he would not lose his journey into Spain, he made means to be honoured so much as but to see the infanta, and kiss her hand afore his return for England; which, with much difficulty and importunity, he at length obtained, and was brought into a room, where she was placed in a throne aloft, divers steps from the ground, and gloriously set forth, with her ladies about her. But my lord, with his complimental motions and approaches, could not draw so much from her as the least nod or inclination of her body; no, not when he ascended up the steps unto her, so much as to put out her hand to him, when he was to kiss it; she remaining all the while as immoveable as the image of the Virgin Mary, when suppliants bow to her on festival days. This, they say, is the Spanish state. He complimented with her, but what she answered is not told. This I had from Dr. Balcanqual's brother, and he from him.

May 30th, 1623.

. . . The Lord Leppington landed this week, and hath brought back all, or most part of the prince's servants that were sent after him. They have had the pleasure of going and coming back from Spain by sea; for I hear of few or none but himself that went to Madrid. . . .

In the mean time some mutter that we presume much upon the Spaniard; that we trust him with our only prince, the principal and richest jewel of the crown, and the best part of our navy, all at once; besides so many other men of worth. . . . We look daily to hear the solemnization of the marriage. The Lord Rochford is to bring the news of the time appointed. . . .

London, June 14th.

Till yesterday we had no news out of Spain this month or five weeks. . . . But now Sir Francis Cottington and Greisley are come together; but we say they have a caveat to divulge nothing. Yet the world doth guess there is some difficult point that doth require Cottington's coming to the oracle. . . . It should seem matters are not altogether so forward as we expected.

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, June 21, 1623.

. . . God send our prince home again: for the forenamed Mr. Elliot told, *sub sigillo*, some suspicious passages, as that the prince darest not farther them, by intimation afar off, to express his desire or will to be gone, as fearing to be denied; but passeth all by compliments and such like.

The lord marquis, as is talked, hath had in the Spanish court some check of late, for forgetting himself so far as to intimate a dislike of the slowness of their despatch: whereupon Olivares was sent to the prince to tell him, that the lord marquis must consider how great a prince the King of Spain was when he came to speak into his presence. Mr. Wren hath also this passage: "There is no such matter here as you talk in England, that the marriage should be finished; for there is not yet so much as a match concluded."

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, June 20th, 1623.

. . . The prince had on Saturday before received a peremptory answer, that the lady might not be married till after Easter next. It was therefore in his highness's choice to stay there till then, and so take her away with him, or return home again. And the next day after, his highness, the second time, had speech with her since the first time, on their Easter or our Palm Sunday, which is strange wooing. . . .

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, Oct. 11, 1623.

I shall not need to tell you the prince is come and at Royston. The news came to our vice-chancellor on Monday forenoon. Our bells rung all that day, and the town made bonfires at night. Tuesday, the bells continued ringing. Every college had a speech, and one dish more at supper, and bonfires and squibs in their courts; the townsmen still continuing to warm their streets in every corner, also, with bonfires, lest they should not be merry when we were. . . . We hear nothing of the match at all, but yet we are sure yet the infanta is not come.

Oct. 24, 1623.

Our fleet should have wintered at Portsmouth, with express terms to have been the readier at the spring, to have gone to fetch the lady infanta. . . . But before that order came, the fleet was gone from thence, and is now, two days ago, come to Chatham, I believe. Not yet that Spain intends any match, or ever did, nor, I hope, do we now. . . .

John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton.

London, Oct. 25th, 1623.

. . . Our courtiers, and others, that were in Spain, begin now to open their mouths, and speak liberally of the coarse usage and entertainment, where they found nothing but penury and proud beggary, besides all other discourtesy; insomuch, that even the Romish Catholics complain of Gondomar, who was their idol here, that he used them as bad as the rest. And this journey hath wrought one unexpected effect, that whereas it was thought the Spaniards and we should piece and grow together, it seems we are generally more disjointed and further asunder in affections than ever. Besides the good it hath done in religion, by laying open their gross ignorance and superstition. . . .

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, Nov. 21, 1623.

. . . The prince, whilst he was in Spain, was so well entertained by the king and his confessor, that both called him heretic to his face, which he bravely disproved, and being granted to see a church in Madrid, though he entered bareheaded, yet, because he would not bow down to the host, where they said Christ was, they forced him again out of the church, and if he had made the lesser haste back, they would have thrust him out by head and shoulders. This and much more the prince told Dean White on Sunday night, as he since told me. . . .

John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton.

London, Feb. 22nd, 1623–4.

The king went to the parliament on Thursday, with greater show and pomp than I have seen to my remembrance. I was so much and so many ways invited, that I could not refuse to go; and, to say the truth, I went specially to see the prince, who indeed is grown a fine gentleman, and beyond all expectation I had of him when I saw him last, which was not these seven years; and, indeed, I think he never looked nor became himself better in all his life. The king made a very gracious and plausible speech, confessed he had been deluded in the treaty of the match; but referring it now wholly to their consideration, whether it should go forward or no. . . .

July 1, 1624.

. . . Somebody is come out of Spain with no pleasing news, and, they say, brought back the prince's letter to the infanta, unopened. . . . . The Mary Rose, a ship of the king's, is making ready for Spain, to fetch the jewels re-delivered to our ambassador.

Carolus I. D.G. Ang. Sco. Fra. et Hib. Rex

A van Dyke pinx: I Beckett fe:

Sold by I. Smith at the Lyon & Crown in Russell Street Covent Garden

GROUP IX.

CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA OF FRANCE.

1. Letter of Lord Kensington to Prince Charles. (In Harris, Charles I., London, 1814, p. 25.)

Paris, Feb. 26, 1624–5.

. . . Sir, if your intentions proceed this way, as by many reasons of state and wisdom, (there is cause now rather to press it, than slacken it) you will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do. And, Sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me, her infinite value, and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation, and knowledge of this to be so: I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of madam; for the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest before God I did, the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age (15), and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of) as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks so.

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2. Extracts from Private Letters. (Court and Times of Charles I., Vol. I.)

John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton.

London, April 23rd, 1625.

. . . The French match is said to be in great forwardness, and to be celebrated to-morrow. . . .

May 6th.

. . . The *fiancailles* were performed on Thursday, being their ascension, and the marriage on Sunday last, our May-day. We had notice of the former on Saturday night, and on Wednesday evening we had bells and bonfires in abundance upon news of the latter. The bride is to set forward on Thursday next. . . . Here is great preparation for shows and pageants, yet it is thought the coronation will not be till October, specially if the sickness increase. . . .

May 28th.

. . . I was minded to send a list of the Ladies that are appointed to meet the queen at Dover: but it varies and alters so often, that it were to no purpose. Their number is about four or five and twenty: all their coaches furnished with six horses, which comes altogether now in fashion; a vanity of excessive charge, and of little use.

Dr. Meddus to Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, June 17th, 1625.

The last night, at five o'clock, (there being a very great shower) the king and queen, in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides those in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges; and on each side of the shore fifty good ships discharging their ordnance as their majesties passed along by, as, last of all, the Tower did—such a peel as, I believe, she never before heard the like. The king and queen were both in green suits. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion.

She arrived at Dover on Sunday, about eight in the evening, lay there in the castle that night, whither the king rode on Monday morning from Canterbury, came thither after ten of the clock, and she being at meat, he stayed in the presence till she had done, which she advertised of, made short work, rose, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand. The king took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet (she, seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulder), which she soon perceiving, discovered and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect: "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet; I have no helps by art. Thus high I am and am neither higher nor lower." She is nimble and quick, black eyed, brown haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with the green sickness. . . .

The bells rung till midnight, and all the streets were full of bonfires, and in this one street were above thirty.

June 24th.

Last Sunday, the queen and hers . . . were at high mass. . . . The chapel goes on again. She had twenty-nine priests, fourteen of them Theatines, and fifteen seculars, besides a bishop, a young man under thirty years old.

Extract from another letter, same date.

The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king very slow in doing that. His answer (some told me) was, that if the queen's closet where they now say mass, were not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber was not wide enough, they might use the garden; and if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place. So, seeing themselves slighted, they grow weary of England, and wish themselves at home again. Besides, unto the king's devotions they cannot add, nor with all their stratagems can bring him in the least love with their fopperies. . . .

John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton.

June 25th.

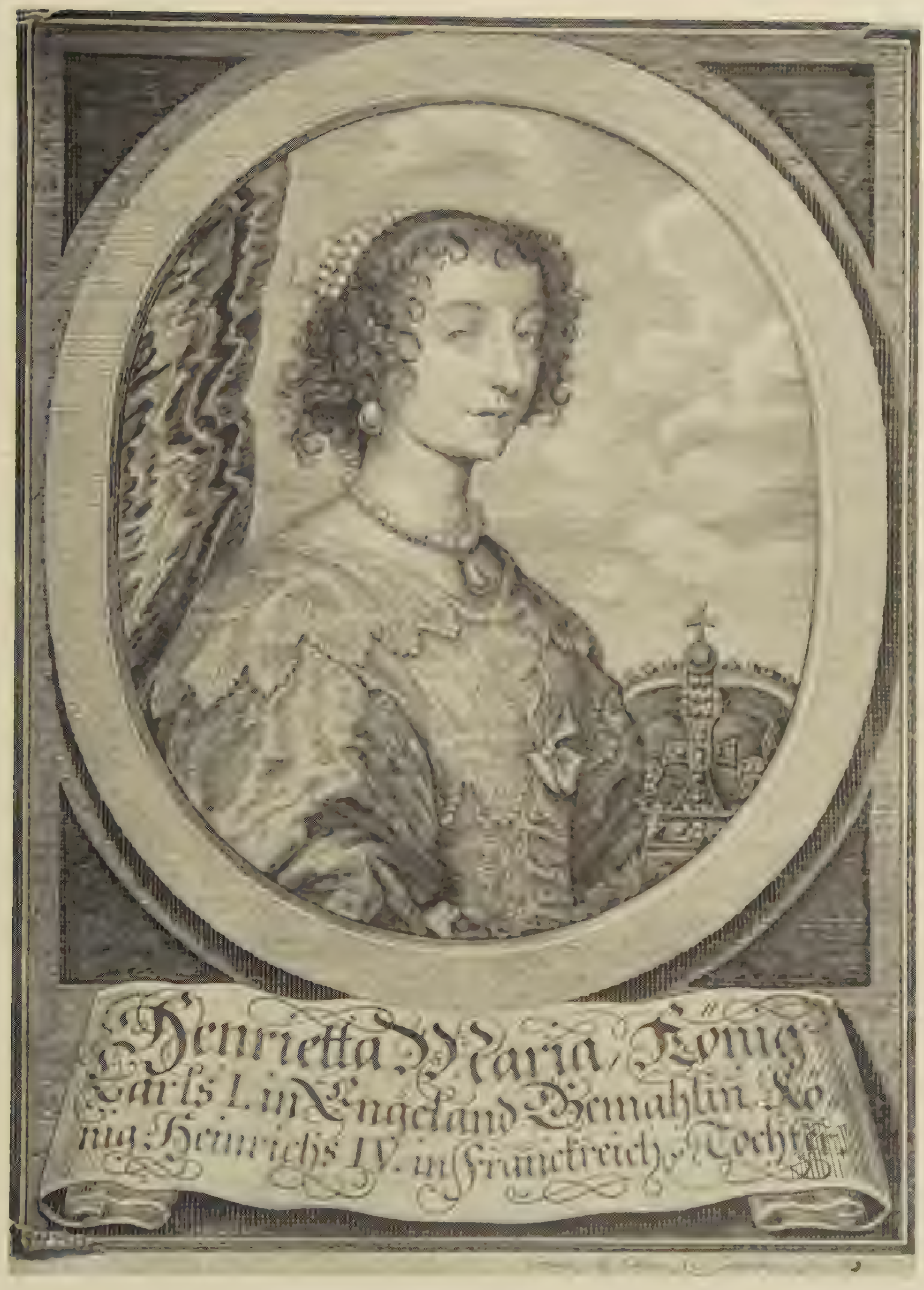
. . . The queen hath brought, they say, such a poor, pitiful sort of women, that there is not one worth the looking after, saving herself and the Duchess of Chevreuse, who though she be fair, yet paints foully.

They (the parliament) begin to mutter about matters of religion, that the king promised them, when he was prince, that he would never contract a marriage with conditions derogatory to that we profess. . . . Some spare not to say that all goes backward since this connivance in religion came in, both in our wealth, honour, valour, and reputation, and that it is visibly seen God blesses nothing that we take in hand.

Extract from the Autobiography of Sir Simonds d' Ewes. (London, 1845. Vol. I. p. 272.)

1625.

On Thursday, the 30th and last day of this instant June, I went to Whitehall purposely to see the Queen; which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner, and perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her de-


Henrietta Maria, König
Carls I. in Engeland Gemahlin. Kö
nig: Heinrichs IV. in Franckreich Tochter.

portment amongst her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion.

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

July 2nd, 1625.

. . . The friars so frequent the queen's private chamber that the king is much offended, and so told them, having (as it is said) granted them more than sufficient liberty in public. This Mr. Mordaunt writes to me, and, besides, that which follows:—"The queen," saith he, "howsoever little of stature, is of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl." . . .

Oct. 3rd, 1625.

. . . I found a letter written to a friend of mine . . . from a brother of his, then at the court, at Tichfield, whose contents are as follows:

"Tichfield, Hampshire, Sept. 24th.—On Sunday, the 18th of this instant, there preached at the queen's court, before the officers Protestants, the minister of that town. In the middle of his sermon, the queen, with her lord chamberlain and ladies of honour, came through that congregation, and made such a noise, as was admired, insomuch that the preacher was at a stand, and demanded whether he might proceed or no, but they still went on; and they passed through the hall where the sermon was preaching, and went to the court gates, and before the sermon was ended returned the same way back again, with a greater noise and disorder than before. It is said, the queen was set on to do it by her bishop, confessor and priests. Upon the Tuesday following, the minister, walking in his garden, was shot at with hail-shot, which did miss him miraculously, it alighting about him." . . .

Oct. 8th.

. . . Besides that pretty business of the preacher at Tichfield, Dr. Weemes tells me another like it, which happened while he was at court there, some weeks since, viz.:—That the king and queen dining together in the presence, Mr. Hacket being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away. Whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king, pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When the dinner was done, he thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket; but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king, in a great passion, instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber. Was not this a priestly discretion?

Dec. 17th, 1625.

. . . The king will keep his Christmas, they say, at Whitehall, and removes on Thursday. On Tuesday last, I am told, the queen was in the Exchange, and went nimbly from shop to shop, and bought some knacks, till, being discovered, she made away with all the haste she could, and went that night to Hampton Court. This was a French trick, like to washing in the Thames last summer.

Jan. 12th, 1625–6.

The queen's servants, perceiving they were like to be discarded if they took not the oath of allegiance, have now, as I hear, all taken it saving the priests.

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

Jan. 13th.

. . . The same afternoon the queen was at the Tower, in her rich coach, with seven others—her confessor's coach being foremost, and hers following next after—and returned by torchlight. . . .

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, Feb. 4th, 1625–6.

The coronation of the king was on Thursday (as passengers from London yesterday tell us), but private. The king went to Westminster Church by water; the queen was not crowned, but stood at a window in the meantime, looking on, and her ladies frisking and dancing in the room.

March 4th.

. . . On Tuesday, February 21st, the queen and her ladies acted a pastoral before the king, wherein herself had the greatest part, and repeated, it is said, 600 French verses by heart.

Mr. Pory to the Rev. Joseph Mead.

July 1st, 1626.

. . . On Monday, about three in the afternoon, the king, passing into the queen's side [of the palace], and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, took her by the hand, and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all, saving only the Queen; presently upon this my Lord Conway called forth the French bishop and others of that clergy into St. James's Park, where he told them, the king's pleasure was, all her majesty's servants of that nation, men and women, young and old, should depart the kingdom, together with the reasons that enforced his majesty so to do. The bishop said much upon it that, being in the nature of an ambassador, he could not go, unless the king his master should command him. But he was told again, that the king his master had nothing to do here in England; and that, if he were unwilling to go, England would send force enough to convey him away hence.

The bishop had as much reason to dance loth to depart, as the king and all his well-affected subjects had to send him packing; for he had as much power of conferring orders, and dispensing with sacraments, oaths, etc., as the pope could give; and so, by consequence, was a most dangerous instrument to work the pope's ends here.

The king's message being thus delivered by my Lord Conway, his lordship, accompanied with Mr. Treasurer, and Mr. Comptroller, went into the Queen's lodgings, and told all the French likewise, that were there, that his majesty's pleasure was, they should all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they knew further his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented, as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain; for the yeomen of the guard, by that lord's appointment, thrust them and all their country folks out of the queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them.

It is said also, the queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and broke the glass windows with her fist. But since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the king and she, since they went together to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together.

The same day, the French being all at Somerset House, the king, as I have

heard some affirm, went thither, and made a speech to them to this purpose: that he hoped the good king, his brother of France, would not take amiss what he had done; for the French he said, (particular persons he would tax) had occasioned many jars and discontents between the king and him; such, indeed, as longer were insufferable. He prayed them, therefore, to pardon him, if he sought his own ease and safety; and said, moreover, that he had given order to his treasurer to reward every one of them for their year's service. So the next morning, being Tuesday, there was distributed among them £11,000, in money, and about £20,000 worth of jewels

Of this magnanimous act I think the king hath such satisfactory reasons, as will stop the mouths of all gain-sayers. One might be the extravagant power of this bishop, who, when he was last in France, suing to be a secretary of state, fell short of that, and so took instructions from the pope's nuncio; which in case he could bring to effect, he was promised a cardinal's hat, which now lies in the dust. The rest of the clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France, very fit to make firebrands of sedition in a foreign state; so that his majesty, as long as he gave them entertainment, did but nourish so many vipers in his bosom. Nay, their insolences towards the queen were not to be endured; for, besides that these knaves would, by way of confession, interrogate her how often the king had kissed her; and no longer ago than upon St. James's-day last those hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk afoot (some add barefoot) from her house at St. James's to the gallows at Tyburn, thereby to honor the saint of the day in visiting that holy place, where so many martyrs, forsooth, had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause. Had they not also made her to dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach.* Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to cut her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table, to serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances; and if they dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people to undergo? Besides all this, letters of some of the French about her majesty are said to have been intercepted, by which it hath appeared they have not only practised with the pope on one side and the English papists on the other side, but have had intelligence also with the Spaniard.

It was intended they should have presently departed, but they are not yet gone, and Monday next is said to be peremptory day of their departure. Meanwhile, they took possession of all the queen's apparel and linen which they found at Somerset House, as being their vales (whether plate or jewels also I can not certainly tell); but the queen having left her but one gown and two smocks to her back, these French booters were entreated by some of the lords of the council to send her majesty some apparel; so they sent her only one old satin gown, keeping all the residue to themselves. Her master

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*That Charles's provocation was pretty strong is evidenced by the tone of a letter to Buckingham: "I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of town, if you can, by fair means, but stick not long in disputing; otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,
C. R."

There were, according to a letter from Mr. Pory to Rev Joseph Mead (Aug. 11, 1626), no less than 440 of these amiable attendants.—Ed.

of the horse, likewise, the Count de Lepieres, laid claim to all the horses and furniture under his charge; but in vain. It is hoped, after they are gone, the queen will by degrees find the sweetness of liberty, in being exempted from those beggarly rudiments of popish penance. . . .

To the Rev. Joseph Mead.

London, July 21, 1626.

We hear of a falling out between the king and queen for her going in a kind of devotion to visit that holy place of Tyburn. This can those damned priests about her make her do.

Aug. 11.

Since my last, you shall understand, that Monday last were attending at Somerset House thirty coaches, and fifty carts, to have, after dinner, carried the French and their goods away. . . . They would not depart, till they were disengaged of moneys they stood engaged for, for the queen: as one bill of £4,000 for necessaries of the queen; a second was the apothecary's bill of £800, for drugs; and the third of the bishop's . . . of £1,500, for his (un)-holy water. . . .

Aug. 17th.

. . . They were very sullen at their first setting out from hence; but their kind entertainment by the way made them more tame by that time they came to Dover. A fellow there threw a stone at Madame St. George, as she was newly entered the boat; whereupon an English knight that sat next her stepped on shore and gave the fellow a wound, which cost him his life. The bishop being come to Rochester, met there his commission from the French king to ordain him ambassador, notice whereof he presently sent his majesty; but the king utterly rejected him, saying he had done so many wrongs, as he should never see his face more.

Description of Queen Henrietta Maria in 1642. (From Memoirs of Sophia of the Palatinate. Translated by Forrester.)

The exquisite portraits of Van Dyck had given me [The future Electress was a little girl of nine at this time] such an exalted idea of all the English ladies that I was surprised to find the queen, whom I had thought so beautiful on canvas, to be a little woman, with long, scraggly arms, shoulders uneven and teeth like fortifications projecting from her mouth. All the same, after looking at her well, I found her eyes very lovely, her nose well-shaped and her complexion admirable. She did me the honor of saying that she thought I looked a little like her daughter, which pleased me so much that after that I really did find her beautiful. I overheard the English milords say that when I grew up I would eclipse all my sisters and this gave me an affection for the whole nation, so pleasant it is to be admired when one is young.

GROUP X.

PARLIAMENTARY GRIEVANCES AGAINST CHARLES I.

1. Extracts from the Autobiography of Sir Simonds d'Ewes (London, 1845.)

1625.

. . . The present parliament, which had been adjourned or prorogued on July the 11th, at London, to begin again at Oxford on August the 1st, was now suddenly and unexpectedly dissolved, to the great grief of all good subjects that loved true religion, their king, and the Commonwealth. For this, being the first Parliament of our royal Charles, should have been an happy occasion and means to have united and settled the affections of Prince and people, in a firm concord and correspondence. The Duke of Buckingham, a most unfortunate man, being now questioned for sundry particulars, would rather hazard the final overthrow of the public, than endeavour to purge himself and justify his actions by a speedy and humble defence. And a happy moderation doubtless it had been in the House of Commons, if at that meeting they had winked at the Duke's errors and fallen upon the consideration of many particulars in Church and Commonwealth, which more needed their help and assistance. But what the Divine Providence hath decreed must come to pass.

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2. Extracts from Whitelocke's Memorials. (Oxford, 1853. Vol. I.) [Whitelocke was a member of Parliament.]

1626.

The king finding the discontents of his subjects increased, thought fit to call another parliament. . . .

The commons began to fall upon the public grievances; the miscarriage of the late voyage to Cadiz; the misemployment of the king's revenue; evil counsels; favouring of papists; the loans, taxes, and many other, which they referred to committees.

The privy council required the bishop of Durham to apprehend such of his majesty's subjects as should be present at mass, and to commit them to prison. . . .

The king by message and the lords press the commons for supplies. . . .

Mr. Clement Coke, in his speech in the house of commons concerning grievances, said, that it were better to die by an enemy than to suffer at home. . . .

The king sent a smart letter to the speaker, pressing for present supplies; and promising redress of grievances presented in a dutiful and mannerly way. . . .

To this the commons returned a general answer, promising a supply: the king replied, as to the clause of presenting grievances, that they should apply themselves to redress grievances, not to enquire after them. And said, "I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned among you, much less such as are of eminent place, and near unto me. I see you especially aim at the duke [Buckingham]: I wonder who hath so altered your affections towards him."

Then he . . . concludes, "I would you would hasten for my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves; for if any evil happen, I think I shall be the last that shall feel it. . . .

Sir John Elliot made a bold and sharp speech against the duke, and present grievances: yet in the midst of those agitations, the commons remembered the king's necessities, and voted to grant three subsidies and three fifteens. . . .

The king . . . mentioned Mr. Coke, and said, it was better for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed, by a foreign power, than to be despised by his own subjects. And bids them remember, that the calling, sitting and dissolving of parliaments was in his power. . . .

At a conference with the lords, the commons sent up an impeachment against the duke of Bucks [Buckingham], managed by eight of their members. Sir Dudley Digges made an eloquent introduction, comparing England to the world, the commons to the earth and sea, the king to the sun, the lords to the planets, the clergy to the fire, the judges and magistrates to the air, the duke of Bucks to a blazing star.

The articles were I. The sale of offices and multiplicity of great offices in the duke. II. His buying the office of admiral. . . . IV. The neglect of the duty and trust of his office of admiral, whereby pirates infested our coasts and trade decayed. . . . These were aggravated by Mr. Pym. XII. His embezzling the king's money, and procuring grants to himself of crown lands of a great value. Upon this Mr. Sherland enlarged, and computed the sum of his gifts to £284,395. XIII. The plaster and potions which the duke caused to be given to king James in his sickness, a transcendent presumption of a dangerous consequence.

This was aggravated by Mr. Wandsford, and sir John Elliot made the Epilogue to the impeachment.

Sir Dudley Diggs and sir John Elliot were committed to the tower; and the king came to the lords' house, and told them of it: and that he could clear Bucks of every one of the matters whereof he was accused. . . .

The commons, upon commitment of their members, caused the door of the house to be shut, and would not proceed in any other business till they were righted in their liberties.

Whereupon sir Dudley Carleton in a speech told them, that in other countries, particularly in France, they had formerly parliaments, as we have, but when their parliamentary liberty was turned into tumultuary license, and their kings found how those councils endeavored to curb them, they took away and abolished those parliaments; and now the common people, wanting good food, looked more like ghosts than men, and went in canvass clothes and wooden shoes. . . . His [Sir Dudley Carleton's] friends had much ado to keep him from being brought upon his knees to the bar for his speech. . . . But he went on . . .

At this time Cambridge chose the duke of Bucks for their chancellor, to please the king, and shew their dislike to the commons. . .

They [the commons] agreed upon a remonstrance against the duke, and concerning the king's taking of tunnage and poundage, though not granted to him by parliament. . . . The parliament was dissolved June 15th, 1626, unhappily.

Thus this great, warm, and ruffling parliament had its period.

Letter of Sir Simonds d'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville.

May 11.

. . . The king was, this morning, in the upper house, and there complained of Sir John Elliot, for comparing the duke to Sejanus, in which, he said, implicitly he must intend himself Tiberius. Shortly after . . . he sent both him and Sir Dudley Digges to the Tower.

3. Extract from Sir Simonds d'Ewes' Autobiography.

1626.

Infinite almost was the sadness of each man's heart, and the dejection of his countenance that truly loved the Church or Commonwealth, at the sudden and abortive breach of the present Parliament on Thursday, the 15th day of this instant June. For the House of Commons having transmitted up George Duke of Buckingham to the Lords, as guilty of many great and enormous crimes, and especially because he had given a potion and ministered plasters to King James, in his last sickness, of which it was doubted he died; and the Upper House thereupon, and for some other offences, intending to question the said Duke for his life; all those proceedings received a sudden check and stop by this heavy and fatal dissolution. . . . All men that truly loved God, their king and country, had just cause to lament so dismal and sad an accident.

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4. Extracts from Private Letters. (In Court and Times of Charles I.)

Rev. Jos. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, July 22nd, 1626.

. . . On Monday the judges sat in Westminster Hall to persuade the people to pay subsidies; but there arose a great tumultuous shout amongst them. "A parliament! a parliament! or else no subsidies." . . .

July 24th.

. . . This ill success in those and some other places make a speech in the mouths of some, as if his majesty would supply himself by the sale of lands *in capite*. . . . They of Scotland cry out amain of the Duke of Buckingham, saying they will know how King James, the Duke of Lennox, the Marquis of Hamilton came to their end.

Mr. Pory to Rev. Jos. Mead.

Aug. 17th, 1626.

. . . There is much talk of both raising silver and gold coin two shillings in the pound, that the king may make gain thereof. . . .

—— to Rev. Joseph Mead.

August 25th, 1626.

Here hath been much ado about our new coinage of silver and gold, for which the king is to have in a pound weight of gold 52 s., whereas it was before but 15 s.; and 3 s. 6 d. for a pound weight of silver, which was before but 2 s. 6 d. The Lords have sitten many times about it, and sent for some merchants for their opinions of it; who, I know, are of opinion it is a most dangerous project for the king and kingdom; for that although at first the king may, perhaps, get much by the coinage, yet it will overthrow trade by the altering of the exchange, much impoverish king and all men in their revenues, improve Spain's bullion, enhance the prices of all things, and for the profit occasion foreign countries to counterfeit truly our coin, and thereby deprive the king of his hope by coinage, and therefore is thought will not hold.

——to the Rev. Jos. Mead.

London, Oct. 6th, 1626.

Though the parishes of St. Margaret's and St. Martin's in Westminster have yielded to lend the king, according to the date demanded of five subsidies; yet St. Clement's parish, the Strand, the Duchy, with the Savoy, have caused a riot, the most of them denying to lend, and stand ready for a press groat rather than yield a jot. Amongst them, the Prophet Ball, the tailor, is the chief man, who, for his boldness in advising the Lords to more lawful councils, is fast in the messenger's hands. He quoted Scripture to them mightily. Of these aforementioned were those, who at the first, when the subsidies were demanded, cried out for a parliament.

Unsigned Letter from London.

Feb. 2nd, 1626–7.

This week are ten knights and gentlemen of quality, of Northamptonshire, committed to several prisons for refusing to subscribe and lend. . . . Lincolnshire did little better than rebel. . . . Shropshire hath utterly denied, and so hath Devonshire, and the gentlemen of Warwickshire, that are sent for up, do refuse to come. What dire events may this next summer follow upon this, together with the enmity of Spain, France, and Flanders, God only knows and can avert.

Rev. Jos. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Christ College, Feb. 3d, Shrove Eve, 1626–7.

Besides what is in the enclosed, holding the bottom of my second letter against the fire till it grew brown, I read as followeth:

"Sir—Will you believe that the duke [Buckingham] should be carried in his box by six men to St. James's to tennis, and the king walk by him on foot? It is true. I doubt not but you have heard of the play in Christmas, which was begun again at the duke's entering, the king having heard one full act."

Because my author was so private, I thought not fit to make it so common as the rest.

Unsigned Letter from London.

Feb. 9, 1626–7.

There is a new plot now on foot for money. Every knight bachelor shall have a riband, with a jewel of £5, from the king, to wear continually for distinction between them and gentlemen, for which they must pay presently £25, and the refusers to be degraded. Baronets for the like to pay £40.

Unsigned Letter from London.

March 16th, 1626–7.

Though but few or none yet know of it, I can assure you, there is in agitation a royal visitation among the clergy, which will strike as deep as the loan of five subsidies doth with the laity; and it is very likely to proceed; the particulars whereof, with the projectors, you shall know hereafter.

Letter to the Rev. Joseph Mead.

Nov. 23, 1627.

There is a new loan of 120 or £150,000 projected, to be paid in by the Lords and others of the Privy Council, and by the rich officers of the Chancery, the Exchequer, and the Court of Wards.

Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

Candlemas Day, Feb. 2nd, 1627–8.

Because the last news I heard is the best, and I am loth to keep you too long from it, you shall have it in the first place; namely, that after many projects consulted upon, as base coin, whereof every man to receive a share, and an impost of two shillings or two and sixpence a chaldron upon coals, which on Monday last was said to be concluded upon: all such devices are now dashed, and on Tuesday night a parliament resolved on, to begin on Monday the 17th of March, which I pray God to speed, and direct all their consultations for the public good, setting aside all sources of contention and disagreement.

Letter of Rev. Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville.

April 19th, 1628.

. . . The same day (Apr. 12) came a startling message from his majesty: . . .

"His majesty having long since given timely notice unto you . . . wills you to take heed you force him not to make an unpleasing end of that which hath been so happily begun."

Upon the delivery of this message the second time, (for the House so would have it) all being sad and silent, up starts Sir Francis Nethersole, intreating licence of the House, that he might report his last night's dream, with protestation he would truly deliver it. Whereat some laughing, he told them kingdoms had been saved by dreams. So they bade him go on. And this it was, according to the perfectest relation, I heard thereof. He saw two goodly pastures; a flock of sheep in one of them; and a bellwether alone in the other; a great ditch between them both, and a narrow bridge over that ditch. Here the speaker, with good words of his person, mildly interrupted him, saying it stood not with the gravity of the House to hear dreams. But the gentlemen desired to hear it out: so on he went. "Sometimes," said he, "the sheep would go over unto the bellwether; sometimes the bellwether to the sheep. On a time, both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was, who should go back, since they could not both go on, without danger to be overthrown in the ditch. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bellwether go over their backs." The application to the house.

Sir John Elliot thanked the speaker for interrupting the gentleman, saying it became not the gravity of that House to hear dreams told. Sir Edward Coke said, that of dreams there were three kinds, prophetical, natural and fantastical, and that this dream was of the third and last sort. Sir Thomas Wentworth said, he would let pass the dream, and speak to his majesty's message, which he did. . . .

April 28th, 1628.

What news we received on Saturday you shall find enclosed, and with it the king's speech on Monday before. I saw also the keeper's preamble, and the petition for unbilleting of soldiers; but because they were long, and I had no scribe to write them, I have not furnished you with them. And, alas! what delight could you find in reading them, when you must hear, that since that time all is grown woful and desperate? I have not yet seen this day's letters; yet all that come from London tell us that the parliament is not like to hold above three or four days; that the greater part of the Lords stand for the king's prerogative against the subjects' liberties; that my lord president made a speech in the upper house on the king's behalf, endeavouring to show the inconveniences which might follow in having our king's [hands] so tied. Against whom the Earl of Arundel stood up, confuted him, and made a public protestation against him and the rest who were of the same opinion, concluding that those liberties which now they would betray, were those which had cost so much of their predecessors' blood to maintain them; and for his own part, he was resolved to lose his own life, and spend his own blood, rather than he would ever give consent to the betraying of them. Of his part were fifty lords and earls. . . . The bishops were divided. . . . The Bishop of Lincoln [was] much commended for what he spoke on behalf of the subject, acknowledging he had once offended in the days of his late master, in standing for the prerogative to the prejudice of the subjects' liberties; for which he now desired forgiveness, professing that henceforward neither hope of greater preferments, nor fear of the loss of what he presently enjoyed, should make him do or speak against his conscience.

The attorney, they say, motioned that the liberties they claimed might be moderated, and so his majesty and they should sooner agree. But Sir Edward Coke said that the true mother would never consent to the dividing of her child. Whereat the duke swore that he did as much as intimate that the king, his master, was [an abandoned woman].

The House of Commons, I am told, sat four days without speaking or doing anything; and are resolved to grant no subsidies till his majesty give them assurance of the continuance of their liberties. A gentleman told me, that they desired of the king but to confirm that of their persons with a mitigation, namely, that none should be imprisoned above two months before they came to their answer. That they offered to pass the five subsidies, which were formally agreed upon by a general committee, to be paid between this and next Candlemas: and to add, moreover, whatsoever further supply should be necessary: and yet his majesty refused them. Whereupon Sir Edward Coke said publicly, that no king of England ever had the like offer made him by his subjects; nor ever King Christian denied his subjects so reasonable and equal request. That they meddled neither with favourite or courtier; but only desired a confirmation of the liberties granted and enjoyed by their predecessors for many ages: and should they not obtain it? . . . The general voice is, all is nought, and no hope of good conclusion left, which God if it be his blessed will avert, and beyond our hope bring us out of these woful straits, though we can see no way of deliverance from them. . .

June 15th, 1628.

I know you have heard of that black and doleful Thursday, June the 5th, the day I arrived in London; which was by degrees occasioned first of his majesty's unsatisfactory answer on Monday; increased by a message afterwards, that his majesty was resolved neither to add to nor alter the answer he had given them. Hereupon they fell to recount the miscarriages of our government, and the disasters of all our designs these later years, representing everything to the life; but the first day glancing only at the duke, but not naming him. On Wednesday they proceeded farther to the naming of him; Sir Edward Coke breaking the ice, and the rest following, so that on Thursday, they growing still more vehement, and ready to fall downright upon him, a message was sent from his majesty, absolutely forbidding them to meddle with the government or any of his majesty's ministers; but, if they meant to have this session, forthwith to finish what they have begun: otherwise his majesty would dismiss them. Then appeared such a spectacle of passions, as the like had seldom been seen in such an assembly, some weeping, some expostulating, some prophecying of the fatal ruin of our kingdom; some playing the divines, in confessing their own and country's sins, which drew those judgments upon us; some finding, as it were, fault with those that wept, and expressing their bold and courageous resolutions against the enemies of the king and kingdom.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(The original painting is by Van der Werft.)

I have been told, by a parliament man, that there were above an hundred weeping eyes, many who offered to speak being interrupted and silenced by their own passions. But they stayed not here, but as grieved men are wont, all this doleful distemper showered down upon the Duke of Buckingham as the cause and author of all their misery, in the midst of these their pangs crying out most bitterly against him, as the abuser of the king and enemy of the kingdom. At which time, Mr. Speaker, not able, as he seemed, any longer to behold so woful a spectacle in so grave a senate, with tears flowing in his eyes, besought them to grant him leave to go out for half an hour; which being granted him, he went presently to his majesty, and informed him what a state the House was in, and came presently back with a message to dismiss the House of all committees from further proceeding, until next morning, when they should know his majesty's pleasure farther. The like was sent to the Lord's House, and not there entertained without some tears; both Houses accepting it as a preparation to a dissolution, which they expected would be next morning. But this is observable (I hear it from a parliament knight) that, had not the speaker returned at that very moment, they had voted the duke a traitor and arch enemy to the king and kingdom, with a worse appendix thereto, some say true. They were then calling to the question, when the speaker came in, but then stayed to hear his message. . . .

June 21st, Saturday, 1628.

On Saturday, . . . June 14, after dinner, the king and duke being at bowls in the Spring Garden, or, as some say, looking on those who were playing at bowls, the duke put on his hat. A Scottishman, one Wilson, seeing it, kisses his hand, and snatches it off, saying, "You must not stand with your hat on before my king." The duke falling to kick him, the king said, "Let him, George; he is either mad or a fool."—"No, sir," quoth Wilson, "I am a sober man; but this man's health is pledged with as much devotion at Dunkirk, as your majesty's here." . . .

St. Peter's Eve, June 29, 1628.

That barbarous rabble, which mauled and mangled Dr. Lamb [who had been murdered on June 13th in a tumult that began by some boys calling him *the Duke's devil*], did it in reference to the duke his master, as they called him, whom, they said, had he been there, they would have handled worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. . . .

This week, about Wednesday, his majesty went with the duke, (taking him into his coach, and so riding through the city, as it were to grace him) to Deptford, to see the ships: where, having seen ten fair ships ready rigged for Rochelle, they say he uttered these words to the duke: "George, there are some that wish that these and thou mightest both perish. But care not for them: we will both perish together, if thou doest."

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5. Letter from Portsmouth of Sir Dudley Carleton to the Queen. (In Ellis: 1st Series, 3rd volume, p. 256.)

Maddam, I am to trouble your Grace with a most Lamentable Relation; This day [Aug. 23] betwixt nine and ten of the clock in the morning, the Duke of Buckingham then coming out of a Parlor, into a Hall, to goe to his coach and soe to the king (who was four miles of) having about him diverse Lords, Colonells and Captains, and many of his owne Servants, was by one

Felton (once a Lieutenant of this our Army) slaine at one blow, with a dagger-knife. In his staggering he turn'd about, uttering onely this word, "Villaine" and never spake word more, but presently plucking out the knife from himselfe, before he fell to the ground, hee made towards the Traytor, two or three paces, and then fell against a Table although he were upheld by diverse that were neere him, that (through the villaines close carriage in the act) could not perceive him hurt at all, but guessed him to be suddenly oversway'd with some apoplexie, till they saw the blood come gushing from his mouth and the wound, soe fast, that life and breath at once left his begored body. Maddam, you may easily guesse what outcryes were then made, by us that were Commaunders and Officers there present, when wee saw him thus dead in a moment, and slaine by an unknowne hand; for it seemes that the Duke himselfe only knew who it was that had murdered him, and by meanes of the confused presse at the instant about his person, wee neither did nor could. . . .

But to returne to the screeches made att the fatall blow given, the Duchesse of Buckingham and Countess of Anglesey came forth into a Gallery which looked into the Hall where they might behold the blood of their deerest Lord gushing from him. Ah poore Ladies, such was their screechings, teares and distractions, that I never in my Life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like againe.

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6. Extract from the Autobiography of Sir Simonds d'Ewes.

1628.

Some of his friends had advised him [Buckingham] how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail or some other secret defensive armour: which the Duke slighting, said, "It needs not; there are no Roman spirits left." August the 23rd, being Saturday, the Duke having eaten his breakfast between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, in one Mr. Mason's house in Portsmouth, was then hasting away to the king, who lay at Reswick, some five miles distant, to have some speedy conference with him. Being come to the further part of the entry leading out of the parlour into the hall of the house, he had there some conference with Sir Thomas Frier, Knt., a colonel, and stooping down in taking his leave of him, John Felton, a gentleman, having watched his opportunity, thrust a long knife with a white haft he had secretly about him, with great strength and violence, into his breast, under his left pap, cutting the diaphragm and lungs, and piercing the very heart itself. . . . He pulled out the knife himself, and being carried by his servants unto the table that stood in the same hall, having struggled with death near upon a quarter of an hour he gave up the ghost about ten of the clock the same forenoon, and lay a long time after he was dead upon the hall table there. . . .

Mr. Felton, even to his death, avowed . . . that the love only of the public good induced him to that act. For, having read the Remonstrance the House of Commons preferred to the King in the late session of Parliament, by which the Duke was branded to be a capital enemy to Church and State, and that there was no public justice to be had against him, he had strong inward workings and resolutions to sacrifice himself for the Church and State.

. . . .

. . . 7. Private Letters regarding Sir John Elliot.

Mr. Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering.

Jan. 12, 1631–2.

This other day, Sir John Elliot's attorney-at-law told me he had been with him long since his removal into his new lodging, and found him the same cheerful, healthful, undaunted man that ever he was. . . .

Mr. Pory to Lord Brooke.

Oct. 25th, 1632.

. . . On Tuesday was sennight, Mr. Mason, of Lincoln's Inn, made a motion to the judges of the King's Bench for Sir John Elliot, that whereas the doctors were of opinion he could never recover of his consumption until such time as he might breathe in purer air, they would for some certain time grant him his enlargement for that purpose. Whereunto my Lord Chief Justice Richardson answered, that, although Sir John were brought low in body, yet was he as high and lofty in mind as ever; for he would neither submit to the king nor to the justice of that court. In fine, it was concluded by the Bench to refer him to the king by way of petition.

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8. Extracts from the Autobiography of Sir Simonds d'Ewes. [Written in 1638.]

This year [1635. There had been no parliament in all this time] brought forth many sad and dismal effects in the public, both at home and abroad. . . . At home the liberty of the subjects of England received the most deadly and fatal blow it had been sensible of in five hundred years last past; for writs were issued the summer foregoing to all the sheriffs of England, to levy great sums of money in all the counties of the same kingdom and Wales, under pretext and colour to provide ships for the defence of the kingdom, although we were now in peace with all the world, and the royal fleet was never stronger or in better case. The sum now to be levied came to some £320,000, and if this could be done lawfully, then by the same right the king upon the like pretence might gather the same sum ten, twelve, or a hundred times redoubled, and so to infinite proportions to any one shire, when and as often as he pleased; and so no man was, in conclusion, worth anything.

I conceived the king himself might be informed this taxation and levy was lawful; but it was afterwards cleared by Sir George Crooke, Knt., one of the justices of the King's Bench, in his argument in the Exchequer Chamber . . . that this taxation was absolutely against law, and an utter oppression of the subjects' liberty, who had such a property in their goods as could not be taken from them by any taxes or levies, but such only as were enacted and set down by Act of Parliament. . . . Sir John Denham, the ancientest Baron of the Exchequer, gave the same judgment for the liberty of the subject. And, indeed all our liberties were now at one dash utterly ruined if the king might at his pleasure lay what unlimited taxes he pleased on his subjects, and then imprison them when they refused to pay; for though to take men's estates away might in the issue bring on poverty and death, yet that is not so certain a way nor so speedy to shorten our lives as imprisonment is, where, by restraint of exercise and unwholesome air, many men must as necessarily perish as by the sword. Besides, what shall freemen differ from the ancient bondsmen and villains of England, if their estates be subject to arbitrary taxes, tallages and impositions? . . .

In all my life I never saw so many sad faces in England as this new taxation, called ship-money, occasioned; nay, the grief and astonishment of most men's hearts broke out into sad and doleful complaints, not only under the burthen they felt at the instant, but with ominous presage of the issue; for many refused absolutely to pay, and most that did pay it, yielded out of mere fear and horror of greater danger: whence the before-mentioned Mr. Judge Hutton said plainly in his argument, that "it was not the king's prerogative to take his subjects' goods from them with their heartburnings."

For mine own part, I so far desired the peace and quiet of the kingdom, as I could have wished this tax had been annexed to the Crown (to levy annually without alteration) by Act of Parliament; but thus to pluck away the subjects' goods and estates from them contrary to their ancient and hereditary liberties, by force and power, what can the issue of it be but fatal? Some were so overwise as to think the king the happier because he should now never need any Parliament; but alas! in that they were grossly deceived, unless they will say it is a happiness for a Prince to want the love of his subjects, to have truth concealed from him, and to have the distempers of Church and Commonwealth to grow unto incurable diseases. . . . Kings are but men; and it is their miseries for the most part, either not to be informed of the miseries and calamities of their subjects at all, or if they be, to have the matter smothered up by some great ones, or to have some private emolument by it. . . . There are only three cases in which, by the ancient law of England, the kings of that realm may require aid of their subjects without the public consent of their kingdom: 1st. In case the Sovereign be taken prisoner, to redeem him. 2d. For the knighting of his eldest son. 3d. For the marriage of his eldest daughter, once only. But yet these aids are not like this ship-money, without bounds or limits, to be levied of all men, and in what proportion the king shall please; for they can only be levied of knights' fees, and such as hold their lands by that tenure; and the utmost that can be required is but forty shillings upon each knight's fee.

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9. Extracts from Nehemiah Wallington's Historical Notices (Ed. Webb. London, 1870, Vol. I.).

. . . There hath come from Ireland many such sad pitiful letters, concerning the miserable and sad condition of the poor protestants there, with the great increase of their enemies the Rebels, that it should make our hearts bleed; but I give you but a taste of the bitter cup that they drink of. And still they lie languishing and crying unto us, saying, Have you no pity of me, O you in England? Oh have ye no regard, all you that hear of my miseries? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce wrath.

In October 1641, when the Rebels did first arise in Ireland, there were the Sufferings and Miseries of my wife's Brother, Zachariah Rampain, his wife and five children, four of his children dwelling in the house with him, having every child a maid-servant attending on them; his wife and children very tenderly brought up, and he a man well-beloved and of a great estate, dwelling in the north part of Ireland, in the county of Fermanagh, near Enniskillen.

Captain Adkinson (which was kin to my Brother's first wife) being in

Castlecoule, in the county of Fermanagh, knowing of the Rebels coming, sent to speak to my Brother, and caused him to bring his family and goods into the Castle, and they did by Saturday night get in what goods they could into the Castle; and on Monday, Brian Maguire came with his Army against it, and took the castle; and the next day my Brother and his family had a pass under Brian's hand to depart the Kingdom, and they sent a guard along with them, and then sent another company after them to murder them. So when they were gone about six miles off, they stripped them all, and bid them say their prayers, for they would kill them all. Then they first did kill my Brother Zachariah, stabbing their skenes (swords) into him (as also his wife's brother, and a gentleman, they killed there in like manner also, cutting all their throats after they had stabbed them); which his wife beholding did on her knees beg for his life, as also his children, crying pitifully, "O do not kill my Father, O do not kill my Father," being much distracted, pulling their hair, being content and desiring to die with him. But these bloody Rebels did drive them from him, saying they would reserve them for a worse death, even to starve them to death.

Then my sister and her four children, and her maids, and a gentlewoman (whose husband they then had hewed to pieces before their faces) they went all naked on a mount, and sat starving there. . . . Then my sister did get into Coule Castle, again, to Captain Adkinson, but she was got into an old house, but could get no relief, and then, having intelligence she should be cut all to pieces, she then did get away, and in her journey by the way she had two children starved to death with hunger and cold. . . .

Now mark what followeth, "He that sheddeth blood, by man shall his blood be shed" saith the Lord.

It was not long after but it was known that one of those men that had a hand in killing my brother, he was killed, and I make no question but the rest are, or will be, in God's time. And towards the latter end of May 1641, was the Earl of Strafford, Deputy of Ireland, that was a great agent employed by the king in shedding of the blood of the Protestants in Ireland, beheaded on the scaffold upon Tower Hill.

. . . Above three score times was this Earl of Strafford spoken of in the House of Commons. For, from the first day of their sitting, which was the 7th of November, 1640, till the 10th of May, 1641, still now and then he was complained of, and spoken of in the House. And surely I do not know of anything they had so long in hand as this Earl of Strafford, for he was very cunning and very tough in the handling.

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10. Extracts from M. Baillie, Letters and Journals. (Edinb., 1841. Vol. I., p. 314.) [Relating to the Trial of Strafford by the Parliament. Begun Monday, March 22nd, 1640–1.]

Westminster Hall is a roome as long [and] as broad if not more than the outer house of the High Church of Glasgow, supponing the pillars were removed. In the midst of it was erected a stage like to that prepared for the Assemblie of Glasgow, but much more large, taking up the breadth of the whole House from wall to wall, and of the length more than a thrid part. At the north end was set a throne for the King, and a chayre for the Prince; before it lay a large wool-seck, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earle of Arundaill; beneath it lay two other secks for my Lord Keeper and the Judges, with the rest of the Chancerie, all in their red robes. Beneath this a little table for four or fyve Clerks of the Parliament in their black gowns; round about these some furmes [benches] covered with green freese, whereupon the Earles and Lords did sit in their red robes, of that same fashion, lyned with the same whyte ermin skinnes, as you see the robes of our Lords when they ryde in Parliament; the Lords on their right sleeve having two barres of whyte skinnes, the Viscounts two and ane half, the Earles three, the Marquess of Wincester three and ane half, England hath no more Marquesses: and he bot one late upstart of creature of Queen Elizabeth's. Hamilton goes here bot among the Earles, and that a late one, Dukes, they have none in Parliament: York, Richmond, and Buckinghame are but boyes; Lennox goeth among the late Earles. Behind the formes where the Lords sitt, there is a barr covered with green: at the one end standeth the Committee of eight or ten gentlemen, appoynted by the House of Commons to pursue: at the midst there is a little dask, where the prisoner Strafford stands and sitts as he pleaseth, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. At the back of this is a dask, for Strafford's four secretars, who carries his papers and assists him in writing and reading; at their side is a voyd for witnesses to stand; and behinde them a long dask at the wall of the room for Strafford's counsell-at-law, some five or six able lawyers, who were not permitted to disputt in matter of fact, but questions of right, if ane should be incident. This is the order of the House below on the floore; the same that is used dailie in the Higher House. Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of elevin ranks of formes, the highest touching the roof; everyone of these formes went from one end of the roome to the other, and contained about fortie men. . . . All the doores were keeped verie straitlie with guards; we always behooved to be there a little after five in the morning. . . . By favour we got place within the raile, among the Commons. The House was full dailie before seven; against eight the Earle of Strafford came in his barge from the Tower, accompanied with the Lieutenant and a guard of musqueteers and halberders. The Lords, in their robes were sett about eight; the king was usuallie halfe an howre before them: he came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, that when the king appears, he speaks what he will, bot no other speaks in his presence. At the back of the throne, there was two rooms on the two sydes; in the one did Duke de Vanden, Duke de Vallet, and other French nobles sitt; in the other the king, the queen, Princesse Mary, the Prince Elector, and some Court ladies; the tirlies, that made them to be secret, the king brake down with his own hands; so they sat in the eye of all, bot little more regarded than if they had been absent; for the Lords sat all covered; these of the Lower House, and all other except the French noblemen, sat discovered when the Lords came, not else. A number of ladies wes in boxes, above the railes, for which they payed much money. It was dailie the most glorious Assemblie the Isle could afford; yet the gravitie not such as I expected; oft great clamour without about the doores; in the intervalles, while Strafford was making readie for answers, the Lords got alwayes to their feet, walked and clattered; the Lower House men too loud clattering; after ten houres, much publict eating, not onlie of confections, bot of flesh and bread, bottles of beer and

Ant Van Dyck pinxit. R. White sculpsit

THOMAS EARLE OF STRAFFORDE
Viſcount Wentworth Baron Wentworth of Wentworth Wood-
houſe Newmarch, Overſley, & Raby Lord Lieutenant Generall,
and Generall Governor of the Kingdome of Ireland; and Ld
Preſident of ye Councill eſtabliſhed in ye North parts of England
Ld Lieutenant of ye County of York, one of his Majesties most hon
Privy Councell and Knight of ye most Noble order of ye Garter

wine going thick from mouth to mouth without cups, and all this in the king's eye; . . . there was no outgoing to returne; and oft the sitting was till two, or three, or four o'clock.

The first session was on Mononday the 22nd of March. All being sett, as I have said, the Prince in his robes on a little chyre at the syde of the throne, the Chamberland and Black-Rod went and fetched in my Lord Strafford; he was alwayes in the same sute of black, as in doole. At the entrie he gave a low courtesie, proceeding a little, he gave a second, when he came to his dask a third, then at the barr, the fore-face of his dask, he kneeled: ryseing quicklie, he saluted both sides of the Houses, and then satt down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hatts to him; this was his dailie carriage.

My Lord Steward, in a sentence or two, shew that the House of Commons had accused the Earle of Strafford of High Treason, that he was there to answer; that they might manadge their evidence as they thought meet. They desyred one of the Clerks to read their impeachment. I sent you long agoe the printed copie. . . .

On Tuesday the 13th, all being sett as before, Strafford made a speech large two hours and ane half; went through all the articles. . . . To all he repeated not (nought) new, bot the best of his former answers; and in the end, after some lashness and fagging, he made such ane pathetick oration for ane half houre, as ever comedian did upon a stage. The matter and expression was exceeding brave: doubtless, if he had grace or civill goodness, he is a most eloquent man. The speech you have it here in print. One passadge made it most spoken of; his breaking off in weeping and silence, when he spoke of his first wife. Some took it for a true defect of his memorie; others, and the most part, for a notable part of his rhetorick; some that true grief, and remorse at that remembrance, had stopped his mouth; for they say, that his first Lady, the Earl of Clare's sister, being with child, and finding one of his ——'s letters, brought it to him, and chideing him therefore, he stroke her on the breast, whereof shortlie she died. Mr. Glyn did follow with a speech three houres long; the great length of the speech made him fagg in the end. He referred the odiousness of the cryme to the handeling of another. This was Mr. Pym, who truelie, to the confession of all, in half ane hour, made one of the most eloquent, wise free speeches, that ever we heard, or I think shall ever hear. Some of the passages of it, and no more bot some, and these defaced, I send yow in print, as they have been taken in speaking by some common hand. To humble the man, God lett his memorie faill him a little before the end. His papers he looked on; bot they could not help him to a point or two, so he behoved to passe them: I believe the King never heard a lecture of so free language against that his idolised prerogative. . . . For diverse dayes thereafter the House of Commons went on with their Bill of Attainture. When it was readie and read three diverse dayes, at last it was voyced and carried, only fifty-eight contradicting. For this there was great joy among us all, and praise to God. These friends of Strafford's were much discountenanced by all honest men. Some printed their names, and fixed them on publict wayes.

11. Conclusion of the Earl of Strafford's Defence. (In Somers' Tracts, Edited by Walter Scott, Vol. IV. 1810.)

. . . My lords, there yet remains another treason that I should be guilty of; the endeavoring to subvert the fundamental laws of the land, that they should now be treason together, that is not treason in any one part. . . . Under favor, my lords, I do not conceive that there is either statute law, nor common law, that doth declare the endeavoring to subvert the fundamental laws to be high treason. . . . And yet I have been diligent to enquire (as I believe you think it doth concern me to do).

It is hard to be questioned for life and honor, upon a law that can not be shown. . . . Where hath this fire lain all this while, so many hundreds of years, without any smoke to discover it, till it thus burst forth to consume me and my children? Extreme hard in my opinion, that punishment should precede promulgation of a law, [that I should be] punished by a law subsequent to the acts done. . . . My lords, it is hard in another respect,—that there should be no token set upon this offence, by which we should know it, no admonition by which we should be aware of it.

If a man pass down the Thames in a boat, and it be split upon an anchor, no buoy being set as a token that there is an anchor there, that party that owns the anchor, by the maritime laws, shall give satisfaction for the damage done; but if it were marked out, I must come upon my own peril. Now where is the mark upon this crime, where is the token that this is high treason? If it be under water, and not above water, no human providence can avail, nor prevent my destruction. Lay aside all human wisdom, and let us rest upon divine revelation, if you will condemn before you forewarn of the danger.

Oh my lords, may your lordships be pleased to give that regard unto the peerage of England, as never to suffer ourselves to be put on those nice points. . . . If there must be a trial of wits, I do most humbly beseech you the subject and matter may be somewhat else than the lives and honors of peers.

My lords we find that in the primitive times, in the progression of the plain doctrine of the apostles, they brought the books of curious arts, and burned them, and so likewise, as I do conceive, it will be wisdom and providence in your lordships, for your posterity and the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire these bloody and most mysterious volumes of constructive and arbitrary treason, and to betake yourselves to the plain letter of the law and statute, that telleth us where the crime is, and by telling what is, and what is not, shows how to avoid it. And let us not be ambitious to be more wise and learned in the killing arts than our forefathers were.

It is now full 240 years since ever any man was touched for this alledged crime (to this height) before myself: we have lived happily to ourselves at home, and we have lived gloriously to the world abroad. Let us rest contented with that which our fathers left us, and not awake those sleepy lions to our own destructions, by taking up a few musty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls, quite forgotten and neglected. . . .

My lords, I have now troubled you longer than I should have done: were it not for the interest of those dear pledges a saint in Heaven hath left me, I should be loath my lords (There he stopped).

What I forfeit for myself, it is nothing, but that my indiscretion should forfeit for my child, it even woundeth me deep to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I am not able, (and sighed), therefore let it pass.

And now, my lords, I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this life present, are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter.

And so, my lords, even so with tranquility of mind, I do submit myself freely and clearly to your lordships' judgment, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or death,

Te Deum laudamus,
te dominum confitemur.

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12. Extracts from Whitelocke's Memorials.

1641.

Certainly never any man acted such a part on such a theatre with more wisdom, constancy and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors (some few excepted) to remorse and pity. . . .

After this, a bill was brought into the house of commons to attaint the earl of high treason; upon debate whereof, they voted him guilty of high treason.

May 1.

The king called both houses of parliament together, and did passionately desire of them not to proceed severely against the earl, whom he answered for, as to most of the main particulars of the charge against him; tells them that in conscience he can not condemn the earl of high treason, and that neither fear nor any other respect should make him go against his conscience. . . .

The bill for continuance of the parliament was brought into the house the next morning after it was propounded. . . . This bill, and the act of attainder, being both passed by the commons, a conference was had with the lords after they had passed them; and a message sent by some lords to the king, to entreat his answer, who promised to satisfy them within two days.

The king being much perplexed upon the tendering of these two bills to him, between the clamours of a discontented people and an unsatisfied conscience; he took advice (as some reported) of several of the bishops, and of others his intimate councillors, what to do in this intricate affair; and that the major part of them urged to him the opinions of the judges, that this was treason, and the bill legal.

They pressed likewise the votes of the parliament, that he was but one man, that no other expedient could be found out to appease the enraged people, and that the consequences of a furious multitude would be very terrible.

Upon all which they persuaded him to pass the bills.

But the chief motive was said to be a letter of the Earl of Strafford, then sent unto him, wherein the gallant earl takes notice of these things, and what is best for his majesty in these straits, and to set his conscience at liberty: he doth most humbly beseech him for prevention of such mischief as may happen by his refusal to pass the bill, to remove him out of the way, "towards that blessed agreement which God, I trust, shall forever establish betwixt you and your subjects. Sir, my consent herein shall more acquit you to God, than all the world can do besides: to a willing man there is no injury done."

If not base betraying of their master by these passages, and by some private dealings, the king was persuaded to sign a commission to three lords to pass these two bills; and that he should ever be brought to it was admired [wondered at] by most of his subjects, as well as by foreigners.

After he had signed these bills, the king sent secretary Carleton to the earl . . . who seriously asked the secretary whether his majesty had passed the bill or not; as not believing without some astonishment that the king would have done it.

And being assured that it was passed, he rose up from his chair, lift up his eyes to Heaven, laid his hand on his heart, and said, *Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.* . . . He made on the scaffold a most ingenious, charitable, and pious speech and prayers . . . and died with charity, courage, and general lamentation. . . .

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13. Extract from Whitelocke (The Five Members), 1641.

The king being informed that some members of parliament had private meetings, and a correspondence with the Scots, and countenanced the late tumults from the city, he gave a warrant to repair to their lodgings, and to seal up the trunks, studies and chambers of the lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Hollis, sir Arthur Haslerigge, and Mr. Stroud; which was done. The house of commons having notice hereof whilst it was in doing, Jan. 3rd, 1641, they passed this vote: . . . "that if any person whatsoever shall offer to arrest or detain the person of any member without first acquainting this house, that it is lawful for such member, or any person to assist him, and to stand upon his or their guard of defence, and to make a resistance, according to the protestation taken to defend the privileges of parliament."

The king being put to it, caused articles of high treason and other misdemeanors to be prepared against those five members, "For endeavouring to subvert the fundamental laws and government, and deprive the king of his legal power, and to place on subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power, by foul aspersions on his majesty and his government, to alienate the affections of his people, and to make him odious."

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14. Extract from Nehemiah Wallington. (Lond., 1870. Vol. I. p. 282 ff.)

4th of January, Tuesday, the House of Commons meeting there was a Report made to the House, that his Majesty would be there that afternoon, to give answer to their petition delivered the night before.

About two of the clock his Majesty came into the House of Commons, and the Speaker rising out of his place, he sat therein; and demanding of his prisoners, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, and so the rest, who were not there to be found, he made a short speech, commanding the House to send them to him so soon as they came, otherwise he would take them where he found them, and wished them to proceed in their affairs, without any fear of his concordancy with them to all their just requests, or words to that effect. So demanding his prisoners again, he left the House. . . .

A great deliverance (of us all, but especially) of those Five dear Servants of God and worthy members of the House of Commons: Mr. Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Mr. John Pym, Mr. John Hampden, and Mr. William Stroud. O let this great Mercy of our God, on this day, the 4th of January 1642, never be forgotten to the world's end. But tell it to your children, that they may tell it to their children, how God did miraculously deliver his servants on the 4th of January, being Tuesday, 1642; how that "many soldiers, and papists, and others, to the number of five hundred, came with his Majesty to the said House of Commons, armed with swords, pistols and other weapons, and divers of them pressed to the door of the said House, thrust away the door-keepers, and placed themselves between the said door, and the ordinary attendances of his Majesty: holding up their swords, and some holding up their pistols ready cocked near the said door, and saying, 'I am a good Marksman, I can hit right, I warrant you;' and they not suffering the said door, according to the custom of Parliament, to be shut; but said they would have the door open, and if any opposition were against them, they made no question but they should make their party good, and that they would maintain their party, and when several Members of the House of Commons were coming into the House, their attendants desiring that room might be made for them; some of the said soldiers answered, 'Let them come and be hanged, what ado is here with the House of Commons;' and some of the said soldiers did likewise violently assault, and by force disarm, some of the Attendants and Servants of the Members of the House of Commons, waiting in the room next the said House; and upon the King's return out of the said House, many of them by wicked oaths, and otherwise, expressed much discontent that some Members of the said House, for whom they came, were not there. And others of them said, When comes the word? And no word being given at his Majesty's coming out, they cried 'A lane; a lane;' afterwards some of them being demanded, what they thought the said company intended to have done, answered, That, questionless, in the posture they were set, if the word had been given, they should have fallen upon the House of Commons, and have cut all their throats; upon all which we are of opinion that it is sufficiently proved that the coming of the said soldiers, papists and others, with his Majesty to the House of Commons on Tuesday the 4th of January, in the manner aforesaid, was to take away some of the members of the said House, and if they should have found opposition, or denial, then to have fallen upon the said House in a hostile manner: And we do hereby declare that the same was a traitorous design against the King and Parliament. And whereas the said Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hampden, and Mr. Strode, upon the report of the coming of the said soldiers . . . did, with the approbation of the House, absent themselves from the service of the House, for the avoiding the great and many inconveniences, which otherwise apparently might have happened: Since which time a printed paper in the form of a proclamation hath issued out for the apprehending and imprisoning of them, therein suggesting that through the conscience of their own guilt they were absent and fled, not willing to submit themselves to justice: We do further declare that the said printed paper is false and scandalous and illegal." . . .

On Thursday the 6th of January, the Committees of both houses met at Guild Hall. . . .

This Thursday night being the 6th of January, I desire might never be forgotten. For in the dead time of the night there was great bouncing at every man's door to be up in their arms presently, and to stand on his guard, both in the City and Suburbs, for we heard (as we lay in our beds) a great cry in the streets that there were horse and foot coming against the city. So the gates were shut, and the cullisses let down, and the chains put across the corners of our streets, and every man ready on his arms. And women and children did then arise, and fear and trembling entered on all. And some took such fright that night that it cost them their lives; as Alderman Adams his wife, my neighbour, she took such a fright that night that she died of it the next Tuesday at five o'clock in the morning. And although some might slight, jest, and scoff at this, and think and say there was no cause, and that we were more fright than hurt; yet it is certain enough, that had not the Lord of His mercy stirred us up to bestir ourselves, it would have gone hard enough with us. Again there was great cause of fear, being but a day or two since the King in a rage went with his five hundred soldiers with their pistols and swords, intending death to those five good men (Mr. Pym etc.) . . . and the King having hundreds of soldiers out of the north, of a fierce countenance, skilful to destroy; and I heard of deadly weapons newly made, which were to be struck into the body, and could not be pulled out again. . . .

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15. Extracts from Whitelocke.

Great numbers of people gathered together in a very tumultuous manner about Whitehall and Westminster; and it was a dismal thing to all sober men, especially members of parliament, to see and hear them.

The king fearing danger from them, or perhaps by the unfortunate counsel of papists as some reported, thought fit to remove to Hampton Court, and took with him the queen, prince, and duke of York. . . .

The next day the five members were triumphantly brought from London to Westminster by water, by a great number of citizens and seamen in boats and barges, with guns and flags, braving as they passed by Whitehall, and making large protestations at Westminster of their adherence to the parliament. . . .

The parliament were busy in debates touching the ordering of the militia for the several counties; in which some declared their opinions that the power of the militia was solely in the king, and ought to be left to him . . . others were of the opinion that the king had not this power in him, but that it was solely in the parliament, and that if the king refused to order the same according to the advice of the parliament, that then they by law might do it without him: and this was moved to be now done by the parliament. . . .

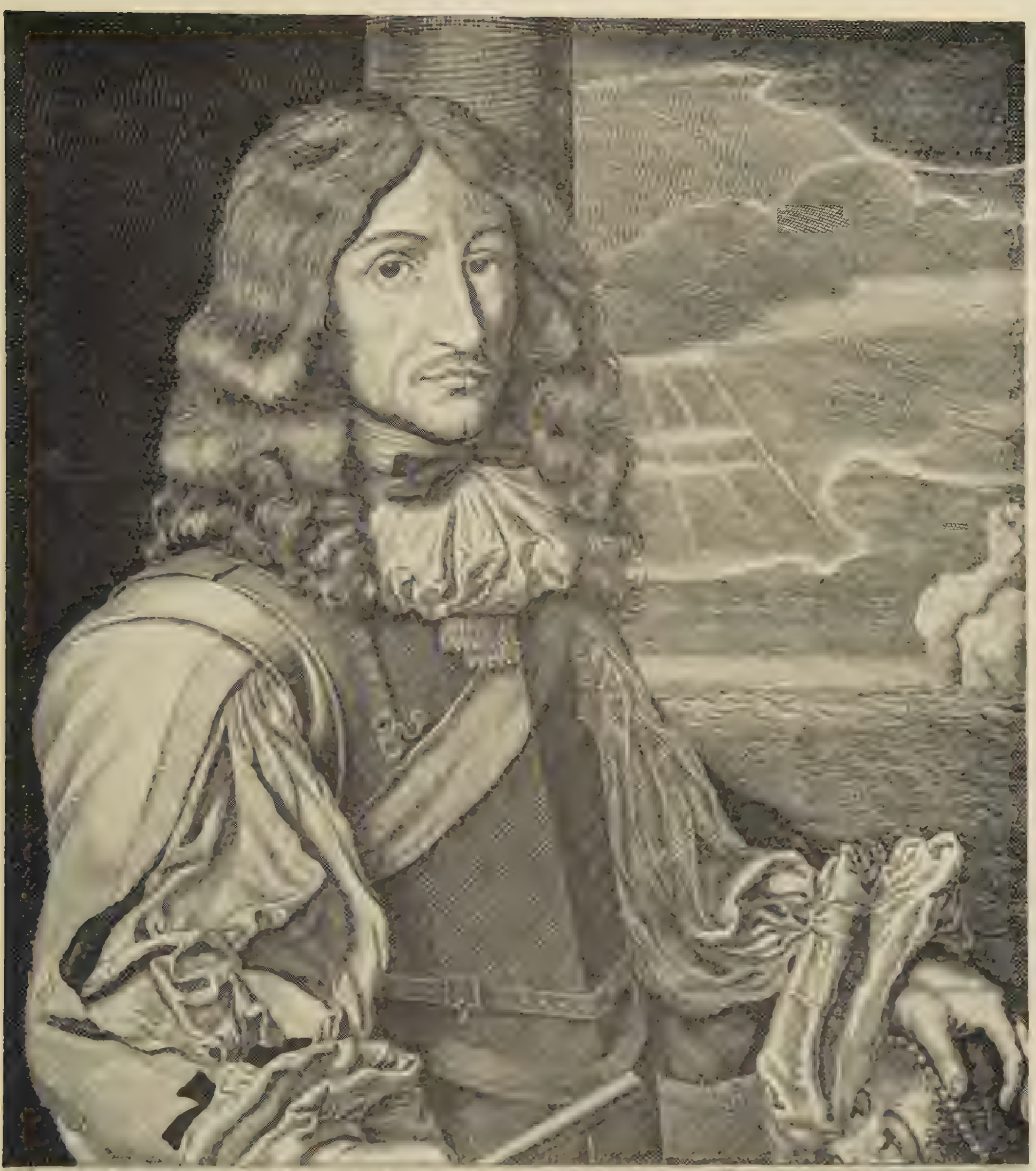
Then they ordain the power of the militia, for defence of the parliament, Tower, and city of London. . . .

Aug. 22. The king at Nottingham erects his standard. . . . The earl of Essex's colours was a deep yellow, others setting up another colour were held malignants, and ill-affected to the parliament's cause. . . .

About the beginning of November the two princes palatine, Rupert and Maurice, arrived in England, and were put into command in the army of the king their uncle; who had now got together a potent army.

[Civil War.]

. . . .



SER$^{\text{mus}}$ PRINCEPS RUPERT. DEI GRA. COMES PALATIN. RHENI,
E- Domo Electorali Dux Bavariæ ac Nobiliſsimi ordinis
Periſcelidis aureie Eques etc.

GROUP XI.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

1. Extracts from Whitelocke, 1648–9 A. D.

. . . This morning Sir Thomas Widdrington and I being together, Mr. Smith, who was clerk to the committee for preparing the charge against the king, came to us with a message from the committee, that they required us to come to them this day, they having some matters of importance wherein they desired our advice and assistance; and that we must not fail them.

I knew what the business was, and I told sir Thomas Widdrington that I was resolved not to meddle in that business about the trial of the king; it being contrary to my judgment, as I had declared myself in the house.

Sir Thomas Widdrington said he was of the same judgment, and would have no hand in that business, but he knew not whither to go to be out of the way, and that the committee might not know whither to send to him.

I replied, that my coach was ready, and I was this morning going out of town purposely to avoid this business, and if he pleased to go with me we might be quiet at my house in the country. . . .

The council of war ordered, that nothing be done upon the knee to the king, and that all ceremonies of state to him be left off, and his attendance to be with fewer and at less charge. . . .

The committee for drawing up a charge against the king, and to consider of the manner of his trial, reported an ordinance for attainting the king of high treason. . . . The charge was to this effect:

That Charles Stuart had acted contrary to his trust, in departing from the parliament, setting up his standard, making a war against them, and thereby been the occasion of much bloodshed and misery to the people whom he was set over for good; that he gave commissions to Irish rebels, and since was the occasion of a second war, and had done contrary to the liberties of the subject, and tending to the destruction of the fundamental laws and liberties of this kingdom. . . .

This vote was passed as a foundation for these proceedings:

That the lords and commons assembled in parliament, do declare and adjudge, that by the fundamental laws of this realm, it is treason in the king of England for the time to come, to levy war against the parliament and kingdom of England. . . .

The ordinance for trial of the king was carried up to the lords, of whom sixteen then sat: they stuck much upon the declaratory vote, *That it was treason in the king to levy war against the parliament*. . . . The commons taking notice that the lords had rejected their ordinance for trial of the king, and had adjourned their house, they sent some of their members to examine the lords' journal book, and they reported to the commons three votes passed by the lords:

1. To send answer by messengers of their own.
2. That their lordships did not concur to the declaration.
3. That they had rejected the ordinance for trial of the king.

Hereupon the commons voted,

That all their members and others appointed to act in any ordinance wherein the lords are joined with them, shall be empowered and enjoined to sit, act, and execute in the said several committees of themselves, notwithstanding the house of peers join not with them.

Order that the ordinance for trial of the king, and the declaration from which the lords dissented, and which are intended for both houses, shall now be by the commons only. . . .

The commissioners for trial of the king met, and chose sergeant Bradshaw for their president, Mr. Steel to be attorney general, Mr. Coke solicitor-general, and they with Dr. Dorislaus and Mr. Aske to draw up and manage the charge against the king. . . .

The high court of justice sat in the place in Westminster-hall made for them, the president had the sword and mace carried before him, and twenty gentlemen attended as his guard. . . .

After an *Oyes*, and silence made, the act of the commons of England for sitting of the court was read, and the court was called, sixty of the members appeared.

The king was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, and from thence by water, guarded with musketeers in boats. . . .

He was charged in the name of *Charles Stuart king of England*, as guilty of all the blood that had been shed at Kenton, Brentford, Newbury and other places . . . and other particulars very large.

The king smiled at the reading of his charge, and after it was read, demanded of the president by what lawful authority he was brought hither, and being answered, *In the name of the commons of England*,

He replied he saw no lords there which should make a parliament, including the king; and urged, that the kingdom of England was hereditary and not successive, and that he should betray his trust if he acknowledged or made answer to them, for that he was not convinced that they were a lawful authority. . . .

(2nd hearing.) . . . The clerk of the court read this aloud:

Charles Stuart, king of England, you have been accused on the behalf of the people of England of high treason and other crimes; the court have determined that you ought to answer the same.

King. I will answer the same, so soon as I know by what authority you do this.

President. If this be all that you would say, then, gentlemen, you that brought the prisoner hither, take charge of him back again.

King. I do require that I may give in my reasons why I do not answer, and give me time for that.

President. It is not for prisoners to require.

King. Prisoners! sir, I am not an ordinary prisoner.

President. The court hath considered of their jurisdiction; and they have already affirmed their jurisdiction; if you will not answer, we shall give order to record your default.

King. You never heard my reasons yet.

President. Sir, your reasons are not to be heard against the highest jurisdiction.

King. Shew me what jurisdiction, where reason is not to be heard.

President. Sir, we show it you here, the commons of England; and the next time you are brought, you will know more of the pleasure of the court, and, it may be, their final determination.

King. Show me wherever the house of commons were a court of judicature of that kind.

President. Sergeant, take away the prisoner.

King. Well, sir, remember that the king is not suffered to give in his reasons for the liberty and freedom of all his subjects.

President. Sir, you are not to have liberty to use this language; how great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge.

King. Sir, under favour, it was the liberty, freedom and laws of the subject that ever I took to defend myself with arms; I never took up arms against the people, but for the laws.

President. The command of the court must be obeyed, no answer will be given to the charge.

King. Well, sir. . . .

[3rd hearing] *President.* Sir, this is the third time that you have publicly disavowed this court, and put an affront upon it; but how far you have preserved the liberties of the people, your actions have spoke it; but truly, sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions; you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the kingdom. But, sir, you understand the pleasure of the court. Clerk, record the

default. And, gentlemen, you that took the charge of the prisoner, take him back again.

King. I will say this one word more to you, if it were my own particular, I would not say any more to interrupt you.

President. Sir, you have heard the pleasure of the court, and you are (notwithstanding you will not understand it) to find that you are before a court of justice. . . .

Jan. 27, 1648–9.

The high court of justice sat in Westminster Hall, the president in his scarlet robe, and many of the commissioners in their best habit.

After the calling of the court, the king came in, in his wonted posture, with his hat on; as he passed by in the hall, a cry was made, *Justice*, *justice! Execution*, *execution!* This was by some soldiers and others of the rabble. . . .

After this the clerk was commanded to read the sentence, which recited the charge, and the several crimes of which he had been found guilty:

For all which treasons and crimes, the court did adjudge, that he the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body.

The king then desired to be heard, but it would not be permitted, being after sentence; and as he returned through the hall, there was another cry for *Justice and Execution.* Here we may take notice of the abject baseness of some vulgar spirits, who, seeing their king in that condition, endeavoured, in their small capacity, further to promote his misery, that they might a little curry favour with the present powers, and pick thanks of their then superiors. . . .

A prince is not exempt from the venom of these mad dogs. . . .

I was much troubled at the passing of sentence of death against the king, and heartily prayed that it might not be executed. . . .

The king's children came from Sion-house to visit him at St. James's; he took the princess in his arms, and kissed her, and gave her two seals with diamonds, and prayed for the blessing of God upon her and the rest of his children; and there was great weeping.

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2. Extracts from Warwick, Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I. Second Edition. Lond., 1702, p. 336 ff.

By this traiterous and tumultuous body (the Commons) the King is brought to his tryall and removed from Windsor to St. James's and from thence soon brought to Westminster Hall: where he finds a pretended High Court of Justice, consisting of a President, one Bradshaw (heretofore a very meanly qualified lawyer, but a bold and seditious person) and of Cromwell and most of his cheife officers, and some of the King's own faithless servants, as Sir Henry Mildmay, the Lord Mounson, Sir John Danvers, and Cornelius Holland (one that had been Clerk of his kitchen, and was then of the Green-Cloth) the rest high-flown Parliament-men. These to make their proceedings the more solemn, made their Serjeant at Armes in Westminster Hall, the old Exchange, etc., to summon in any person, that would come and accuse the King: and then they break his great Seal, and make one of their own, impressing upon it the Cross for England and the Harp for Ireland on the one side, and the House of Commons, as the true sovereigns of this nation on the other: and these words about it: *The first yeare of Freedome, etc., 1648.* Before this sort of vile men this good prince is brought: and injustice must necessarily sit on the bench, when justice is dragged to the barr. The insolent President bids the King hearken to his charge, and a babbling and brazenfaced Sollicitor, one Cook, accuseth him in the name of the Commons of England, and of all the people thereof (which God knows was not one of a thousand) of treason: charging him that by a tyrannicall power he had endeavoured to overthrow the rights and liberties of this people, and to defend himselfe in his traiterous practice, he had maliciously levied a warre. . . . The King smiled at the foule appellations of Tyrant, Traitor, etc. . . . as their Sovereign and King, he denied any authority to be over him. . . .

But after all, these nefarious men, who thirsted after the King's blood, would now brutishly suck it: so then give sentence upon him to sever his head from his body, which sentence passed on Saturday, January, 1648; and he is carried back by his Guard unto St. James's. In the passage to his tryall, he is mett and reviled by some, and tobacco blown in his mouth, and his face spitt upon by others. One honest soldier said but "God bless you, Sir," and his Captain caned him; the King told the Captain the punishment exceeded the offence. About the barr a numerous rabble cry out for justice against him, and in the Court he is saucily treated by all the Officers.

The King's deportment was very majestick and steady; and tho' his tongue usually hesitated, yet it was very free at this time, for he was never discomposed in mind. And yet as he confest himself to the Bishop of London, that attended him, one action shockt him very much: for whilst he was leaning in the Court upon his staff, which had an head of gold, the head broke off on a sudden; he took it up, but seemed unconcerned; yet told the Bishop, It really made a great impression upon him, and to this hour (sayes he) I know not possibly how it should come. T'was an accident, I confess, I myselfe have often thought on, and cannot imagine how it came about: unless Hugh Peters (who was truly and really his Gaoler, for at St. James nobody went to him, but by Peters's leave) had artificially tampered upon his staff; but such conjectures are of no use.

. . . He required Mr. Herbert, (a Gentleman who was appointed to attend him, and who had bin very civill to him and whom he recommended likewise to the present King) to call him at four of the clock in the morning; and Mr. Herbert slept little himselfe, lying by him on a pallet-bed; but observed through the whole night, that the King slept very soundly, and at his hour awak'd himself, and drew his curtain. He soon got up, was about an hour at his own private devotions, and then called to be drest; and Mr. Herbert, who was wont to comb his head, combed it that morning with less care than usually: Prethee (says he) tho' it be not long to stand on my shoulders, take the same paines with it, you were wont to do: "I am to be a Bridegroom to-day and must be trimm."

Extract from Herbert's Memoirs. (London, 1815, p. 183.)

The King commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his Bedside upon a Pallat, where he took small rest, that being the last Night his Gracious Sovereign and Master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the King for Four Hours or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awaking about Two Hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great Cake of Wax set in a Silver Bason, that then as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep, but calling him, bad him rise; For, (said his Majesty) I will get up, having a great Work to do this Day; . . . He then appointed what Cloaths he would wear; "Let me have a Shirt on more than ordinary," said the King, "by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some Observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such Imputation. I fear not Death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my soul I am prepared." . . .

Warwick's Memoirs, Continued.

When he was called, he marcht to the scaffold; and a Gentleman of my acquaintance, that had so placed himself in Wallingfordhouse, that he could easily discern all that was done upon the scaffold, protested to me, he saw him come out of the Banquetting-house on the scaffold with the same unconcernednes and motion, that he usually had when he entered into it on a Masque-night. And another Gentleman, whom I'le name, Dr. Farrar, a Physician (a man of a pious heart, but phancifull brain: for this was he that would have had the King and Parliament have decided their business by lot) had gained such a place upon the stage, that he assured me, that as he had observed him before very majestick and steddy; so when he had laid down his neck upon the block, he standing at some distance from him in a right line, he perceived his eye as quick and lively as ever he had seen it. . . .

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3. Extract from Whitelocke.

Divers companies of foot and horse were on every side of the scaffold, and great multitudes of people came to be spectators: the king looked earnestly on the block, asked if there were no place higher, and, directing his speech to the gentlemen upon the scaffold, he spake to this effect: [at great length.]

. . . .

Then turning to the officers he said,

Sirs, excuse me for this same; I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God: I will say no more.

Then turning to colonel Hacker, he said,

Take care that they do not put me to pain, and, sir, this, and it please you.

Then a gentlemen coming near the axe, the king said,

Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe.

Then he said to the executioner,

I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hands.

Two men in disguise and vizors stood upon the scaffold for executioners.

Then the king called to Dr. Juxon for his night-cap, and having put it on, he said to the executioner, "Does my hair trouble you?" He desired it might all be put under the cap, which the king did accordingly, by the help of the executioner and the bishop.

Then the king turning to Dr. Juxon said,

I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side

Dr. Juxon. There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way, it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

King. I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can be.

Dr. Juxon. You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown, a good exchange.

Then the king took off his cloak and his george, which he gave to Dr. Juxon, saying, *Remember.* Some other small ceremonies were passed, after which the king stooping down laid his neck upon the block, and after a very little pause, stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body.

The king died with true magnanimity and Christian patience; his body was put in a coffin, covered with black velvet, and removed to his lodging chamber in Whitehall. At this scene were many sighs and weeping eyes, and divers strove to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, as in the blood of a martyr.

Extract from John Milton. (Quoted in Harris, Charles I., p. 484.)

If you say that Charles died as he lived, I agree with you: if you say that he died piously, holily, and at ease, you may remember that his grandmother Mary, an infamous woman, died on a scaffold with as much outward appearance of piety, sanctity, and constancy as he did. And lest you should ascribe too much to that presence of mind, which some common malefactors have so great a measure of at their death, many times despair, and a hardened heart putting on, as it were, a vizor of courage, and stupidity a shew of quiet and tranquillity of mind: sometimes the worst of men desire to appear good, undaunted, innocent, and now and then religious, not only in their life but at their death; and in suffering death for their villanies are wont to act the last part of their hypocrisy and cheats with all the show imaginable; and like bad poets, or stage-players, are very ambitious of being clapped at the end of the play.

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4. Letter from Joseph Kent, at Venice, to another Englishman abroad. (In Ellis, Original Letters. London, 1827. Second Series, Vol. III. p. 339.)

Noble Sir: I humbly beg your pardon for my last weeks silence, for I vow to God I was so strangely surprised with grief, that I could not prevaile with my troubled minde for half an hours repose, to give you some relation of the sad and unexemplary murther of our Soveraign, whose soul is at rest.

The Antwerp Post came this morning, but without any Letters from our scandalous Island. I will impart with you what I have learnt from thence and Holland, concerning it. . . .

Gregory the ordinary hangman of London was commanded to assist to the king's death, which he refused, but to invite him to it he was proffered two hundred pounds, which he would not hear of; then they threatened to burn him, and at last imprisoned him, because he would not consent to so great a wickedness; but a Judas will never be wanting, a Collonel formerly a brazier (to the great dishonour of the noble military art) with his servant a minister, both masked were those who cut the thread of His Majestie's life, and, in it, his loyal subjects happiness. A rogue of a minister, after his head was severed from his sacred body, elevated it publicly to the people; and which is more inhuman, its written that the little Duke of Gloucester was placed against the scaffold to see his father sacrificed. . . . My humble duty and respects to noble Sir R. Wyllis, and all the other gentlemen of the nation, to whom I know you will impart this, although most horrid news. . . . Mr. Bayly very affectionately salutes Sir Richard and your noble self, to whom I will ever continue,

Noble Sir,
Your most affectionate and most
humble servant,
Jos. Kent.

Venice the 11th Marche, Thursday.

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5. Letter of James Howell to Sir William Boswell. (In Howell's Familiar Letters, London 1892, Vol. II. p. 552.)

Sir, That black Tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror, so I believe it hath been no less resented abroad. For my own particular, the more I ruminate upon it, the more it astonisheth my imagination, and shaketh all the cells of my Brain; so that sometimes I struggle with my Faith, and have much ado to believe it yet. I shall give over wond'ring at anything hereafter, nothing shall seem strange unto me; only I will attend with patience how England will thrive, now that she is let blood in the *Basilical* Vein, and cur'd, as they say, of the *King's-Evil*. . . .

Your most humble servitor

Fleet, 20 March, 1648. J. H.

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6. Extracts from "The Confession of the Hangman concerning His beheading his late Majesty the King of Great Brittain (upon his Death bed) who was buried on Thursday last, in white Chappel Churchyard, with the manner thereof." (In Ellis, ib. p. 341.)

Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant June, 1649,) Richard Brandon, the late Executioner and Hang-man, who beheaded his late Majesty, King of Great Brittain, departed this life; but during the time of his sicknesse, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind, yet little shew of repentance for remission of his sins and by-past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going in to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head. He replyed, yes! by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and at the denouncing of Sentence against him) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to perish him body and soul, if ever he appeared on the Scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him.

He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an Orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkircher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carryed off from the Scaffold, for which Orange he was proffer'd twenty shillings by a gentleman in White-hall, but refused the same; and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane.

About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary lane, and gave her the money, saying, that it was the deerest money that ever he earned in his life, for it would cost him his life. Which prophetical words were soon made manifest, for it appeared, that ever since he hath been in a most sad condition, and upon the Almighties first scourging of him with the rod of sicknesse, and the friendly admonition of divers friends for the calling of him to repentance, yet he persisted on in his vicious vices, and would not hearken thereunto, but lay raging and swearing, and still pointing ☞ at one thing or another, which he conceived to appear visible before him.

About three days before he dy'd he lay speechlesse, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great store of wines were sent in by the Sheriff of the City of London, and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpes carryed to the churchyard, some crying out, "Hang him Rogue," "Bury him in the Dunghill;" others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing of the king: insomuch, that the churchwardens and Masters of the Parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carryed to White Chappell Church-yard, having (as it is said) a bunch of Rosemary at each end of the coffin on the top thereof, with a rope tyed across from on end to the other.

And a merry conceited Cock living at the sign of the Crown, having a black Fan (worth the value of thirty shillings) took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dy'd in black ink, and gave them to divers persons, who (in derision) for a while, wore them in their hats.

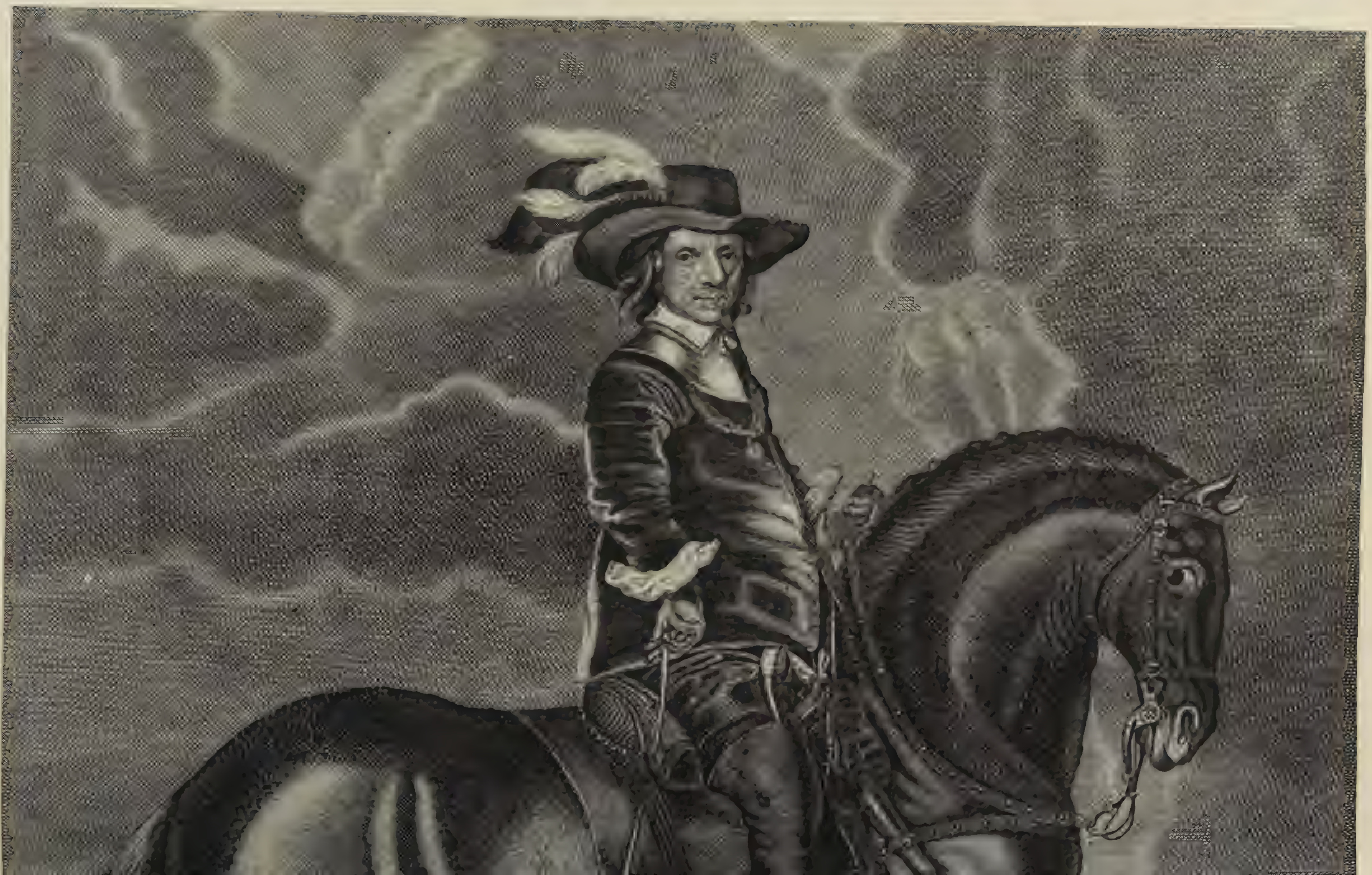
Thus I have given thee an exact account and perfect Relation of the Life and Death of Richard Brandon, to the end that the World may be convinc'd of those calumnious speeches and erroneous suggestions which are dayly spit from the mouth of Envy against divers persons of great worth and eminency, by casting an odium upon them for the executing of the king; it being now made manifest, that the aforesaid executioner was the only man who gave the fatall blow, and his man that wayted upon him, was a ragman (of the name of Ralph Jones) living in Rosemary Lane.

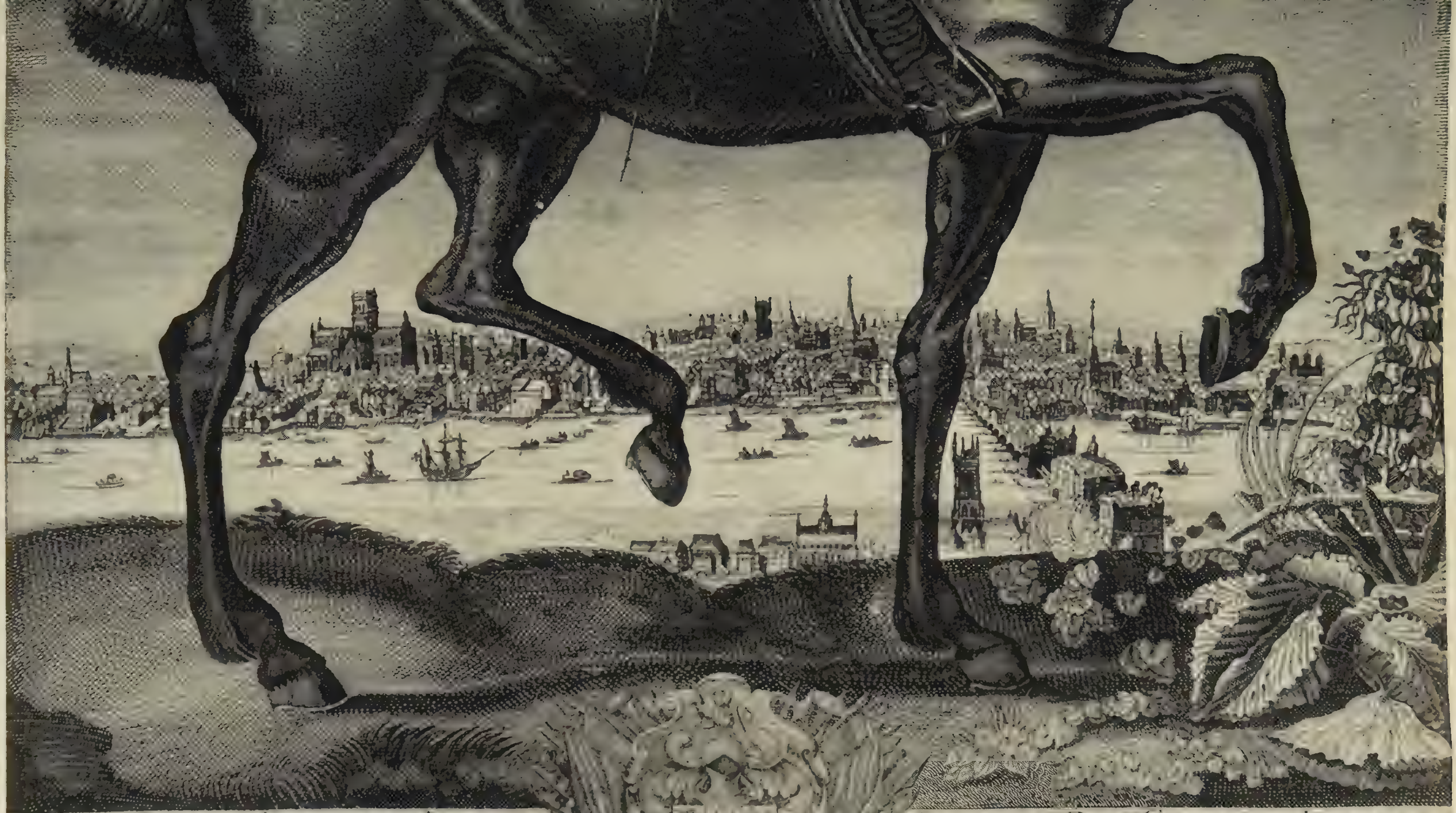
GROUP XII.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

1. Extract from Sir Ph. Warwick's Memoirs. (Edition of 1702, p. 247.)

I have no mind to give an ill character of Cromwell; for in his conversation towards me he was ever friendly; tho' at the latter end of the day finding me ever incorrigible, and having some inducements to suspect me a tamperer, he was sufficiently rigid. The first time that ever I took notice of him was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myselfe a courtly young Gentleman: (for we Courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good cloaths). I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a Gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled: for it was a plain cloth-sute, which seemed to have bin made by an ill country-taylor; his linen was plain and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood on his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hatt was without a hatt-band, his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor; for the subject matter would not bear much of reason; it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynn's, who had disperst libells against the Queen for her dancing and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the Council-Table unto that height, that one would have believed the very Government it selfe had been in great danger by it. I sincerely professe it lessened much my reverence unto that great councill; for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I liv'd to see this very gentlemen, whom out of no ill-will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good successes and by real (but usurpt) power: (having had





OLIVARIVS CROMWELL EXERCITVVM ANGLIÆ REIPVBLICÆ DVX GENERALIS LOCVM-
TENENS ET GUBERNATOR HIBERNIÆ OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ CANCELLARIVS.

Cernimus hic omni Caput admirabile Mundo:
Quod Reges, Populi, Barbarieſq; ſtupent.
Regibus Hic Frater, Populis Pater, Hoſtis, multam
Barbariem, verâ Religione, domat.

Nullus Ille timet quàm Summi Numinis arma
Non timet, at Pacem Cuilibet enſe parat.
Quis dubitat? Sacro hoc ſi pergat Flumine Victor,
Quin ſubitò Mœnia de Babylon

a better taylor, and more converse among good company) in mine owne eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his serjeant's hands, and dayly waited at Whitehall, appeare of a great and majestick deportment and comely presence. Of him therefore I will say no more, but that verily I believe he was extraordinarily designed for those extraordinary things, which one while most wickedly and facinorously he acted, and at another as successfully and greatly performed.

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2. Extracts from Ludlow Memoirs, (Oxford, 1894).

1648. May 21.

In the mean time Lieutenant-General Cromwel not forgetting himself, procured a meeting of divers leading men amongst the Presbyterians and Independents, both members of Parliament and ministers, at a dinner in Westminster, under pretence of endeavoring a reconciliation between the two parties. . . . Another conference he contrived to be held in King Street between those called the grandees of the house and army, and the Commonwealths-men. . . . The Commonwealths-men declared that monarchy was neither good in itsself, nor for us. . . . Notwithstanding what was said, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, not for want of conviction, but in hopes to make a better bargain with another party, professed himself unresolved, and having learned what he could of the principles and inclinations of those present at the conference, took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs; but I overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired. . . .

Lieutenant-General Cromwell, who had made it his usual practice to gratify enemies even with the oppression of those who were by principle his friends, began again to court the Commonwealth party, inviting some of them to confer with him at his chamber: with which acquainting me the next time he came to the House of Commons, I took the freedom to tell him, that he knew how to cajole and give them good words when he had occasion to make use of them; whereat breaking out into a rage, he said they were a proud sort of people and only considerable in their own conceits. I told him it was no new thing to hear truth calumniated, and that tho the Commonwealths-men were fallen under his displeasure, I would take the liberty to say that they had always been and ever would be considerable where there was not a total defection from honesty, generosity, and all true vertue, which I hoped was not yet our case.

1651.

. . . General Cromwel had long been suspected by wise and good men; but he had taken such care to form and mould the army to his humor and interests, that he had filled all places either with his own creatures, or with such as hoped to share with him in the sovereignty, and removed those who foreseeing his design, had either the courage or honesty to oppose him in it. His pernicious intentions did not discover themselves openly until after the battel at Worcester, which in one of his letters to the Parliament he called the Crowning Victory. At the same time when he dismissed the militia, who had most readily offered themselves to serve the Commonwealth against the Scots, he did it with anger and contempt, which was all the acknowledgment they could obtain from him for their service and affection to the publick cause. In a word, so much was he elevated with that success, that Mr. Hugh Peters, as he since told me, took so much notice of it, as to say in confidence to a friend upon the road in his return from Worcester, that Cromwel would make himself king. He now began to despise divers members of the House whom he had formerly courted, and grew most familiar with those whom he used to show most aversion to.

1653, April 20.

The Parliament now perceiving to what kind of excesses the madness of the army was like to carry them, resolved to leave as a legacy to the people the Government of a Commonwealth by their representatives, when assembled in Parliament, and in the intervals thereof by a Council of State, chosen by them, and to continue till the meeting of the next succeeding Parliament, to whom they were to give an account of their conduct and management. To this end they resolved, without any further delay, to pass the Act for their own dissolution; of which Cromwel having notice, makes haste to the House, where he sat down and heard the debate for some time. Then calling to Major-General Harrison, who was on the other side of the House, to come to him, he told him, that he judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution, and this to be the time of doing it.

The Major-General answered, as he since told me: 'Sir, the work is very great and dangerous, therefore I desire you seriously to consider of it before you engage in it.' 'You say well,' replied the General, and thereupon sat still for about a quarter of an hour; and then the question for passing the Bill being to be put, he said again to Major-General Harrison, 'This is the time I must do it;' and suddenly standing up, made a speech, wherein he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, charging them not to have a heart to do anything for the publick good, to have espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression, accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, had they not been forced to the passing of this Act, which he affirmed they designed never to observe, and thereupon told them, that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work that were more worthy. This he spoke with so much passion and discomposure of mind as if he had been distracted. Sir Peter Wentworth stood up to answer him, and said, that this was the first time that ever he had heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged: but as he was going on the General stept into the midst of the house, where, continuing his distracted language, he said, 'Come, come, I will put an end to your prating;' then walking up and down the House like a madman, and kicking the ground with his feet, he cried out, 'You are no Parliament, I say you are no Parliament; I will put an end to your sitting; call them in, call them in:' whereupon the sergeant attending the Parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley with two files of musqueteers entred the House; which Sir Henry Vane observing from his place, said aloud, 'This is not honest, yea it is against morality and common honesty.' Then Cromwel fell a railing at him, crying out with a loud voice, 'O Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane.' Then looking upon one of the members he said, 'There sits a drunkard;' and giving much reviling language to others, he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, 'What shall we do with this bauble? here, take it away.' Having brought all into this disorder Major-General Harrison went to the Speaker as he sat in the chair, and told him, that seeing things were reduced to this pass, it would not be convenient for him to remain there. The Speaker answered that he would not come down unless he were forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you my hand;' and thereupon putting his hand within his, the Speaker came down. Then Cromwel applied himself to the members of the House, who were in number between eighty and a hundred, and said to them, 'It's you that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.' . . . Cromwel having acted this treacherous and impious part, ordered the guard to see the House cleared of all the members, and then seized upon the records that were there, and at Mr. Scobell's house. After which he went to the clerk, and snatching the act of Dissolution, which was ready to pass, out of his hand, he put it under his cloak, and having commanded the doors to be locked up, went away to Whitehall.

1653.

. . . After a few days a council of field-officers was summoned, where Major-General Lambert having rehearsed the several steps and degrees by which things had been brought to the present state wherein they were, and pressed the necessity incumbent upon the army to provide something in the room of what was lately taken away, presented to them a paper intituled, 'An Instrument of Government,' which he read in his place. Some of the officers being convinced that the contents of this Instrument tended to the sacrificing all our labours to the lust and ambition of a single person, began to declare their unwillingness to concur in it. . . . This Instrument appointed the legislative power to be in the Representatives of the people and the Protector; that a Parliament should be chosen every three years, which should sit five months, if they thought fit, without any interruption: that their first meeting should be on the thirteenth of September next ensuing: that the members of whom the Parliament was to consist, should be chosen by the people: that whatsoever they would have enacted, should be presented to the Protector for his consent. . . . It provided also that all writs should issue out in the Protector's name: that most of the magistrates should be appointed, and all honours conferred by him: that he should have the power of the militia by sea and land: that in the intervals of Parliament the nation should be governed by the Protector and his council. . . .

Things being thus prepared, the Mayor and Aldermen of London were required to attend at Whitehall in their scarlet gowns. . . . After the General had heard the Instrument of Government read, and taken the oath as directed in the close of the said Instrument, Major-General Lambert kneeling presented him with a sword in the scabbard, representing the civil sword; which Cromwel accepting, put off his own, intimating thereby that he would no longer rule by the military sword, tho' like a false hypocrite he designed nothing more.

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3. Speech of Cromwell on opening the Parliament of 1654. (In Whitelocke Memorials. Vol. IV. p. 133.)

After the sermon . . . his highness [Cromwell] went in the same equipage to the painted chamber, where he was seated in a chair of state set upon steps, and the members upon benches round about sat all bare; all being silent, his highness put off his hat, and made a large and subtle speech to them:

He told them the danger of the levelling principles, and of the fifth-monarchy opinions, and of the form of godliness, and the great judgment that hath been upon this nation of ten years' civil war. . . .

The common enemy in the meantime sleeps not, swarms of Jesuits come over, and have their consistories abroad to rule all the affairs of England and the dependancies thereof. . . .

In such an heap of confusion was this poor nation; and that it might not sink into a confusion from these premises a remedy must be applied. A remedy hath been applied, this government. A thing that . . . is calculated for the interest of the people, for their interest alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. . . .

It hath put a stop to that heady way, for every man that will to make himself a preacher, having endeavored to settle a way for approbation of men of piety and fitness for the work. . . .

It hath taken care to expunge men unfit for that work, who have been the common scorn and reproach to that administration. . . .

One thing more: it hath been instrumental to call a free parliament; blessed be God, we see here this day a free parliament; and that it may continue so, I hope, is in the heart of every good man of England: for my own part, as I desired it above my life, so to keep it free I shall value it above my life. . . .

These things [treaties, etc.] which I have before mentioned, are but entrances and doors of hope; you are brought to the edge of Canaan, (into which many that have gone before could not enter,) but if the blessing and presence of God go along with you in management of your affairs; I make no question but he will enable you to lay the topstone of this work. . . .

The great end of calling this parliament is, that the work of God may go on, that the ship of this commonwealth may be brought into a safe harbour. . . .

I shall conclude with my persuasion to you, to have a sweet, gracious, and holy understanding one of another, and put you in mind of the counsel you heard this day in order thereunto. And I desire you to believe that I speak not to you as one that would be a lord over you, but as one that is resolved to be a fellow-servant with you to the interest of this great affair.

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2. Proceedings of the Parliament of 1654. (From Journal of Guibon Goddard. Printed with Burton's Diary. London, 1828.)

Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1654.

The House met, and first called over all their members, and then the defaulters, of which there were not above three score, of such as were returned. . . .

. . . Occasion was taken by some members to tell us that, until that time they had not so much as heard the name of my Lord Protector within those walls, and intimating, as if there had been some reflections upon the Government. . . . They therefore, (from Court especially, and from the soldiery and lawyers,) pressed hard, that the Government, or Instrument of Government, might be speedily taken into consideration, and some return made to my Lord Protector, of thankfulness for his late speech.

Sept. 6. The House being met, and the order for taking the Government into consideration being first read, it was moved by some, that there was something that lay in the way which might hinder the freedom of that debate, namely, an Ordinance, so called, made by the Lord Protector and his council, whereby it was made High Treason for any man to speak against the present Government.

Which occasioned many discourses concerning the freedom of speech in Parliament, it being alleged, that that was the first-born privilege of a parliament, and the very heart-strings of it. In fine it was so allowed on all sides, and that no law or power from without could impeach any member, for any syllable spoken within those walls. . . .

Sept. 7.

The debate of the main question was taken up [whether the Government by a single person and a Parliament should be approved]. . . .

Much debate was about the word "approving" in the question, as if it were not Parliamentary, nor for the honour of the House, to approve of anything which takes not its foundation and rise from themselves. . . . Instead of "a single person and a Parliament," they would have "the Parliament" preferred, and the words stand, "that the Government should be in the Parliament of the people of England etc. *and* a single person, qualified with such instructions as the Parliament should think fit." Which last words were exceedingly pressed to be added; and plainly the generality of voices and sense of the House seemed to incline that way.

Sept. 9.

It now began to be visible, that the interest of the single person did plainly lose ground; for not only the word "approved" was disrelished on all hands, but they began to break the question, and to distinguish the word "Government" into the legislative power and the executive power. The first was generally thought, with all the reason in the world, to be the right of the Parliament alone, without communicating the least part of it to any single person in the world. . . .

Sunday, Sept. 10.

The parsons generally prayed for the Parliament to strengthen their hands and enlarge their hearts; to send them that had wisdom, zeal; and them that had zeal, wisdom; but not much concerning the single person, as was observed.

Sept. 11.

The House . . . was resolved again into a Grand Committee to debate the former question; wherein the House did proceed with a great deal of ingenuity, modesty, and candour; and this cannot be denied, but [is] fit to be remembered to all ages. It was agreed on all hands . . . that in the consideration of this question, two things were to be considered of, *verum*, *et bonum*.

The *verum*, that is the truth of it was, that the legislative power was in the House of Commons, in Parliament alone, and so was acknowledged and settled. But for the *bonum* of it, whether it were now convenient or expedient, *per hic et nunc*. That was very advisable. The arguments on both sides, were rationally and prudentially urged. . . .

Sept. 12th . . . going by water to Westminster, I was told that the Parliament doors were locked up and guarded with soldiers, and the barges were to attend the Protector to the Painted chamber. As I went, I saw two barges at the Privy Stairs. Being come to the Hall, I was confirmed in what I had heard. Nevertheless, I did purpose not to take things merely upon trust, but would receive an actual repulse, to confirm my faith.

Accordingly, I attempted up the Parliament stairs, but there was a guard of soldiers, who told me there was no passage that way; that the House was locked up, and command given to give no admittance to any. That, if I were a member, I might go to the Painted chamber, where the Protector would presently be.

The mace was taken away by Commissary-general Whalley. The Speaker and all the members were walking up and down the Hall, the Court of Requests, and the Painted chamber, expecting the Protector's coming; the passages there, being likewise guarded with soldiers.

The Protector coming about ten of the clock, attended with his officers, life-guard, and halberds, he took his place upon the scaffold, where it was before, and made a speech of about an hour and a half long, wherein he did not forbear to tell us, that he did expect and hope for better fruit and effect of our last meeting in that place than he had yet found; that he perceived there was a necessity upon him to magnify, as he called it, his office. He told us a large series of the providences of God and the suffrages of the people, which were so many witnesses, evidences, and seals, of his calling to the government, and which did cause him to put a greater value upon his title so derived, than upon the broken hereditary title of any prince whatsoever. That having received his office from God and from the people, he was resolved never to part with it, until God and the people should take it from him.

That it could not be expected, when he told us before that we were a free Parliament, that he meant it otherwise free than as it should act under that government. That those pitiful forwardnesses and peevishnesses, which were abroad, he valued no more than the motes in the sun. But that the Parliament should now dispute his office under whose authority we were then met, was a great astonishment to him.

That he was unwilling to break privileges; but necessity had no law.

He told us, he had ordered the Parliament doors to be locked up and guarded; and had appointed an officer to take subscriptions to a recognition of his authority; which being done might give us an entrance. Which being said, we were dismissed about eleven o'clock.

His party, that is, courtiers and officers of the army, and some others, presently subscribed. Before they adjourned, which was about twelve of the clock, there were about one hundred subscriptions; which being entered, they sent for the Speaker, who came, subscribed, entered, and adjourned until two of the clock.

In the meantime, the rest of the members consulted one another's judgments. I went to see what it was that we were to subscribe unto. It was written in a long piece of parchment in these words, or to that effect, viz.:—

"I do hereby freely promise and engage, that I will be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, and that according to the tenor of the indentures whereby I am returned to serve in this present Parliament, I will not propose, or consent to alter the government as it is settled in a sole person and the Parliament."

Our Norfolk members did not presently subscribe, saving only Mr. Frere, who instantly subscribed it. The rest of our members did most of us dine together, purposely to consult what was fittest to be done in so great an exigent, in order to the discharge of our trust. And, truly, the subscription was, in effect, no more than what we were restrained unto by our indentures, and the thing would be done without us, and we had fairly contended for it: we had not given the question, but it was forced from us, and we were told that plainly it must be so. For these and several other considerations and reasons, which we thought ought to prevail with men preferring the peace of our countries and the safety of our people immediately concerned in this affair, before passions and humours, we thought fit rather to give way to the present necessity, and to comply with it by submitting than refusing. Accordingly we did subscribe, all except Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Church. And although we condemn the breach of privilege as much as any, yet we doubt not but to acquit ourselves to God, and to our country, in so doing, rather than to put the nation into another combustion and confusion.

After we had subscribed, we went into the House, and after some expressions of tenderness and respects to our fellow members without, we adjourned until Thursday morning, the next day, Wednesday, being the Fast. . . .

Nov. 10th, 1654. . . . It was voted: . . . That all bills agreed unto by the Parliament shall be presented to the said single person for his consent. And, in case he shall not give his consent thereunto, within twenty days after they shall be presented to him, or give satisfaction to the Parliament within the time limited, that then such bills shall pass into, and become laws, although he shall not give his consent thereunto. Provided such Bills contain nothing in them contrary to such matters wherein the Parliament shall think fit to give a negative to the Lord Protector.

. . . The Court-party, against whom the vote was carried, were so much dissatisfied, and, indeed, so impatient that . . . it was said by them, that this vote had destroyed the Government. The very foundation upon which we rest would receive so great a wound by it, as nothing now that we could do, subsequently, could cure it. We had, as much as a vote could do, unmade the Protector. So fatal, and so mortal was this wound to the Government, in the opinion of some, that one, a person of honour and nobility, did wish he could have redeemed that wound with a pound of the best blood in his body.

It was often and soberly pressed by the other side, that they saw no cause for such tragical apprehensions, that the fears seemed panic, and the wound they spake of, invisible. . . . Yet nothing would satisfy the court-party, but in great confusion and discontent, they cried out for an adjournment, giving the whole business lost, and presaging an ominous and sudden dissolution.

But, after some heats were over, the more moderate of either side fell to expedients. Amongst which, some were inconsequent things, and destructive wholly to the former vote. But, in fine . . . it was proposed,

1. To change the word "give" [Parliament shall think fit to *give* a negative, etc.] into "declare."

2. Whereas Parliament is named alone in the proviso to declare the negatives, it was desired that the single person might be joined with them. . . .

Saturday, Nov. 11.

It was moved that the former amendments be added to the former vote of yesterday. Some, to further the motion, pretended that they themselves had been, the night before, surprised in the question and did not think it had carried such a consequence in the manner of it. Others talked of fears and imminent dangers. To both which, a member replied, something earnestly, saying, as to the first, he conceived it not Parliamentary, to retract a vote upon a *non putarem;* for such as sate there were all supposed to be wise men, *et incipientis est*, *dicere non putarem*, and for the other arguments, of fears and jealousies, he conceived they were bugbears and brain-squirts, things not to affright such an assembly into any change in their councils; which gave such offence and scandal to the court-party, as they questioned the gentleman for it.

Some ado there was to have had him to the bar; but some excused him, and one especially, tartly enough, upon that old ground of *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, which was, a Rowland for an Oliver. Others desired that he might but explain himself. To which it was answered, that that needed not. The gentleman that spoke before, had done it for him.

After they had made themselves a little merry with these puns, at length they fell into a more serious consideration of the point. . . .

At length the question was put for the amendment. It was agreed unto, nemime contradicente, so as the proviso then amended ran thus:—

Provided that such Bills contain nothing in them contrary to such matters wherein the said single person and the Parliament shall think fit to declare a negative to be in the said single person.

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4. Extracts from Ludlow.

1655.

. . . (Cromwell) next asked me, wherefore I would not engage not to act against the present Government, telling me, that if Nero were in power, it would be my duty to submit. To which I replied, that I was ready to submit, and could truly say, that I knew not of any design against him. 'But,' said I, 'if Providence open a way, and give an opportunity of appearing in behalf of the people, I cannot consent to tie my own hands beforehand, and oblige myself not to lay hold on it.' 'However,' said he, 'it is not reasonable to suffer one that I distrust to come within my house, till he assure me he will do no mischief.' I told him I was not accustomed to go to any house unless I expected to be welcome; neither had I come hither but upon a message from him, and that I desired nothing but a little liberty to breathe in the air, to which I conceived I had an equal right with other men. He then fell to inveigh bitterly against Major Wildman, as the author of the petition from the army before-mentioned, reviling him with unhandsom words, and saying he deserved to be hanged; and that he must secure me also, if I would not oblige myself never to act against him. I told him I had gone as far as I could in that engagement which I had given to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood; and if that were not thought sufficient, I resolved with God's assistance to suffer any extremities that might be imposed upon me. 'Yes,' said he, 'we know your resolution well enough, and we have cause to be as stout as you; but I pray who spoke of your suffering?' 'Sir,' said I, 'if I am not deceived, you mentioned the securing of my person.' 'Yea,' said he, 'and great reason there is why we should do so; for I am ashamed to see that engagement which you have given to the Lieutenant-General, which would be more fit for a General who should be taken prisoner, and that hath yet an army of thirty thousand men in the field, than for one in your condition.' I answered that it was as much as I could consent to give. . . .

1656.

. . . About the same time Mr. Peters, who still kept fair with those at Whitehall, made me a visit; and in our conversation about the public affairs I freely told him my opinion concerning the actions of Cromwel, endeavoring to make him sensible not only of his injustice, but great imprudence, thus to sacrifice the common cause to his ambition, and by every step he had lately taken to strengthen the common enemy, whereby he would undoubtedly open a way for the return of the family of the late king, who would not fail to do all that revenge could inspire them with: whereas if he had made use of his power to establish the just liberties of the nation, or could yet be persuaded so to do, he might live more honoured and esteemed, have the pleasure and satisfaction arising from so generous an action when he died, and leave his own family, together with the whole body of the people, in a most happy and flourishing condition. He confessed that what I had said was most true, but added, that there was not a man about him who had courage enough to tell him so: that for his part he had observed him immediately after the victory at Worcester to be so elevated, that he then began to fear what has since come to pass; and that he told a friend with whom he then quartered in his return to London, that he was inclined to believe Cromwel would endeavor to make himself king.

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5. Extracts from Evelyn's Diary.

April 9, 1655.

I went to see ye greate ship newly built by the usurper Oliver, carrying 96 brasse guns, and 1000 tons burthen. In ye prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling 6 nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; ye word, *God with us.*

March 25th, 1657.

. . . The Protector Oliver, now affecting kingship, is petition'd to take the title on him by all his new-made sycophant lords, etc. but dares not for feare of the phanatics, not thoroughly purg'd out of his rebell army.

Dec. 25th, 1657.

. . . I went to London with my wife, to celebrate Christmas-day, Mr. Gunning preaching. . . . As he was giving us ye holy sacrament, the chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them. . . . In the afternoone came Col. Whaley, Goffe, and others from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to ye Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why, contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe ye superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but ye masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Steuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Steuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatning; and finding no colour to detaine me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance.

These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office of Communion, as perhaps not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day, blessed be God.

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6. Extracts from Ludlow.

1658.

. . . After the death of Mrs. Cleypole it was observed that Cromwel grew melancholy, and also distempered with divers infirmities, particularly a malignant humour in his foot; which hindring him from the exercises of walking or riding abroad, he obliged his physicians to endeavor to disperse it, which they endeavoring to do, drove it upwards to his heart. By this means he became desperately sick; and as some about him had for a long time deceived others, so they now endeavoured to impose upon God himself. For Dr. Goodwin, his creature and trencher-chaplain, used this expression in his prayer during the time of his sickness; 'Lord, we beg not for his recovery, for that Thou hast already granted, and assured us of, but for his speedy recovery.' At this time I was in the county of Essex, and according to a former resolution I had taken, went to London to attend my father Oldsworth, and to bring him into the country, whither he designed to come with my mother Ludlow. On the Monday afternoon I set forward on my journey, the morning proving so tempestuous that the horses were not able to draw against it; so that I could reach no farther than Epping that night. By this means I arrived not at Westminster till Tuesday about noon, when passing by Whitehall, notice was immediately given to Cromwel, that I was come to town. Whereupon he sent for Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and ordered him to enquire concerning the reasons of my coming in such haste, and at such a time. The Lieutenant-General accordingly desired by a message that I would come to him the next morning, which I did, and understood from him that Cromwel suspected I was come with a design to raise some disturbance in the army, and that he was desirous to know the occasion of my journey. I assured him that as it was not in my power to cause any commotion in the army, so neither was it in my thoughts at this time; and that I came to town in order to bring our family together into the country, according to a resolution taken a month since, and before I heard of Cromwel's indisposition. He then told me, that the Protector had been ill, but that it was now hoped he was recovering. I said, that I wished him so well, that I was not desirous he should die in the way he was in at present, and assured him, that I should be glad of the prolongation of his life, if he would employ it to the publick good, which ought to be more dear to us than life itself.

At Whitehall they were unwilling to have it known that he was so dangerously ill . . . certain it is that the Commissioners were not admitted till the Friday following, when the symptoms of death were apparent upon him, and many ministers and others assembled in a chamber at Whitehall, praying for him, whilst he manifested so little remorse of conscience for his betraying the publick cause, and sacrificing it to the idol of his own ambition, that some of his last words were rather becoming a mediator than a sinner, recommending to God the condition of the nation that he had so infamously cheated, and expressing a great care of the people whom he had so manifestly despised. But he seemed above all concerned for the reproaches he said men would cast upon his name, in trampling on his ashes when dead. In this temper of mind he departed this life about two in the afternoon; and the news of his death being brought to those who were met together to pray for him, Mr. Sterry stood up and desired them not to be troubled. For, said he, 'this is good news; because if he was of great use to the people of God when he was amongst us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to Heaven to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us and to be mindful of us on all occasions.'

. . . One of the first acts of the new government was, to order the funeral of the late usurper; and the Council having resolved that it should be very magnificent, the care of it was referred to a committee of them, who sending for Mr. Kinnersly master of the wardrobe, desired him to find out some precedent by which they might govern themselves in this important affair. After examination of his books and papers, Mr. Kinnersly, who was suspected to be inclined to popery, recommended to them the solemnities used upon the like occasion for Philip the Second, King of Spain, who had been represented to be in purgatory for about two months. In the like manner was the body of this great reformer laid in Somerset-House: the apartment was hung with black, the day-light was excluded, and no other but that of wax tapers to be seen. This scene of purgatory continued till the first of November, which being the day preceding that commonly called All Souls, he was removed into the great hall of the said house, and represented in effegie, standing on a bed of crimson velvet covered with a gown of the like coloured velvet, a scepter in his hand, and a crown on his head. That part of the hall wherein the bed stood was railed in, and the rails and ground within them covered with crimson velvet. Four or five hundred candles set in flat shining candle-sticks were so placed round near the roof of the hall, that the light they gave seemed like the rays of the sun: by all which he was represented to be now in a state of glory. This folly and profusion so far provoked the people, that they threw dirt in the night on his escucheon that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House. I purposely omit the rest of the pageantry, the great number of persons that attended on the body, the procession to Westminster, the vast expence in mourning, the state and magnificence of the monument erected for him, with many other things that I care not to remember.

GROUP XIII.

SPECIMENS OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

Extracts from Goddard's and Burton's Diaries. (London, 1828.)

Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1656.

Resolved, that the consideration of the laws touching profane swearing, and the defects therein, be referred to the Committee for alehouses and drunkenness. . . .

That it be referred to the . . . Committee [on servants' wages], to take into consideration the habits and fashions of servants and labourers, and to prepare a Bill for the remedying the abuses therein. . . .

Thursday, 9th.

Ordered, that Sir Thomas Honywood, a member of this House, have leave to go into the country for fourteen days, to bring up his lady and family.

Thursday, 16th.

Ordered that it be referred to a Committee, to revise the statutes touching wandering, idle, loose and dissolute persons, beggars, rogues and vagabonds. . . .

That it be referred to the same Committee, to consider of, and provide a Bill, for redress of the evils, by such persons as live at very high rates, and have no visible estate, profession, or calling suitable thereunto. . . .

Monday, 20th.

. . . Colonel Jephson acquainted the House with a book delivered at the door, in print, entituled "Thunder from the Throne of God, against the Temples of Idols," with an epistle in it directed to his Highness, the Lord Protector, and the Parliament of England; which epistle was now read.

Resolved, that Samuel Chidley be called in, to the bar. And he was, accordingly, called in. And being come to the bar, the book was showed him, who acknowledged he wrote the epistle; and doth own it, and all that is in it; and owns the book too, and all in it, the printer's errors excepted.

Ordered, that this book, entituled "Thunder from the Throne of God, against the Temples of Idols," and the epistle of it, be referred to a committee, viz.: to Lord Commissioner Whitlock, etc. . . .

Resolved, that Samuel Chidley be committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms attending this House.

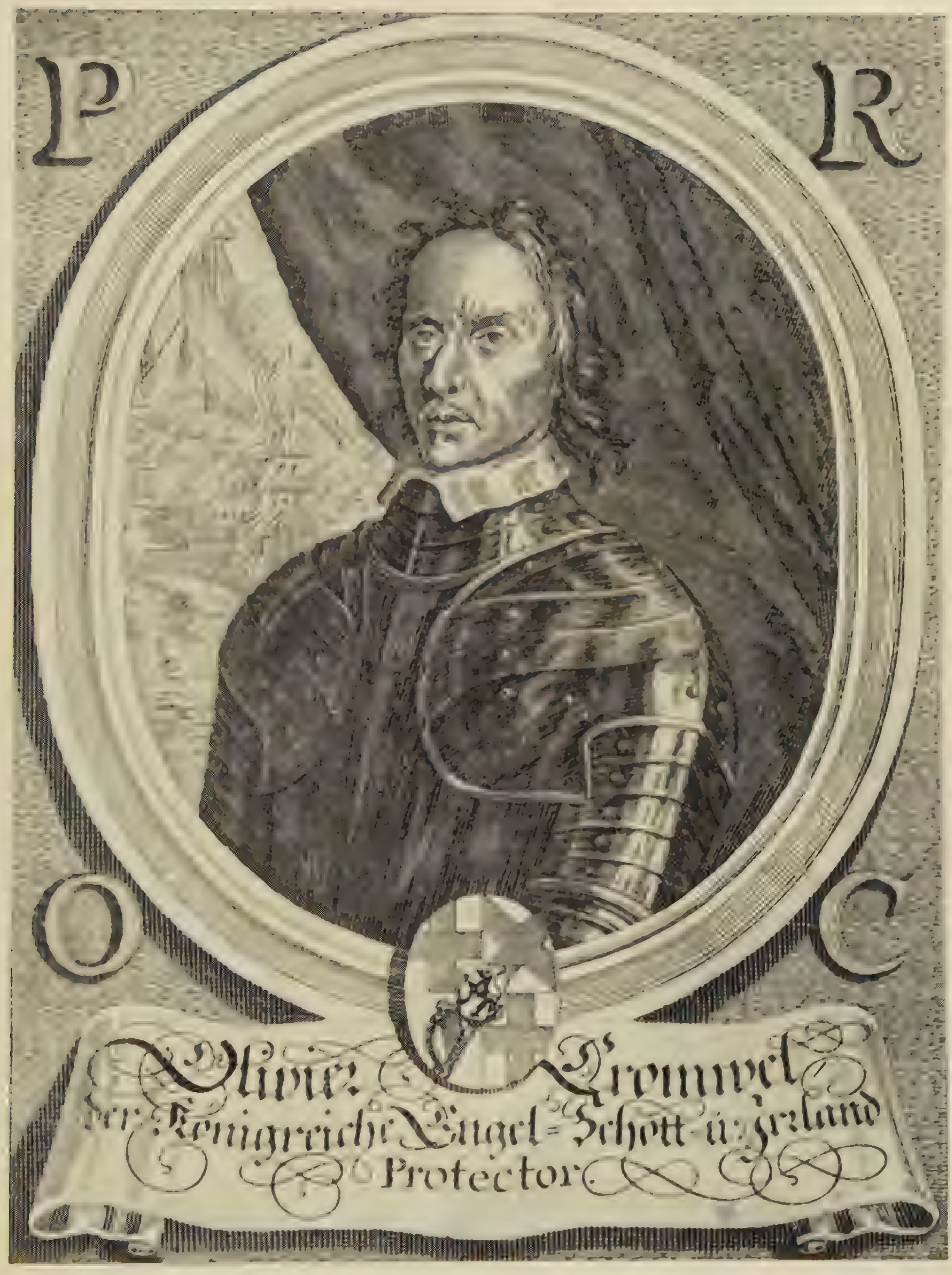
Friday, Nov. 21.

Resolved, that no member of the House do remain in the Committee Chambers, during the time of prayers.

Nov. 27.

The Serjeant brings word, that Serjeant Dendy was at the door with a message from his Highness. And, thereupon he was called in. And, having made two obeisances to the House, when he came into the middle of the House, with his mace in his hand, he declared to Mr. Speaker, that he was commanded by his Highness the Lord Protector, to let this House know that his Highness is in the Painted Chamber, and desires to speak with this honourable House. And thereupon withdrew.

Which being done, Mr. Speaker, attended with the whole House, the Clerk with the Bills in his hand, and the Serjeant with his mace . . . went up to the Painted Chamber; where his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Protector.

Highness, attended with the Lord President and the rest of the Council [etc., etc.] were expecting. . . .

The Speaker addressed himself to his Highness, and gave an account of the employment of the House during their sitting; and that many Bills for the public good were upon the anvil. . . .

After which the Clerk read the title of the first Bill. . . . Which Bill his Highness caused to be read; and upon reading thereof, declared to the Clerk his consent to the same, in these words, "We do consent." And, thereupon, the Clerk made an entry thereof on the Bill, in these words, "The Lord Protector doth consent." . . .

The titles of the rest of the public Bills, first, and then the private Bills, were read. And to each of them his Highness's consent thereunto declared, entered, and published as before.

. . . His Highness having made a short speech, the Speaker, with the rest of the members, departed in the like order as they came thither, to the Parliament House. . . .

Dec. 5th.

. . . Mr. Fowell reported the bill from the committee, with amendments, touching rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. . . .

Second Amendment, "Being wandering ten miles from his habitation."

Second Amendment excepted against for too great a distance. . . .

Major Audley. If you leave it in the power of justices to judge who shall be wanderers, for ought I know I myself may be whipped, if I be found but ten miles from my own house, unless the justice of the peace will allow my excuse. . . .

Sir Richard Onslow and *Mr. Highland.* If you make new wanderers and vagabonds, other than ever our ancestors knew of, let us know what they are. . . . By these *terminis generalibus*, any man may be adjudged by the justice to be a vagrant.

Colonel Edwards. They have chain enough, keep them within their compass. If they know they have ten miles to rove in, by this means you give them forty miles circumference.

Resolved, Not to agree with the committee in ten miles distance. . . .

Dr. Clarges. Give liberty for five miles, that you may suppress the Quakers, who greatly increase, and pester and endanger the Commonwealth.

Major Audley. Ascertain what this *individuum vagum* is, lest it be *quidam homo*, any man. I would have the persons ascertained. If they be Quakers, I could freely give my consent that they should be whipped. . . .

Sir Thomas Wroth. Harpers should be included.

Mr. ——. Pipers should be comprehended.

Alderman Foote. I hope you intend not to include the *waits* of the City of London, which are a great preservation of men's houses in the night.

Sir William Strickland. The general word minstrel will be best; for if you go to enumerate, they will devise new instruments.

Mr. Butler. Music is a lawful science, and I love it; but in regard you restrain it to those places, I think the general word will serve well enough.

Mr. Highland. Add singing as well as playing.

Colonel Whetham. I hope you will not deprive men of their voices.

Mr. Speaker. Singing is a natural, playing an artificial music. . . .

Resolved, To agree with the Committee in all the amendments. . . .

Mr. Bampfield offered a report from James Nayler's Committee. . . .

A Short history of Nayler's Life.

. . . 4. After he (Nayler) had been up and down, he went to visit the Quakers in Cornwall, where he was committed as a wanderer. . . .

The articles against him read, and summed thus—That he assumed the gesture, words, names, and attributes of our Saviour Christ.

Major-General Skippon. I do not marvel at this silence. Every man is astonished to hear this report. I am glad it is come hither. I hope it will mind you to look about you now. It is now come to your doors, to know how you that bear witness of Christ, do relish such things. God's displeasure will be upon you if you do not lay out your especial endeavours in the things of God; not to postpone them. You are cumbered about many things, but I may truly say this, *unum necessarium.*

It has been always my opinion, that the growth of these things is more dangerous than the most intestine or foreign enemies. I have often been troubled in my thoughts to think of this toleration [of the Quakers]; I think I may call it so. Their great growth and increase is too notorious, both in England and Ireland; their principles strike both at ministry and magistracy. . . . I am as tender as any man, to lay impositions upon men's consciences, but in these horrid things. I have been always against laws for matters *ex post-facto;* but in this I am free to look back, for it is a special emergency. This offence is so high a blasphemy, that it ought not to be passed. For my part, I am of opinion that it is horrid blasphemy. . . .

Major-General Boteler. . . . We all sit here, I hope, for the glory of God. My ears did tingle, and my heart tremble, to hear the report. I am satisfied that there is too much of the report true. I have heard many of the blasphemies of this sort of people, but the like of this I never heard of. The punishment ought to be adequate to the offence. By the Mosaic law, blasphemers were to be stoned to death. . . . For my part, if this sentence should pass upon him, I could freely consent to it. . . .

They [the Quakers] are generally despisers of your Government, contemn your magistracy and ministry, and trample it under their feet.

The magistrate is to be a terror unto evil works. If we punish murder and witchcraft, and let greater offenses go, as heresies and blasphemy, which is under the same enumeration; for my part, I could never reconcile myself nor others to leave out the latter and punish the former offences. . . .

Mr. Downing. . . . You know what the Parliament did with a Strafford in civil cases, and what the Parliament has done against corrupt judges. If ever there was a business for a Parliament, this is it. To supplant your God, oh, horrid! . . .

Colonel White. There is something omitted in the Report which Nayler said, and that to me seemed as blasphemous as anything: that "the old bottles were broken, and new wine poured in;" intimating that he is the new Christ, and the old one laid aside. . . . If you make the sentence death, I think he very well deserves it. I shall give my Yea. . . .

Lord Stickland [after five others had spoken]. This seems not reasonable, that a man should first be condemned, and then heard. I would have him called to the bar, to hear what he will say to the Report.

Mr. Speaker [after four others]. If you call him to the bar, and he deny it, then you must go over all the charge and the evidence. . . .

Mr. Bampfield. . . . If either you refer it back again to the Committee, or call the party to the bar, you must travel into all the evidence, and so render the whole matter fruitless. He has been three times before us, and the Committee was every time more satisfied of the horridness of the blasphemy. . . .

Lord-Chief-Justice. . . . That which sticks with me is, whether there is a witness against him at all; not one against him upon oath. . . .

Major-General Packer. The Report is a sufficient charge against him. . . .

[After 18 other speeches the debate was adjourned to the next day. Lord Lambert had said about Nayler "He was two years my quartermaster, and a very useful person. We parted with him with great regret. He was a man of a very unblameable life and conversation, a member of a very sweet society of an independent church. How he comes (by pride or otherwise) to be puffed up to this opinion I cannot determine. . . . I shall be as ready to give my testimony against him as anybody, if it appear to be blasphemy."]

Dec. 6th.

Mr. Bampfield. The calling him to the bar is but a mean to delay the business. . . . He confessed that the woman [who was said to have worshipped him] said these words and expressions, which Mr. Piggott, by Providence, came to the Committee and informed; "Rise up, my love, my dove, my fairest one, why stayest thou amongst the pots;" only he denied the woman's kissing his hand.

Mr. Croke. . . . By all rules of law and justice, you ought first to call him to the bar; haply he may deny matter of fact, haply matter of law. He may say it is not blasphemy. . . .

Sir Gilbert Pickering. I move that it may be respited till Monday. It is now twelve, and it will take your time so long that you will be forced to sit as long as you did yesterday, which will not agree with many men's healths that are here. . . .

Resolved, That Nayler be forthwith called to the bar and have the charge read to him, whereunto he is to give his answer Yea or No. . . .

James Nayler being brought to the bar, refused to kneel or to put off his hat. The House agreed beforehand that they would not insist upon his kneeling . . . but commanded the serjeant to take off his hat.

. . . .

[After the hearing.]

Sir William Strickland. Nothing has been reported from the Committee, but is, to a grain, agreed by the party's own confession at the bar. . . . You have now hell groaning under expectation of this issue, what you will do in this business. . . .

Mr. Downing. You are judge and jury. You have heard the prisoner at the bar, and will you leave the business in the midst, after issue joined? . . . Are not juries kept without meat and drink; yea, carried from cart to cart, county to county, till they agree in lesser matters.

Mr. Speaker. I remember what a gentleman in another Parliament said of the result of our long debates, that it was but as the verdict of a starved jury. It will not be so with us, for many members have dined, though others fast. . . .

Dec. 8.

Lord Whitlock [author of the "Memorials"]. . . . To give a judgment in point of life, no law being in force to that purpose, my humble opinion is, to go by way of bill. . . . The Grand

Committee, if you please, may appoint the punishment. . . . The like case was the Bishop of Rochester's cook, who, by Act of Parliament, had new punishment appointed him (i. e.) to be boiled in a hot lead. . . .

Major Beake. I conceive you ought first to determine the offence, what it is, and then prepare a proportionable punishment. . . . I conceive the judgment of Parliament is so sovereign, that it may declare that to be an offence which never was an offence before. The Roman senate did the like in cases of parricide. . . .

Captain Baynes. . . . You saw how he behaved himself at the bar. Not a cap to you, though ye be gods in one sense; yet he will take cap, knee, kisses, and all reverence. His distinction of visible and invisible makes his blasphemy plain. . . . God could have made him a pillar of salt immediately, if he had pleased; have struck him dead, but he has left it to you to vindicate his honour and glory. Now see what you will do. This is the day of temptation and trial of your zeal. . . .

Lord President. This gentleman has spoken very zealously, yet they were honest men, too, that called for fire from Heaven, and we know how they were reproved. I have lived some time in the world, and seen what is abroad, and how careful wise men have been in proceeding in this kind.

I wonder why any man should be so amazed at this. Is not God in every horse, in every stone, in every creature? . . . If you hang every man that says, *Christ is in you the hope of glory*, you will hang a good many. . . . Read the Report over, and let every man give his reasons why such a part is blasphemy.

Major General Skippon. By the rule that this honourable person offers, none shall meddle at all in matters of religion. . . .

Mr. Bacon. . . . It is much controverted here, whether a law may be made for a matter *ex post facto.* Nothing more ordinary in a Parliament. Was it not the case of the Bishop of Rochester's cook? He made broth which poisoned all the family, and the beggars at the gates. Here was a law made, both for the offence and the punishment. . . .

Colonel Sydenham. . . . These Quakers, or Familists, affirm that Christ dwells personally in every believer. That which I fear is, to draw this down into precedent, for, by the same ground, you may proceed against all of that sect. Again, that which sticks most with me, is the nearness of this opinion to that which is a most glorious truth, that the spirit is personally in us. . . . If some of those Parliaments were sitting in our places, I believe they would condemn most of us for heretics. . . . I fear this long debate will make them without say, one half of the House are Quakers, the other half, anti-Quakers. . . .

Dr. Clarges [after six others]. . . . You have here before you the greatest matter that ever came before a Parliament. . . . I shall speak no more; but let us all stop our ears, and stone him —for he is guilty of horrid blasphemy; nothing so apparent. . . .

Resolved [after 31 other speeches] that this debate be adjourned till tomorrow morning.

Dec. 16. [After *11 days* of heated discussion.]

Colonel White. There has been enough said in this business. I desire you would put some Question or other. . . .

The question for the lesser punishment being read.

Colonel White proposed that his tongue might be bored through.

Colonel Barclay, that his hair might be cut off.

Major-General Haines, that his tongue might be slit or bored through, and that he might be stigmatized with the letter B. . . .

Major-General Whalley. Do not cut off his hair; that will make the people believe that the Parliament of England are of opinion that our Saviour Christ wore his hair so, and this will make all people in love with the fashion. . . .

Major-General Disbrowe. I doubt if you slit his tongue, you may endanger his life. It will be a death of a secret nature.

Mr. Downing. You ought to do something with that tongue that has bored through God. You ought to bore his tongue through. You punish a swearer so, and have some whipped through an affront to your members. . . .

Major Audley. It is an ordinary punishment for swearing. I have known twenty bored through the tongue.

Resolved. That his tongue be bored through.

Resolved. That he be marked with the letter B, in the forehead.

Major-General Whalley proposed, that his lips might be slitted.

Alderman Foote, that his head may be in the pillory, and that he be whipped from Westminster to the Old Exchange. . . .

Colonel Cromwell, that he may be whipped through the whole City from Westminster to Aldgate.

Major-General Goffe, that he may also be restrained from society of women, as well as from men. . . .

Colonel Shapcot, that his Bridewell may be at York, whence he came.

Mr. Speaker and *Sir Wm. Strickland.* He came not thence. I shall put it upon Bristol. . . .

Sir Gilbert Pickering. Either be strict in this or you do nothing, for certainly this of *Quakerism* is as infectious as the plague. And that not only men, but women be kept from him. I have told you, it is a woman that has done all the mischief.

Mr. Puller proposed, that he might be sent to Jamaica. . . .

Sir William Strickland. . . . I desire, rather, that he might be sent to Bristol.

Mr. Highland. Those that come out of the North, are the greatest pests of the nation. The diggers came thence.

Mr. Robinson. I hope that gentleman does not mean by his pests, all that come thence. He means not us, I hope. . . .

Resolved, that London be the place. . . .

Resolved, that James Nayler be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the New Palace Westminster, during the space of two hours on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets of Westminster to the old Exchange, London; and there likewise, to be set upon the pillory . . . in each of the said places, wearing a paper containing an inscription of his crimes: and that at the old Exchange, his tongue shall be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized . . . and that he be, afterwards, sent to Bristol and conveyed into and through the said city, on a horse bare ridged, with his face back . . . and . . . that he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and kept to hard labour till he be released by the Parliament: and, during that time, be debarred of the use of pen, ink, and paper, and have no relief but what he earns by his daily labour.

Dec. 25th.

. . . *Col. Matthews.* The House is thin; much, I believe, occasioned by observation of this day. I have a short Bill to prevent the superstition for the future. I desire it to be read.

Mr. Robinson. I could get no rest all night for the preparation of this foolish day's solemnity. . . . We are, I doubt, returning to Popery.

Sir William Strickland. It is a very fit time to offer the Bill, this day, to bear your testimony against it, since people observe it with more solemnity than they do the Lord's day. . . .

Major-General Packer, *Major Audley*, and *Sir Gilbert Pickering.* . . . You see how the people keep up these superstitious observations to your face. . . . One may pass from the Tower to Westminster and not a shop *open*, nor a creature stirring. . . .

Dec. 26th.

Mr. Speaker. . . . I must acquaint you with a letter from the Lord Protector.

"Having taken notice of a sentence by you, given against one James Nayler, albeit we do abhor such wicked opinions and practices, we, being interested in the Government, desire to know the grounds and reasons how you proceeded herein without our consent." [Consternation in the House.—Ed.]

. . . *Major Audley.* You ought not to have denied this person [Nayler] to have spoken when he desired it at the bar. Were he never so wicked, you ought to give him the liberty of an Englishman. I am satisfied, that though you have passed this sentence upon him, there may be much said against it. If he had been left to the law, it had been better. . . .

Mr. Lawrence . . . questioned the jurisdiction. He said there were but three powers; arbitrary, we would not own; legislative, is upon a joint authority by the Instrument. If by a judicatory power, we must have a law; otherwise our proceedings are not justifiable. . . .

Mr. Rouse. . . . Either you have done what you ought to have done in executing part of your sentence, or you have not. . . . If you have done what you cannot justify, you must be whipped for whipping James Nayler. It was but a mock punishment.

Colonel Holland. A merchant's wife told me that there was no skin left between his shoulders and his hips. It was no mock punishment. I could wish the business were ended amongst you, that the remainder of the punishment might be remitted, and that would give his Highness satisfaction.

Sir Christopher Peck. I shall acquaint you with what the gaoler told me. There were but three places where the skin was any way hurt or broken, and it was no bigger than a pin's head, This gentleman is surely misinformed.

Colonel Hewitson proposed, that a Committee might be appointed to find out a way how to give his Highness an account in this business. If the person was favoured in the punishment, it was the lenity of the executioner, not of the sentence. *I* was against it in my opinion.

Sir William Strickland. It is not possible for us to stop the foul mouths of such a wicked generation. We are convinced of the justice of our proceedings. . . .

Mr. Downing. I am sorry we have such a person in England as James Nayler, to give us all this trouble. Those that think his Highness's letter seems to question why we passed this sentence without his consent, are mistaken. . . .

Sir John Reynolds. . . . I think there was nothing of the punishment spared. . . . That is not the dispute before us. I would have us seriously to debate this matter, that we may give his Highness an account of it. The consequence is dangerous, if we should draw these things into precedent.

Captain Baynes. I was against bringing this business into the House at the first. . . .

Mr. Solicitor-General. . . . The whole question before you is, why a judgment, without my Lord Protector? The letter says, why a judgment without us. "We desire," saith the letter, "to know the grounds and reasons whereupon you made such a judgment." I desire that we might have leave to speak against your judgment.

Mr. Godfrey. This gentleman moves very properly to have leave to speak against the judgment. If you give this leave I cannot but tremble to think of the consequence. I am sorry this happens, for you to go about to arraign your own judgment. . . . If you revoke this, you must not only cry *peccavi* to James Nayler for what is passed, but to his Highness also, and also to the nation. Here is your power asserted on one hand; the supreme magistrate, on the other hand, desiring an account of your judgment. Where shall there be *tertius arbiter?* It is a hard case. No judge upon earth. I shall humbly move that a Committee might be appointed to acquaint his Highness with the sad consequences of such a dispute, and to desire him to lay aside the further questioning of this judgment.

Mr. Attorney-General. We are bound up by our own judgment. We cannot speak against it, nor against the fact. You have asserted your judicatory power. This is the first case. It is good it were now settled. I hear his Highness plead nothing for the fellow. I think it were best first to whip him and then bring in a Bill to hang him. [A witticism?—Ed.] . . .

Mr. Fowell. . . . The House of Commons have, by their judicatory, liberty to pass greater sentences than this. . . . There was a case in the latter end of King James's time where one Floyd abused the Queen of Bohemia. . . . The House of Commons, of their own jurisdiction, proceeded to sentence him to ride backwards on a horse, with a paper, etc. . . .

Mr. Robinson. This is the most unfortunate business that ever came into this House. I was against it, at first . . . but I am not satisfied to give way to speak against the judgment.

Mr. Goodwin. . . . I have heard of a Parliament called *Insanum Parliamentum.* I wonder what his Highness will think of us, if we should not assert our jurisdiction. If we should rise without asserting our power, James Nayler may have his action against every individual member. Let us behave ourselves like wise men. We have passed a judgment, and owned the jurisdiction. Let us not part with it.

Mr. Rouse. We should return this short answer to his Highness's letter, "We had power so to do." . . .

Mr. Downing. My heart is very full in this business. . . . We need not dispute our jurisdiction ourselves. There are enough to dispute it. The Instrument of Government is but new, and our jurisdiction is but new, too. . . .

Mr. Highland. . . . If you assert not your own power, you will be a matter of laughter, both to wise men and fools.

Dec. 27.

Colonel Markham. . . . It is an abominable thing to hear such unjust things informed to this House, as that of his whipping so hard, or his being sick. I would have the merchant's wife that reported it sent for and whipped. . . . I desire you would be so tender of your honour as to put that question.

Lord Lambert. Calmness better becomes this House. I like not these reflections. I desire the gentleman may explain himself.

Colonel Markham stood up to justify himself, and said he reflected upon no member, but only upon the merchant's wife. . . .

Resolved, that the House be adjourned till Tuesday. . . .

The Committee for Mr. Scot and his wicked wife sat in the painted chamber. Mr. Godfrey had the chair (who once intended to have hanged her in the country.) Both parties appeared: She said, "How do you do, Mr. Scot?" He answered little: no sweetheart, dear, nor angel. This Committee adjourned till this day se'nnight. . . .

This day B. and I were to see Nayler's tongue bored through, and him marked in the forehead. He put out his tongue very willingly, but shrinked a little when the iron came upon his forehead. He was pale when he came out of the pillory, but high-coloured after tongue-boring. He was bound with a cord by both arms to the pillory. Rich, the mad merchant, sat bare at Nayler's feet all the time. Sometimes he sang and cried, and stroked his hair and face, and kissed his hand, and sucked the fire out of his forehead. Nayler embraced his executioner, and behaved himself very handsomely and patiently. A great crowd of people there.

[After much more excited debating about the judicial power of the Parliament and the answer to be returned to Cromwell, the matter is suddenly dropped. The Protector must have raised his wand. On Friday, Jan. 2, specially appointed for continuing the discussion, there is this irrelevant notice: "Resolved, that Judge Lawrence and Colonel Talbot be added to the Scotch Committee. *Thus was the business of the day jostled out, and nobody said a word to it. I hear it will never be mentioned again; if it be, I dread the consequence. Absit.*"—Ed.] . . .

Jan. 14th, 1656–7.

. . . Robinson presented Hobbe's *Leviathan* to the Committee, as a most poisonous piece of atheism. . . .

Jan. 19. . . .

Sir Gilbert Pickering and *Major-General Boteler*, moved that Wednesday afternoon may be the time appointed to wait upon his Highness, the whole House, to congratulate his deliverance [from one of the many attempts to assassinate him]. . . .

Sir Gilbert Pickering. . . . There was a very good pattern propounded to us as to the manner of addresses to his Highness, upon another occasion, about three or four months ago. I confess I liked that method well. . . . It was Major-General Goffe, upon the debate about the thanksgiving for the late victory from Spain. . It was a long impeachment, seriously inviting the House to a firm, and a kind of corporal union with his Highness. Something was expressed as to hanging about his neck like pearls, from a text out of Canticles. [*Thy neck is like the tower of David . . . whereon there hang a thousand bucklers.*—Ed.] . . .

Mr. Ashe, the elder. . . . I would have something else added, which, in my opinion, would tend very much to the preservation of himself and us, and to the quieting of all the designs of our enemies;—that his Highness would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution [i. e., become king. Ed.]; so that the hopes of our enemies' plots would be at an end. Both our liberties and peace, and the preservation and privilege of his Highness, would be founded upon an old and sure foundation. . . .

Mr. Highland. That gentleman that moved this was one of those that was for the pulling down of what he would now set up again. That was Kings, Lords and Commons; a constitution which we have pulled down with our blood and treasure. Will you make the Lord Protector the greatest hypocrite in the world? . . . I desire this motion may die, as abominable. This will set all the honest people of this nation to weeping and mourning. . . . The debate fell asleep, I know not how, but I believe it was by consent, (as I heard Mr. Nathaniel Bacon and others say, as they came out) and only started by way of probation. I have not seen so hot a debate vanish so strangely, like an *ignis fatuus*. . . .

March 7th.

. . . I suppose you have heard of the Address made by 100 officers, to his Highness, yesterday se'nnight, that his Highness would not hearken to the title (king) because it was not pleasing to his army, and was matter of scandal to the people of God, of great rejoicing to the enemy; that it was hazardous to his own person, and of great danger to the three nations; such an assumption making way for Charles Stewart to come in again.

His Highness returned answer presently to this effect,—that the first man that told him of it, was he, the mouth of the officers then present (meaning Colonel Mills); that, for his part he had never been at any cabal about the same (hinting by that, the frequent cabals that were against Kingship by certain officers). He said, the time was, when they boggled not at the word, (king), for the Instrument by which the Government now stands, was presented to his Highness with the title (king) in it, as some there present could witness, pointing at a principal officer, then in his eye, and he refused to accept of the title. But, how it comes to pass that they now startle at that title, they best knew. That, for his part, he loved the title, a feather in a hat [Ludlow: "Cromwell said it was but a feather in a man's cap, and therefore wondered that men would not please the children and permit them to enjoy their rattle."] as little as they did. That they had made him their drudge upon all occasions; to dissolve the Long Parliament, who had contracted evil enough by long sitting; to call a Parliament, or Convention of their naming, who met; and what did they? fly at liberty and property, insomuch as if one man had twelve cows, they held another that wanted cows ought to take share with his neighbour. Who could have said anything was their own, if they had gone on? . . . It is time to come to a settlement, and lay aside arbitrary proceedings, so unacceptable to the nation. And by the proceedings of this Parliament, you see they stand in need of a check, or balancing power (meaning the House of Lords, or a House so constituted) for the case of James Nayler might happen to be your own case. By their judicial power they fall upon life and member, and doth the Instrument enable me to control it?

These were some of the heads, insisted on in his speech, though perhaps not the same words, yet the full sense; and the officers since that time are quieted, and many fallen from the rest. . . . [The negotiations on this subject were interminable. See Carlyle, who devotes half a volume to them.—Ed.]

June 20, 1657.

. . . *Mr. Bampfield*, *Major-General Whalley*, and *Mr. Vincent* moved, that the Bill for the Sabbath might be read. . . .

Colonel Holland. We have but too many penal laws, and 100 clauses of that kind may well be repealed. These laws are always turned upon the most godly. This is very strict, as to that of unnecessary walking, and coming into men's houses. The last Bill for the Lord's Day, I remember, was passed on a Saturday and carried on with great zeal. Then I told them they had tied men from coming to church by water or coach. Next day, I, coming to Somerset House to sermon, had my boat and waterman laid hold on for the penalty. . . .

Lord Chief-Justice Glynn. I move against the clause for entering into men's houses. It may be a snare to all the nation; and knaves, in the night-time, may enter and rob men's houses under this Pretence. When an Act of Parliament gives a liberty of entry, then a man may break open doors.

Mr. Grove. The constable's voice is well known, and no man can be robbed under that pretence.

Mr. Godfrey moved a proviso, to limit the officers' entry only to taverns, inns, etc. . . .

Mr. Vincent and *Colonel Chadwick* were not satisfied with the proviso. It was too short; for, now a-days, the greatest disorders were in private houses, by sending thither for drink. . . .

Sir Christopher Pack. I move that cooks' houses be comprehended. . . .

Lord Whitlock. I am against all liberty of this kind, to enter men's houses. The law has always been tender of men's houses. I would not have the people of England enslaved. . . .

Mr. West. I except against the words in the Bill, "idle sitting, openly, at gates or doors, or elsewhere;" and "walking in church-yards etc." . . . Let a man be in what posture he will, your penalty finds him. . . .

Mr. Godfrey. I move to leave out the words, "profane and idle sitting;" for this joins issue between the officer and the party, and puts a plea in the party's mouth which is not triable. He will say he is talking or meditating about good things. . . .

Mr. Fowell. I move to leave out the whole clause. . . .

Mr. Bodurda. . . . Some persons have not conveniency to sit at doors; so I would have you add more to it, viz.: "leaning or standing at doors."

Mr. Vincent. Though the law seems a little strict in this clause, yet this clause is not to be derided. I cannot think such sitting at doors, as is usual, can be a sanctification of the Lord's day. I would have the question divided. First put it upon working, and then upon sitting at doors.

The Master of the Rolls. . . . In some parts of this city, unless people have liberty to sit at doors, you deprive them of most of the air they have all the week, and destroy their children.

Lord Chief-Justice. (*Quatenus ipsum.*) It is most certain that there is no unlawfulness or guilt in single sitting at doors. It must be the same as within doors. It is but intended for example's sake. . . . You put a negative pregnant upon a man, to say that sitting at the door is more profane than standing; so there is no such derision in that. It may cause discord, and prying amongst neighbours, into the actions of one another. And this is still left in the judgment of constables and headboroughs, who are generally bad all the nation over. . . .

Colonel Briscoe. . . . Man's law must not be too severe, but rational: that men may be convinced of the reason of it. I would not have laws too rigid.

Major Burton. You had as good leave out the whole Bill as leave out this clause.

Mr. West. You would not leave out the word "elsewhere;" for there may be profaneness, by sitting under some eminent tree in a village, or an arbour, or Gray's-Inn walks.

The whole clause being put to the question, the House was divided. The *Yeas* went forth.

Noes 37. Colonel Briscoe and Mr. Williams, Tellers.

Yeas 35. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Allsopp, Tellers.

So it passed to leave it out [By a majority of 2!]

GROUP XIV.

THE RETURN AND CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

1. Extracts from Evelyn and Pepys.

Evelyn.

Oct. 22nd, 1658.

Saw ye superb funerall of ye Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state drawn by six horses, houss'd with ye same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigie in royal robes, and crown'd with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by ye officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, etc., by ye heraulds in their coates; a rich caparison'd horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour arm'd cap-a-pie, and after all, his guards, souldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster: but it was the joyfullest funerall I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streetes as they went.

Nov. 7, 1659.

Was publish'd my bold "Apologie for the King" in this time of danger, when it was capital to speake or write in favour of him. It was twice printed, so universaly it took.

Jan. 12th, 1659–60.

Wrote to Col. Morley againe to declare for his Majesty.

Feb. 3rd.

Kept ye fast. Generall Monk came now to London out of Scotland, but no man knew what he would do, or declare, yet he was met on his way by the gentlemen of all the counties which he pass'd, with petitions that he would recall the old long interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion and under no government, everybody expecting what would be next and what he would do.

Feb. 10th.

Now were the gates of the citty broken down by General Monk, which exceedingly exasperated the citty, the souldiers marching up and down as triumphing over it, and all the old army of the phanatics put out of their posts, and sent out of towne.

Feb. 11th.

A signal day. Monk, perceiving how infamous and wretched a pack of knaves would have still usurped the supreame power, and having intelligence that they intended to take away his commission, repenting of what he had don to ye citty, and where he and his forces were quartered, marches to White-hall, dissipates that nest of robbers, and convenes the old Parliament, the Rump Parliament (so call'd as retaining some few rotten members of ye other) being dissolved; and for joy whereoff were many thousand of rumps roasted publicly in ye streetes at the bon-fires this night, with ringing of bells, and universal jubilee. This was the first good omen.

From Feb. 17th to April 5th I was detain'd in bed with a kind of double tertian. . . . During this sicknesse came divers of my relations and friends to visite me, and it retarded my going into the country longer than I intended; however, I writ and printed a letter, in defence of his Majesty, against a wicked forg'd paper, pretended to be sent from Bruxells to defame his Majesties person and vertues, and render him odious, now when everybody was in hope and expectation of the General and Parliament recalling him, and establishing ye government on its antient and right basis.

Pepys.

March 5th, 1660.

To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinky at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the lion and unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the king's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the king coming again.

6th.

. . . My Lord told me, that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in, no, nor the king neither (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drink the king's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monk this day is feasted at Mercer's Hall. . . .

16th.

To Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the king. To-night, I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out "God bless King Charles the Second!"

19th.

All the discourse nowaday is, that the king will come again, and for all I see, it is the wishes of all; and all do believe that it will be so.

April 11th.

. . . All the news from London is that things go on further towards a king. That the Skinner's Company the other day at their entertaining General Monk had took down the Parliament arms in their Hall, and set up the king's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several captains of the fleet, and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the king. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own captain, to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes.

22nd.

Several Londoners, strangers, friends of the captain, dined here, who, among other things, told us how the king's arms are every day set up in houses and churches, particularly in Allhallows Church in Thames Street, John Simpson's church, which being privately done was a great eyesore to his people when they came to church and saw it. Also they told us for certain that the king's statue is making by the Mercer's Company (who are bound to do it) to set up in the Exchange.

May 1st.

To-day I hear they were very merry at Deale, setting up the king's flags upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd.

Mr. Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The king's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the king's and Church lands, if they see good. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to his Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to his Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson himself stood up and made a recantation of what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks was given by the House to Sir John Greenville, one of the Bedchamber to the king, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur, and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of King, Lords and Commons should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the king's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But everybody seems to be joyful in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day come Mr. North (Sir Dudley North's son) on board, to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight.

3rd.

This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration, and his letter to the two generals, to be communicated to the fleet. The contents of the letter are his offer of grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. The letter dated at Breda, April 4-14, 1660, in the twelfth year of his reign. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Philips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the meantime did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the commanders all came on board, and the council sat in the coach (the first council of war that had been in my time), where I read the letter and declaration; and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say no to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the greatest joy immaginable. . . .

Evelyn.

May 3rd.

Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgement, after a most bloudy and unreasonable rebellion of neare 20 yeares. Praised be forever the Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, be-cause His mercy endureth forever.

Pepys.

May 3rd.

My letters at night tell me that the House did deliver their letter to Sir John Greenville, in answer to the King's sending, and that they give him £500 for his pains, to buy him a jewel, and that besides the £50,000 ordered to be borrowed of the City for the present use of the King, the twelve companies of the City do give every one of them to his Majesty as a present, £1,000.

5th.

. . . This evening come Dr. Clarges to Deal, going to the King, where the townspeople strewed the streets with herbs against his coming, for joy of his going. Never was there so general a content as there is now. I cannot but remember that our parson did, in his prayer tonight, pray for the long life and happiness of our King and dread Sovereign, that may last as long as the sun and moon endureth.

16th.

. . . This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. . . .

17th.

. . . Before dinner Mr. Edw. Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might shew us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London), and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him; English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-rid of the gout: he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, [the *Winter* Queen] I met Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edw. Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but a plain lady. . . .

21st.

. . . hearing by letters that came hither in my absence, that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all the officers attending the Court. Sir John Lenthall moving in the House, that all that had borne arms against the King should be exempted from pardon, he was called to the bar of the House, and after a severe reproof he was degraded his knighthood.

23rd.

In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing his Majesty into the boat, I hear that his Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royal company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Nazeby, into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary. . . . We weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other.

25th.

By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they ate of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef . . . and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any state at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat and so into his barge. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world. . . .

Evelyn.

May 29th.

This day his Majestie Charles the Second came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the king and church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

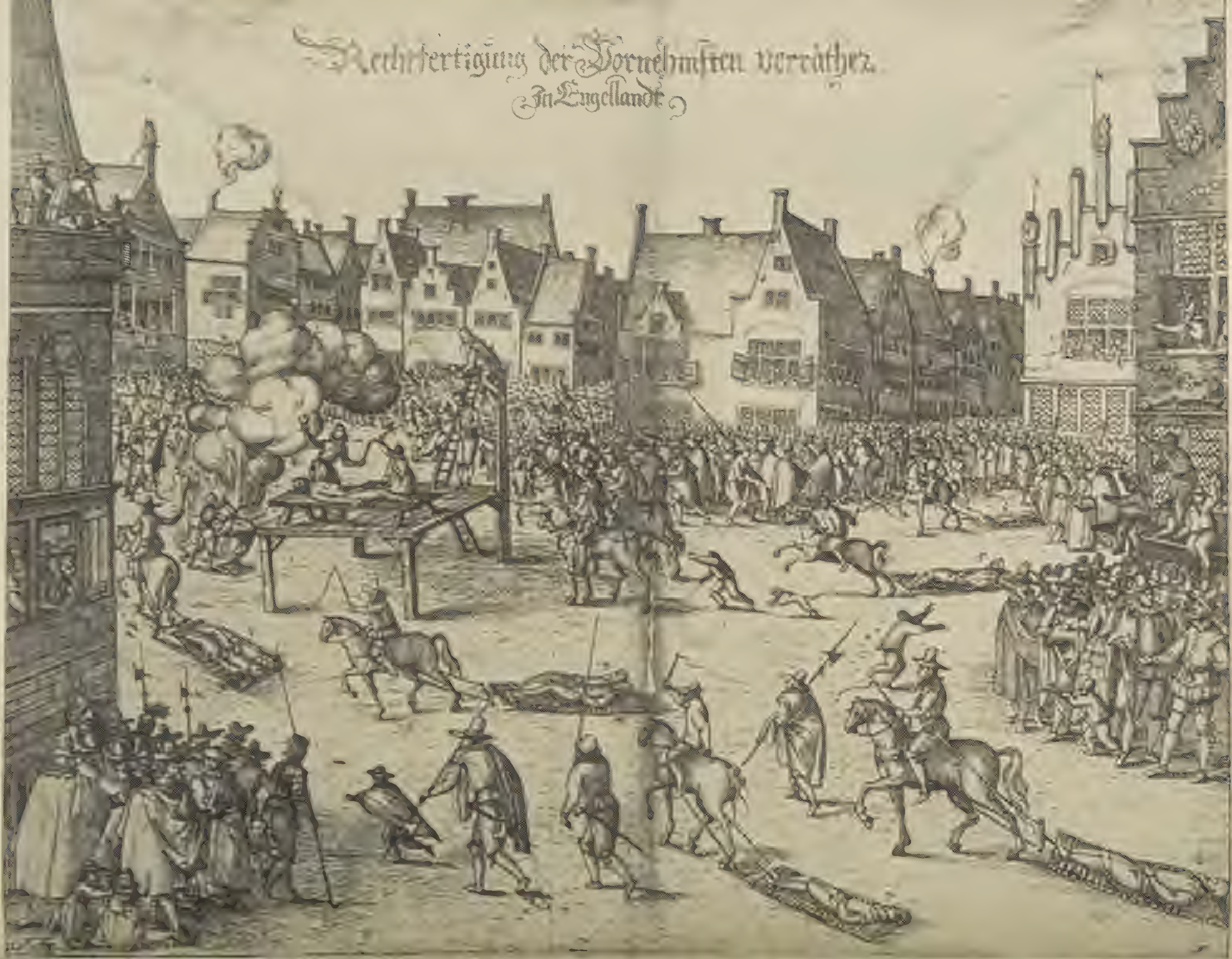
June 4th.

I was carried to his Majestie when very few noblemen were with him, and kiss'd his hands, being very graciously receiv'd. . . .

June 18th.

Goods that had been pillag'd frome White-hall during ye rebellion were now daily brought in and restor'd upon proclamation; as plate, hangings, pictures, etc.

CHARLES II.


Rechtfertigung der Vornehmsten verräther
In Engellandt

July 5th.

I saw his Majestie go with as much pompe and splendour as any earthly prince could do to the greate citty feast. . . .

Pepys.

July 5th.

This morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp. Mr. Hater was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerk. Being at Whitehall I saw, the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it spoiled many a fine suit of clothes. . . .

October 13th.

I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

15th.

This morning Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up.

Evelyn.

Oct. 17th.

Scot, Scroope, Cook and Jones, suffered for the reward of their iniquities at Charing Crosse, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural Prince, and in the presence of the King his sonn, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters mangled and cutt and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle. O the miraculous providence of God!

Pepys.

Oct. 18th.

This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker and Axtel should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow.

19th.

This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtel were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. . . .

20th.

. . . This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's the upholsterer's in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Evelyn.

Jan. 30th, 1660–1.

. . . This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebells Cromwell, Bradshaw the Judge who condemn'd his Majestie, and Ireton sonn-in-law to ye Usurper, dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburne, and hanged on the gallows there from 9 in ye morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pitt; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators. Looke back at Nov. 22nd, 1658,* and be astonish'd! and feare God and honor ye King; but meddle not with them who are given to change! . . .

May 22nd, 1661.

The Scotch Covenant was burnt by the common hangman in divers places in London. Oh prodigious change!

Pepys.

April 22nd, 1661.

The King's going from the Tower to Whitehall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and their horse's clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds where not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire of one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represented the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow, the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet, what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we are not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to Whitehall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about my suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery.

Coronation Day.

23rd.

About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and a foot-stool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and the Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth-of-gold capes), and after them the nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too.

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*See page 115.

The King in his robes, bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and a service; and then in the Choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oaths, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the king put on his crown) and bishops come and kneeled before him. And three times the king at arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great was the noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed it was lost to every body. I went out a little while before the king had done all the ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with the crown on, and his scepter in his hand, and a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was there three Lord's, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's champion, all in armour on horseback, with the spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, that if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful "King of England, here was a champion that would fight for him;" and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of. God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder of all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord the Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put in Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. . . .

24th.

At night, set myself to write down these three days diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

GROUP XV.

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665 A. D.

1. Extracts from Pepys's Diary.

June 7th, 1665.

The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" written there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw.

June 10th.

In the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City, though it hath, these three or four weeks since its beginning, been wholly out of the City; but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

June 11th.

I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great goodwill among his neighbours: for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord; which was very handsome.

June 15th.

Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees, which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. . . . The town grows very sickly, and people to be afraid of it; there dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before; whereof but one in Fenchurch Street, and one in Broad Street, by the Treasurer's office.

June 17th.

It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborn, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see; so I alight, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also lest he should have been struck with the plague.

June 23rd.

Home by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness increasing mightily.

June 27th.

The plague increases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bit-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up, which is a sad sight.

June 28th.

In my way to Westminster Hall, I observed several plague-houses in King's Street and near the Palace.

June 29th.

By water to Whitehall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267, which is about ninety more than the last; and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us.

July 1st.

To Westminster, where I hear the sickness increases greatly. Sad at the news, that seven or eight houses in Buryinghall Street are shut up of the plague.

July 3rd.

The season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me! or make me fitted to receive it.

July 6th.

I could not see Lord Brouncker, nor had much mind, one of the two great houses within two doors of him being shut up: and, Lord! the number of houses visited, which this day I observed through the town, quite round in my way, by Long Lane and London Wall.

July 13th.

By water at night late to Sir G. Carteret's, but there being no oars to carry me, I was fain to call a sculler that had a gentleman already in it, and he proved a man of love to music, and he and I sung together the way down with great pleasure. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

July 18th.

I was much troubled this day to hear at Westminster how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle fields, pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the New Chapel church-yard was walled in at the public charge in the last plague time, merely for want of room; and now none, but such as are able to pay dear for it can be buried there.

July 29th.

Up betimes, and, after viewing some of my wife's pictures, which now she is come to do very finely, to the office. At noon to dinner, where I hear that my Will is come in thither, and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headache, which put me into extraordinary fear; and I studied all I could to get him out of the house, and set my people to work to do it without discouraging him, and myself went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linen, and took leave of her, they breaking up shop.

July 30th.

(Lord's day.) Up, and in my nightgown, cap, and neck-cloth, undressed all day long—lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier accounts to rights. Will is very well again. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials, I think, five or six times.

Aug. 3rd.

. . . By-and-by met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr. Marr telling me by the way how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an out-house, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who being once absent the maid got out of the house at the window and ran away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so, who and his lady were in a great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Brentwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before, and was forced to send people to take her, which he did, and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a silk dress, and stunk mightily, which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again.

August 10th.

The people die so that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air. There is also one dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily—the *Providence*, fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea; but they tell me to-day no more sick on board. And this day, W. Bodham tells me that one is dead at Woolwich, not far from the rope-yard. I am told, too, that a wife of one of the grooms at Court is dead at Salisbury.

August 15.

It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Church-yard stairs, where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corpse of the plague, in the narrow alley, just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

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2. Letter of John Sturgeon to Sir Robert Harley. (In 14th report of Ms. Commission. Appendix. Lond. 1894.)

August 19, 1665.

(I and all my children are in good health notwithstanding that the plague is round about us.) Six deying the very nex wale to us. Heare are the frequent alarums of death. Heare is nothing but groaning and crying and dying. Carts are the beeres, wide pits are the graves. The carkasses of the dead may say with the sons of the prophets 'Behould the plase where we lye is to strait for us,' for they are not allowed to lye single in thare earthen beds but are pyled up like fagots in a stack for the society of thare future resurrection. Heare you may mett on pale ghost muffled up under the throat, another dragging his legs after him by reason of the tumor of his groyne, another bespotted with the tokens of instant death, and yet the greatest plage of all is few consider the reason why we are plaged.

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3. Extracts from Pepys's Diary.

Aug. 20th.

After church, to my inn, and ate and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got, between nine and ten, to Queenhithe, very dark; and I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere for fear of the plague. Thence with a lantern, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none.

Aug. 22nd.

Up, and being importuned by my wife and her two maids, which are both good wenches, for me to buy a necklace of pearl for her, and I promising to give her one of £60 in two years at furthest, and less if she pleases me in her painting. I went away and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome farm, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed anybody to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence: this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs. Walked to Redriffe, troubled to go through the little lane, where the plague is, but did, and took water and home, where all well.

Aug. 25th.

This day I am told that Dr. Burnett, my physician, is this morning dead of the plague, which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor, unfortunate man!

Aug. 30th.

I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see, God forgive my presumption! whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. But Lord! how everybody's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

Sept. 3rd.

(Lord's day.) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof.

Sept. 6th.

To London to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the bankside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless, all of the plague; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them.

Sept. 7th.

To the Tower, and there sent for the weekly bill, and find 8,252 dead in all, and of them 6,978 of the plague; which is a most dreadful number, and shows reasons to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us.

Sept. 15th.

With Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physician being dead, and chirurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take. In much pain to think what I shall do this winter time; for going every day to Woolwich I cannot, without endangering my life; and staying from my wife at Greenwich is not handsome.

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4. Letter of J. Tillison to Dr. Sancroft. (In Ellis, Original Letters. Second Series, Vol. IV. London, 1829.)

September 14, 1665.

Reverend Sir: . . . We are in good hopes that God in his mercy will put a stop to this sad calamity of sickness; but the desolation of the city is very great. That heart is either steel or stone that will not lament this sad visitation, and will not bleed for those unutterable sorrows.

It is time, God knows, that one woe courts another; those that are sick are in extreme sorrow; the poor are in need; those that are in health are in fear of infection on the one side, and the wicked inventions of hellish rebellious spirits do put us in an uproar on the other side.

What eye would not weep to see so many habitations uninhabited; the poor sick not visited; the hungry not fed; the grave not satisfied! Death stares us continually in the face in every infected person that passeth by us; in every coffin which is daily and hourly carried along the streets. The bells never cease to put us in mind of our mortality.

The custom was, in the beginning, to bury the dead in the night only; now, both night and day will hardly be time enough to do it.

For the last week, mortality did too apparently evidence that, that the dead was piled in heaps above ground for some hours together, before either time could be gained or place to bury them in.

The Quakers (as we are informed) have buried in their piece of ground a thousand for some weeks together last past.

Many are dead in Ludgate, Newgate and Christ Church Hospital, and many other places about the town which are not included in the bill of mortality.

The disease itself (as is acknowledged by our practitioners in physic) was more favorable in the beginning of the contagion; now more fierce and violent; and they themselves do likewise confess to stand amazed to meet with so many various symptons which they find amongst their patients. One week the general distempers are botches and boils; the next week as clear-skinned as may be; but death spares neither. One week, full of spots and tokens; and perhaps the succeeding, none at all. Now taken with vomiting and looseness, and within two or three days almost a general raging madness. One while patients use to linger four or five days, at other times not forty eight hours; and at this very time we find it more quick than ever it was. Where it has had its fling, there it decreases; It reigned most heretofore in alleys, etc. now it domineers in the open streets. The poorer sort was most afflicted; now the richer bear a share.

Captain Colchester is dead. Fleetham and all his family are clearly swept away, except one maid. Dr. Burnett, Dr. Glover, and one or two more of the College of Physicians, with Dr. O'Dowd, which was licensed by my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, some surgeons, apothecaries, and Johnson the chemist, died all very suddenly. Some say (but God forbid that I should report it for the truth) that these in a consultation together, if not all, yet the greatest part of them, attempted to open a dead corpse which was full of the tokens; and being in hand with the dissected body, some fell down dead immediately, and others did not outlive the next day at noon.

All is well and in safety at your house, God be thanked. Upon Tuesday last I made it my day's work to kindle fires in every room of the house where I could do it, and aired all the bed clothes and bedding at the fires, and so let them all lie abroad until this morning; the feather bed in the back chamber was almost spoiled with the heavy weight of carpets and other things upon it. I am afraid I have been too tedious, and therefore beg your pardon and take my leave, who am,

Reverend Sir,
your most faithful humble servant,
Jo. Tillison.

Brimstone, hops, pepper, and frankincense, etc., I use to fume the rooms with.

For yourself.

5. Extracts from Pepys's Diary.

Sept. 20th.

Up, and after being trimmed, the first time I have been touched by a barber these twelve months, I think, and more, by-and-by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten met, to go into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and so we four to Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle, to inform him what we have done as to the fleet, which is very little, and to receive his direction. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down Whitehall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is increased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8,297, and of them the plague 7,165; which is more, in the whole, by above 50, than the biggest bill yet: which is very grievous to us all. I find Sir W. Batten and his lady gone home to Walthamstow, with some necessity, hearing that a maid-servant of theirs is taken ill.

Sept. 27th.

Up and saw and admired my wife's picture of Our Saviour, now finished, which is very pretty. By water to Greenwich, where to the "King's Head," the great music-house, the first time I was ever there. Much troubled to hear from Creed, that he was told at Salisbury that I am come to be a great swearer and drunkard; but Lord! to see how my late little drinking of wine is taken notice of by envious men, to my disadvantage. To Captain Cocke's and he not yet come from town, to Mr. Evelyn, where much company; and thence in his coach with him to the Duke of Albemarle, by Lambeth, who was in a mighty pleasant humour; and tells us that the Dutch do stay abroad, and our fleet must go out again, or be ready to do so. Here we got several things ordered, as we desired, for the relief of the prisoners, and sick and wounded men. Here I saw this week's bill of mortality, wherein, blessed be God! there is above 1,800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had. Most excellent discourse with Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning, wherein I find him a very fine gentleman, and particularly of painting, in which he tells me the beautiful Mrs. Middleton is rare, and his own wife does brave things.

Oct. 7th.

. . . Talking with him [a constable] in the highway, come close by the bearers with a dead corpse of the plague; but Lord! to see what custom is I am almost come to think nothing of it.

Oct. 16th.

I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that in Westminster there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it!

Nov. 15th.

The plague, blessed be God, is decreased 400, making the whole this week but 1,300 and odd, for which the Lord be praised!

Nov. 24th.

To London, and there in my way at my old oyster shop in Gracious Street, bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know. To the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much. Lord! to see how I am treated, that come from so mean a beginning, is matter of wonder to me. But it is God's mercy to me, and his blessing upon my taking pains, and being punctual in my dealings. Visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him.

Nov. 30th.

Great joy we have this week in the weekly bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged to get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw York's waggon go again this week to London, and full of passengers: and tells me that my aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.

Dec. 25th (Christmas day).

To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. Here I saw again my beauty Lethulier.

Dec. 31st.

Now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can.

Jan. 5, 1665–6.

I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town! And porters everywhere bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared to what it used to be. I mean the City end: for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no court nor gentry being there. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not.

Jan. 30th.

Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murder; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church—more than I thought it could have done—to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

Feb. 12th.

Comes Mr. Cæsar, my boy's lute-master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while, very well; and tells me in the height of it how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite, too, ill people would breathe in the faces, out of their windows, of well people going by.

6. Extract from Reresby's Memoirs (p. 167).

A dreadful plague raged in London during the summer of 1665, which swept away 97,309 persons. It was usual for people to drop down in the streets as they went about their business; and a story is reported for a certain truth, that a bag-piper being excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street and there lay asleep. In this condition he was taken up and thrown into a cart betimes the next morning, and carried away with some dead bodies. Meanwhile he awoke from his sleep, it being now about day-break, and rising up began to play a tune, which so surprized the fellows that drove the cart, who could see nothing distinctly, that in a fright they betook themselves to their heels, and would have it that they had taken up the devil in the disguise of a dead man.

But, to resume other things, I married. . . .

GROUP XVI.

THE FIRE OF LONDON, 1666 A. D.

Extracts from Pepys' and Evelyn's Diaries.

Pepys.

Sept. 2nd (Lord's Day).

Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City; so I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Marke Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By-and-by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me, and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge, which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And, amongst other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City: and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down. I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower to see the fire in my boat, and there up to the King's closet in the chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall, and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a hankercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers, and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me and I him, and walked home, seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire, and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that there must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock, and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone, she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However we had an extraordinary good dinner, and merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier came to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard Street, and further; and amongst others I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friends goods whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's, he home and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apaces, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the "Three Cranes" above, and at Botolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the bankside, over against the

"Three Cranes," and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everbody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear that Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house taking down of goods.

Evelyn.

Sept. 3rd.

I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my Wife and Sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadfull flames neare the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames streete, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd; and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw ye whole south part on ye citty burning from Cheapeside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindled back against ye wind as well as forward), Tower streete, Fen-church streete, Gracious streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warm weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which, devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, etc. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happly the world had not seene since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem;* the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned.

Pepys.

Sept. 3rd.

About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green, which I did, riding myself in my nightgown, in the cart; and Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither: and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. — —, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine: but there was no passing with anything through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York came this day by the office and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now general, and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, beat her there, and was angry, and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry; and, when she came home, did bid her begone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me, my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

Evelyn.

Sept. 4th.

The burning still rages; and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules chaine, Watling streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but ye almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

Pepys.

Sept. 4th.

Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate, and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovels, &c., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working wherewith from one end to the other, the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in his garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmesan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's, but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, none whereof yet appeared, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin, or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire has got so far that way and to the Old Bailey, and was running down to Fleet Street; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

Evelyn.

Sept. 5th.

It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at the Court! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neere ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, etc., would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north; but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, etc., did infinite mischiefe, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma'ty and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatnesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

Pepys.

Sept. 5th.

I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350, W. Hewer, and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight, to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I came, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected, for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I came and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lumbard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorefields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves, and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day; drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned; and seen Anthony Joyce's house on fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercer's Chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the

Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready, and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

Evelyn.

Sept. 6th, Thursday.

I represented to his Ma^{ty} the case of the French prisoners at war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseised houses. It is not indeede imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some under cure at the Savoy, I return'd to White-hall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's, the groome porter, who was my relation.

Pepys.

Sept. 6.

Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office, I intending to go out as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is, and call our men to Bishopsgate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broken out, which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time, so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the kennels, sweeping of water: but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom, but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves. Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch, but to the "Swan," and there was trimmed; and then to Whitehall, but saw nobody, and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour Knightly, who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods, and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire. To Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir J. Carterets safe, and nothing missed I could see or hear. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it is to see Cloth-worker's Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oil.

Sept 7.

Up by five o'clock, and, blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Pane's wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the new Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed, the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him and washed.

Evelyn.

Sept 7th.

I went this morning on foote from Whitehall as far as London-Bridge, thro' the late Fleete-streete, Ludgate hill, by St. Paules, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessels in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my returne I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, capitals, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead of ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, iron worke, bells, plate, etc. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clowds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye Kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons were many of them mealted and reduced to cinders by ye vehement heate. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated. The bye lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Ma^ty's^ proclamation also invited them.

Still ye plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

Reresby.

Many were the conjectures of the cause of this fire; some said it was done by the French, others by the Papists; but it was certainly mere accident. But, however it happened, the dreadful effects of it were not so strange as the rebuilding was of this great city, which, by reason of the King's and Parliament's care (then sitting), and the great wealth and opulency of the city itself, was rebuilt most stately with brick (the greatest part being before nothing but lath and lime) in four or five years' time.

GROUP XVII.

THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

1. Extracts from the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

Pepys.

August 31, 1661.

At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, etc., that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the clergy so high, that all the people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction anywhere in any one sort of people. The Benevolence proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent everywhere that it had better had it never been set up. I think to subscribe twenty pound.

Evelyn.

Jan. 6th, 1661–2.

This evening according to costome, his Majesty opened the revells of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The yeare before he won 1500*l.*) The ladies also plaied very deepe. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1000*l*, and left them still at passage, cards, etc. At other tables, both there and at ye Groomporter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excesse of passion amongst some loosers; sorry am I that such a wretched costome as play to that excesse should be countenanc'd in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdome.

Pepys.

May 15, 1662.

To Westminster; and at the Privy Seal I saw Mr. Coventry's seal for his being Commissioner with us. At night, all the bells of the town rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much true joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of the people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt.

Evelyn.

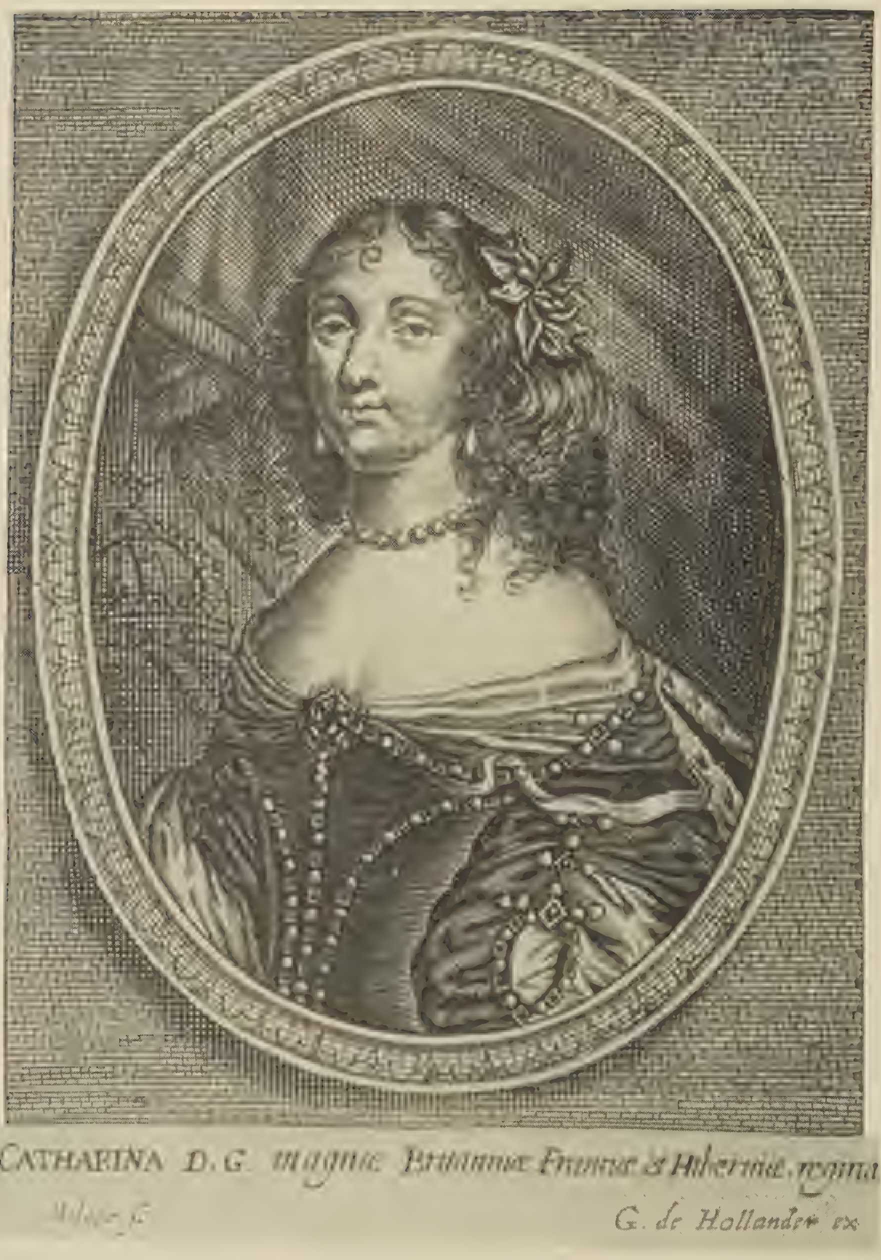
May 30th, 1662.

The Queene arrived with a traine of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her foretop long and turn'd aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all ye rest, and tho' low of stature prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough.

Pepys.

May 31st, 1662.

The Queen is brought a few days since to Hampton Court: and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet; and that the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joint. The court is wholly now at Hampton.



CATHARINA D. G. magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ & Hiberniæ regina

[illegible] f. G. de Hollander ex

June 30th.

This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough, and the others, fanatics of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. Much clamour against the chimney money, and the people say they will not pay it without force. And in the meantime like to have war abroad, and Portugal to assist when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home.

2. Letter of Thomas Brown to M. de A. at Paris. (In the Compleat Works of Mr. Thomas Brown. London, 1710.)

. . . We likewise went to see Hampton-Court, where the Court is at present, and which is the Fountainbleau of England. We had the honour of seeing their Majesties there. The young Queen is low, and of a brown complexion; and by her face, 'tis easy to discover that she has a great deal of goodness and sweetness in her nature. She has brought some four or five Portuguese ladies with her, that are the most deform'd, ill-look'd Devils, that ever bore the name of women. When a man sees them among the English maids of Honour, that attend her, he would be apt to swear, that Heaven and Hell were jumbled together and that angels and furies were lately reconciled to one another. But this is not all the trumpery which the Queen has brought with her out of her own country; for her Majesty has a consort, as 'tis called, of Citterns, Harps and the Lord knows what instruments, that make the most wretched harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear mass, we were obliged to suffer this vile persecution; and though I have none of the nicest ears, I never heard such hideous musick since I was born. As for Hampton-Court, 'tis a magnificent pile of buildings, but, upon my word, does not come up either to our St. Germains or Fountainbleau, no more than Whitehall is to be put in the same scale with the Louvre or St. James's House with Luxemburgh Palace. When I was shewn that dismal place where the late King had his head cut off, I could not forbear to pour out a thousand imprecations against this rebellious nation; and was infinitely pleas'd to see the City Gates, and other eminent places, adorned with the heads and limbs of those execrable regicides. Cromwell's head, of accursed memory, was, very much to my satisfaction, placed over Westminster Hall. I wish that the publick examples of these criminals may deter all rebels for the future and secure the peace and dignity of the British throne, which has hardly recover'd the terrible shock it receiv'd in the late calamitous disorders. . . .

Our pockets have been most cruelly emptied since we have been here; for shilling is the word upon every occasion. . . . Methinks they talk of nothing but shilling, shilling, shilling everlastingly. . . .

3. Extract from "The Secret History of the Reign of Charles II. by a Member of his Privy Council." (London, 1792.)

. . . Their majesties came together to Hampton-court on the 29th of May, the King's birthday, and just two years after his triumphal entrance into London.

Whatever testimonies of public joy

were given on this occasion, yet in a short time there appeared not that serenity at court which was expected. There was a lady of youth and beauty with whom the King had lived in great and notorious familiarity [Lady Castelmaine] . . . When the queen came to Hampton-court, she brought with her a formed resolution that she would never suffer the lady, who was so much spoken of, to be in her presence. The King was determined on the very reverse; and, in a day or two, led the lady himself into her Majesty's chamber, and presented her to the queen, who received her with the same grace as she had done the rest, there being many lords and other ladies at the same time there. But whether her majesty in the instant knew who she was, or upon recollection found it out afterwards, she no sooner sat down in her chair than her colour changed, tears gushed out of her eyes, her nose bled, and she fainted, so that she was forthwith removed into another room, and all the company withdrew. Though these were the natural workings of flesh and blood in a young and jealous wife, the king was so enraged, that, from that moment he treated the queen even in public with the utmost indifference and indignity, till her spirit being at length broken by such cruelty, and the firmness of her mind exhausted in useless struggles, she sunk into the opposite extreme of condescension and meanness. She not only admitted the lady to be of her bedchamber, and used her kindly in private, but was familiar and merry with her in public, so that her majesty forfeited all the compassion before felt for the barbarity of the affronts she underwent; and the king's indifference was now changed into a settled contempt. . . . The lady had apartments assigned her at court; his majesty spent most of his time in her company.

4. Extracts from Evelyn and Pepys.

Evelyn.

August 14th, 1662.

This afternoone the Queene mother [Henrietta Maria] with the Earle of St. Albans and many greate ladies and persons, was pleas'd to honor my poore villa with her presence, and to accept of a collation. She was exceedingly pleas'd and stay'd till very late in the evening.

August 23rd.

I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boates and vessells, dress'd and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but above all the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Maior and companies, with various inventions, musiq and peales of ordnance both from ye vessells and the shore, going to meete and conduct the new Queene from Hampton Court to White-hall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion it far exceeded all ye Venetian Bucentoras, etc., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His Majestie and the Queene came in an antiq-shap'd open vessell, cover'd with a state or canopy of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreath'd with flowers, festoons and garlands. I was in our new-built vessell, sailing amongst them.

Pepys.

Oct. 19th, 1662 (Lord's-day).

Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more. I am sorry to hear that the news of the selling of Dunkirk is taken so generally ill, as I find it is among the merchants; and other things, as removal of officers at Court, good for worse; and all things else made much worse in their report among people than they are. And this night, I know not upon what ground, the gates of the City ordered to be all shut, and double guards everywhere. Indeed I do find everybody's spirit very full of trouble: and the things of the Court and Council very ill taken; so as to be apt to appear in bad colours, if there should ever be a beginning of trouble, which God forbid!

Dec. 25th.

. . . Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the angels, "Glory to God on high, on earth, peace and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days. Particularised concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duel, meaning the groom-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality. But one that stood by whispered in my ear that the Bishop do not spend one groat to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with viols, and the King came down to receive the Sacrament.

Feb. 23rd, 1663.

This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents made him by the peers given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewels than the Queen and Duchess put both together.

Nov. 26, 1663.

To Paul's Churchyard, and there looked upon the second part of "Hudibras," which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. To-day, for certain, I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach: one way is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another with two courtiers picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

29th (Lord's day).

This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago.

April 18th, 1664.

To Hyde Park, where I have not been since last year, where I saw the King with his periwig, but not altered at all; and my Lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on, and many brave persons. And myself, being in a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me.

May 31st, 1664.

. . . I was told to-day that, upon Sunday night last, being the King's birthday, the King was at my Lady

Castlemaine's lodgings, over the hither-gate at Lambert's lodgings, dancing with fiddlers all night almost; and all the world coming by taking notice of it.

October 26th, 1664.

At Woolwich; I there up to the King and Duke. Here I stayed above with them while the ship was launched, which was done with great success; and the King did very much like the ship, saying, she had the best bow that ever he saw. But, Lord! the sorry talk and discourse among the great courtiers round about him, without any reverence in the world, but with so much disorder. By-and-by the Queen comes and her maids of honour; one whereof, Mrs. Boynton, and the Duchess of Buckingham had been very sick coming by water in the barge, the water being very rough; but what silly sport they made with them in very common terms, methought was very poor, and below what people think these great people say and do.

April 7, 1665.

Sir Philip Warwick did show me nakedly the King's condition for money for the Navy; and he assures me, unless the King can get some noblemen or rich money-gentlemen to lend him money, or to get the City to do it, it is impossible to find money; we having already, as he says, spent one year's share of the three-years' tax, which comes to £2,500,000.

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5. Letters from D. de Repas to Sir Robert Harley. (In Ms. Commission Report, 14 Appendix.)

Oxford (?) Oct. 19, 1665.

[Shades of Bocaccio! Three days before, as we have seen, Pepys wrote in his diary "I walked to the Tower; but Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that."—Ed.]

. . . For news from court I shall tell you that one cannot possibly know a woman from a man, unlesse one hath the eyes of a linx who can see through a wall, for by the face and garbe they are like men. They do not wear any hood but only men's perwick hatts and coats. There is no other plague here but the infection of love; no other discourse but of ballets, dance, and fine clouse; no other emulation but who shall look the handsomere, and whose vermillion and Spanish white is the best; none other fight than for 'I am yours.' In a word there is nothing here but mirth, and there is a talk that there shall be a proclamacon made that any melancoly man or woman coming in this towne shall be turned out and put to the pillory, and there to be whep till he hath learned the way to be mary à la mode.

Oxford, Nov. 24th.

The Duck of Monmouth gave last night a great balle to the Queene and to all the ladys of the Court, but very privattly. . . . Yet I was there from the beginning to the last amongst all the nobility and the beautys. I came there by the wheels of fortune. There was above 4 or 500 people at the doore, but none could gett in. They did begin to dance about eight of the clock att night. The Queene came half an houre after and went awaye at eleven. The rest did dance till between one and two. The Queen [did] dance all the while she was there with an extraordinary great modestye. They did dance altogether contrey dances, and did jumpe and leape as those creatures which live upon your mountaines. They were eleven or twelve ladys and as many courtiers.

Mrs. Stuard was there, who was extraordinary mary. After dancing she did sing four or five French songs, as well as ever I heard any woman sing.

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6. Extracts from Pepys and Evelyn.

Pepys.

Jan. 29th, 1666.

Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and rode together, with excellent discourse till we come to Clapham, talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and, indeed, in all his discourse, I find him a most worthy person.

April 15th, 1666.

(Lord's Day.) Walked into the Park, to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their music, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it; it pleasing me very well, and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at Whitehall, at my coming back. I stayed till the King went down to receive the sacrament, and stood in his closet with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I never did see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof, and that in the Roman Church, saving that, methought, our chapel was not so fine.

July 7th, 1666.

Creed tells me he finds all things mighty dull at Court [after the Plague and Fire], and that they now begin to lie long in bed; it being, as we suppose, not seemly for them to be found playing and gaming as they used to be; nor that their minds are at ease enough to follow those sports, and yet not knowing how to employ themselves; though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains, they keep long in bed. But he thinks with me, that there is nothing in the world can help us but the King's personal looking after his business and his officers, and that with that we may yet do well, but otherwise must be undone; nobody at this day taking care of anything, nor hath anybody to call him to account for it.

July 31st.

The Court empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge, and the Duke of York a-hunting. I had some discourse with Povy, who is mightily discontented, I find, about his disappointments at Court; and says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here; no faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends. He would have spoke broader, but I put it off to another time; and so parted.

Sept. 26, 1666.

. . . He [Mr. Evelyn] observes that none of the nobility come out of the country at all, to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire, but do as if the King were nobody, nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good counsel, or to comfort the poor people that suffer: but all is dead, nothing of good in any of their minds. He bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads.

Evelyn.

Oct. 10, 1666.

This day was order'd a generall fast thro' the Nation, to humble us on ye late dreadfull conflagration, added to the plague and war, the most dismall judgments that could be inflicted, but which indeed we highly deserv'd for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute court, profane and abominable lives.

Pepys.

Oct. 15th, 1666.

This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and, upon the whole, I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment.

Oct. 17th, 1666.

The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked, but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon whites makes them look too much like magpies, and, therefore, hath bespoken one of plain velvet.

Evelyn.

Oct. 18th, 1666.

To Court. It being ye first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changeing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloake, into a comely dress, after ye Persian mode, with girdle or straps, and shoestrings or garters into bouckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had had hitherto obtain'd to our great expence and reproch. Upon which divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. [As he did not.—Ed.]

Jan. 18th, 1666–7.

I was present at a magnificent ball or masque in the theater at court, where their majesties and all the greate lords and ladies daunced, infinitely gallant, the men in their richly embroidered most becoming vests.

April 23rd, 1667.

. . . At ye banquet (of the Knights of the Garter) came in the Queene and stood by the King's left hand, but did not sit. Then was the banquetting stuff flung about the room profusely. . . . I now staied no longer than this sport began for feare of disorder. The cheere was extraordinary, each knight having 40 dishes to his messe, piled up 5 or 6 high. The roome was hung with ye richest tapessry.

June 16th, 1670.

I went with some friends to ye Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, beare and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolfe-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeede, who beat a cruell mastiff. One of the bulls toss'd a dog full into a lady's lap, as she sate in one of ye boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poore dogs were kill'd, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seene I think, in twenty yeares before.

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7. Extracts from the Rutland Correspondence. (In 12th Report of MS. Commission. Appendix, Part V.)

Lady Mary Bertie to her niece,
Katherine Noel, at Exton.

November, 1670.

I received yours, but haveing not yett been at Court cannott give you a punctuall account of the fashions, but upon the Queene's Birthday most wore embraudered bodys with plaine black skirts of Morella Mohair and Prunella and such stuffs, and the under pettycoatt very richly laced with two or three sorts of lace, so that 50 or 60 pounds but an ordinary price for a pettycote. . . .

Dec. 10, Westminster.

I received yours and am very glad to heare you are so merry with the musicke and danceing. I was at Courte the other night where I met withe the Dutchesse of Buckingham, who was very kind to mee and presented mee to kisse the Queene's hand. They weare their gownes as I writ to you before, but I thinke the fashions of their ribbans and haire alters according to every bodys fancy, for some ware all small ribban, others brode ribbans, others broad and small mixed and all frowzes of their owen haire. . . .

Jan. 2nd.

. . . There is letely come out a new play writ by Mr. Dreyden who made the *Indian Emperor*. It is caled the Conquest of Grenada. My brother Norreys tooke a box and carryed my Lady Rochester and his mistresse and all us to. . . .

Feb. 23rd.

. . . I was on Munday at Court to see the grane ballett danced. It was so hard to get room that wee were forced to goe by four a clocke, though it did not begin till nine or ten. They were very richly dressed and danced very finely, and shifted their clothes three times. There was also fine musickes and excelent sing some new song made purpose for it. After the ballet was over, several others danced, as the King, and Duke of Yorke, and Duke of Somerset, and Duke of Buckingham. And the Dutchesse of Cleveland was very fine in a riche petticoat and halfe shirte, and a short man's coat very richly laced, a perwig cravatt and a hat: her hat and maske was very rich."

Sir Ed. Harley to Lady Harley.

(In MS. Commission, 14th Report, Appendix.)

March 11, 1670–1.

. . . Sin every day grows high and impudent; as we have seen that God would not be worked by hypocrits, as certaynly he will not be defyed by profane atheists. The Lord, I trust, will graciously provide a hiding place for his poor children.

8. Extracts from Evelyn.

Oct. 21st, 1671.

Quitting Euston, I lodged this night at New-market, where I found ye jolly blades raceing, dauncing, feasting, and revelling, more resembling a luxurious and abandon'd rout, than a Christian Court. The Duke of Buckingham was now in mighty favour, and had with him that impudent woman the Countess of Shrewsbury, with his band of fidlers, etc. . . .

March 12th, 1671–2.

The Treasurer of the Household, Sir Tho. Clifford, hinted to me as a confident, that his Majesty would *shut up the Exchequer*, and accordingly his Majesty made use of infinite treasure there, to prepare for an intended rupture [with the Dutch]; but, says he, it will soone be open again and every body satisfied; for this bold man, who had ben the sole adviser of the King to invade that sacred stock . . . was so over-confident of the successe of this unworthy designe against the Smyrna merchants, as to put his Majesty on an action which not onely lost the hearts of his subjects, and ruined many widdows and orphans whose stocks were lent him, but the reputation of his Exchequer forever, it being before in such credit, that he might have commanded halfe the wealth of the nation.

The credit of this bank being thus broken did exceedingly discontent the people, and never did his Majesty's affairs prosper to any purpose after it, for as it did not supply the expence of the meditated war, so it mealted away, I know not how. To this succeeded the King's declaration for an universal tolleration; Papists and swarms of sectaries now boldly shewing themselves in their public meetings.

Oct. 8th, 1672.

I tooke leave of my Lady Sunderland. . . . She made me stay dinner at Leicester House and afterwards sent for Richardson the famous fire-eater. He devour'd brimston on glowing coales before us, chewing and swallowing them; he mealted a beere-glass and eate it quite up; then taking a live coale on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster, the coal was blown on with bellows till it flam'd and sparkl'd in his mouth, and so remain'd till the oyster gaped and was quite boil'd; then he mealted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank downe as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while. . . .

March 29th, 1673.

. . . At the sermon *coram rege*, preached by Dr. Sparrow. . . . I staied to see whether according to costome the Duke of York received the communion with the King; but he did not to the amazement of everybody. This being the second yeare he had forborne and put it off, and within a day of the Parliament sitting, who had lately made so severe an act against ye increase of Poperie, gave exceeding grief and scandal to the whole nation, that the heyre of it, and ye son of a martyr for ye Protestant religion, should apostatize. What the consequence of this will be, God onely knows, and wise men dread.

Nov. 5, 1673.

This night the youths of the Citty burnt the Pope in effigie, after they had made procession with it in great triumph, they being displeas'd at the Duke for altering his religion and marrying an Italian lady [Mary of Modena].

Nov. 15th, 1673.

. . . Being her Majesty's birthday, the Court was exceeding splendid in clothes and jewels, to the height of excesse.

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9. Letters of Lady Chaworth to her brother, Lord Roos, at Belvoir Castle. (In 12th Report of MS. Commission, 5th Appendix, p. 31.)

Nov. 2nd, 1676.

. . . Mighty bravery in clothes preparing for the Queen's birthday, espeicially M^is^ Phraser, whose gowne is ermine upon velvet imbroidered with gold and lined with cloth of gold; 'twill come to 300*l.*, and frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marying her, saying his estate will scarce maintaine her in clothes.

Nov. 9.

Mr. Bernard Howard made one of the greatest and most absolute French feast that ever I saw last Tuesday att Somerset House, and but eleven of us att it; and the clothes last night at the Queene's birth-night ball was infinite rich, espeicially M^is^ Phraser, who put downe all for a gowne black velvet imbroydered with all sorts of slips inbost worke of gold and silver and peticote one broad ermine and gold lace all over, yet I doe not approve the fancy of either, though they say [it] cost 800*l.*; but her face and shape must be approved by everybody: the men also very rich.

Nov. 23rd.

For niewse, the King sup't two nights agoe with Mr. Griffin, etc., and all the jockeys being invited to meet his Majestie: and there they have made four matches to be run at Newmarket. . . . M^is^ Jennings and her daughter [later duchess of Marlborough.—Ed.], maid of honour to the Dutchesse, have had so great a falling out that they fought; the young one complained to the Duchess that if her mother was not put out of St. James's, where she had lodgings to sanctuary her from debt, she would run away, so Sir Alleyn Epsley was sent to bid the mother remoove, who answered with all her heart she should never dispute the Duke and Dutchesses commands, but with the grace of God she would take her daughter away with her [intimating in very coarse terms what sort of a place she considered the court]. So, rather than part with her, the mother must stay and all breaches are made up againe.

Dec. 12.

. . . Here is no niewse but balls and plays and the King having a sledge after the Muscovite fashion that with a fine accoustred horse pulls him round his fine canalls of St. James Parke.

Dec. 25.

Lady Sussex is not yet gone. . . . She and Madam Mazarin have privately learnt to fence, and went down into St. James Parke the other day with drawne swords under theire night gownes, which they drew out and made severall fine passes with, to the admiration of severall men that was lookers on in the Parke. . . . The Dutchesse [of Yorke] is much delighted with making and throwing of snow-balls and pelted the Duke soundly with one the other day and ran away quick into her closet and he after her, but she durst not open the doore. She hath also great pleasure in one of those sledges which they call *Trainias*, and is pulled up and downe the ponds in them every day, as also the King, which are counted dangerous things, and none can drive the horse which draws them about but the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Griffin, and Mr. Godolphin, and a fourth whose name I have forgot. . . . M^is^ Sarah Jennings hath got the better of her mother who is commanded to leave the Court and her daughter in itt, notwithstanding the mother's petition that she might have her girle with her, the girle saying she is a mad woman. . . .

Jan. 19, 1676–7.

Theire is two niewe plays which are much comended—the Siege of Jerusalem by the Emperour Vespasian, and his son Titus's love with Berenice; the epilogue is much praysed that tells tis not like to please this age to bring them a story of Jerusalem who would more delight in one of Sodome and a vertuous woman which in this age they promise shan't be seene but on the stage.

Edward Smith to Lord Roos.

Feb. 8, 1676–7.

. . . His Majesty, whom God preserve, went on Munday last to Windsor to see his workemen, and with a design to stay all the weeke there, but on Wednesday night some of his courtiers fell to their cups and drunke away all reason, at last they began to despise art to, and brake into Prince Rupert's Laboratory and dashed his stills and other chymicall instruments in pieces. His Majesty went to bed about 12 aclock, but about 2 or 3 aclock one of Henry Killigrew's men was stabbed in the company in the next chamber to the King. They say he murdered himselfe amongst them because of some distast betwixt his master and him: how it was God knowes: but the Duke ran speedily to His Majesty's bed and drew the curtaine, and said "Sir, will you lye in bed till you have your throat cut?" whereupon His Majesty got up at three aclock in the night and came immediately away to Whitehall.

Lady Chaworth to Lord Roos.

April 11, 1678.

. . . The quarrells of some ladies hath made great talke in the towne and much laughing. M^is^ Baker first began with a bitter letter to my Lady Anglesey, yet concluded, "a lover of her soule." This highly incenced the lady, and M^is^ Baker not forbearing her house upon itt, she threw some things att her to have her goe out of the rome. The other two ladies is Lady Mohun and M^is^ Browne, the deare friends, but it is too long for any letter: but in short they were att cards att one M^is^ Roberts's lodgings, and one M^is^ Love being landlady of the house an exchange woman, Lady Mohun's pages spit in that M^is^ Love's daughter's face, and so the mother would have turned him out of the house, but he ran up to his lady, and so the exchange woman followed him, and the quarrell began between her and the lady with ill-words and candlesticks; and so the lady petitioned the House upon breach of privilege, and her father brought itt in, but M^is^ Browne, M^is^ Roberts and her husband came in against Lady Mohun, and made her the provoker, so the House of Lords threw itt out, and left them to the law. . . . And it entertained the King mightily who was att the House, and desired that he might be judge whether the candlesticke had hurt my Lady Mohun's knee. I wish it may be some entertainment to your melancholy spleen, which I suspect the chiefe fomenter of all your diseases.

Extracts from Evelyn.

July 15th, 1683.

The public was now in greate consternation on the late plot and conspiracy; his Majestie very melancholy, and not stirring without double guards; all the avenues and private dores about White-hall and the Park shut up, few admitted to walke in it. The Papists in the meane time very jocund. . . .

The Turks were likewise in hostility against the German Emperor, almost masters of the Upper Hungary, and drawing towards Vienna. On the other side the French King (who 'tis believed brought in the infidels) disturbing his Spanish and Dutch neighbors, having swallow'd up almost all Flanders, pursuing his ambition of a fifth universal monarch; and all this blood and disorder in Christendom had evidently its rise from our defections at home, in a wanton peace, minding nothing but luxurie, ambition, and to procure money for our vices. To this add our irreligion and atheism, greate ingratitude, and selfe interest; the apostacy of some, and the suffering the French to grow so greate, and the Dutch so weake. In a word, we were wanton, madd, and surfeiting with prosperity; every moment unsettling the old foundations, and never constant to anything. The Lord in mercy avert the sad omen, and that we do not provoke him till he beare it no longer!

July 25th, 1683.

I againe saw Prince George of Denmark: he had the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spake French but ill, seem'd somewhat heavy, but reported to be valiant, and indeede he had bravely rescu'd and brought off his brother the King of Denmark in a battaile against the Swedes, when both these Kings were engag'd very smartly.

28th.

He was married to the Lady Anne at White-hall. Her court and household to be modell'd as the Duke's, her father, had been and they to continue in England.

Note of Lord Dartmouth to a Passage in Burnet.

Prince George of Denmark was the most indolent of all mankind, had given great proofs of bravery in his own country, where he was much beloved. King Charles II told my father he had tried him, drunk and sober, but "God's fish," there was nothing in him. His behaviour at the revolution [1688] shewed he could be made a tool of upon occasion; but King William treated him with the utmost contempt. When Queen Anne came to the throne, she shewed him little respect, but expected everybody else should give him more than was his due: but it was soon found out that his interposing was a prejudice in obtaining favours at court. All foreign princes had him in very low esteem. . . . After thirty years living in England he died of eating and drinking, without any man's thinking himself obliged to him: but I have been told that he would sometimes do ill offices, though he never did a good one.

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11. Extract from Evelyn.

Feb. 4th, 1685.

I went to London, hearing his Majesty had been the Monday before (Feb. 2.) surpriz'd in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if. . . . Dr. King . . . had not been present to let him blood . . . his Majesty had certainly died that moment. . . . This rescued his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained . . . with sometimes epileptic symptoms . . . for which he was cupp'd, let bloud in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges . . . which . . . relieved him. . . . They prescribed the famous Jesuits powder; but it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his bleeding and other sharp operations us'd by them about his head. . . . Thursday night . . . they drew 12 ounces more of blood from him.

Extracts from Fountainhall's Memoirs.

(Edinborough, 1837.)

1685.

. . . His Quean, throw sickenesse not being able to come to him, sent to ask his pardon and how he was; he answered, "ah, poor Lady, many a tyme have I wronged her, but shee never did me wrong."

Letter of the French Envoy Barillon to Louis XIV. (In Dalrymple's Memoirs. London 1790. Vol. I. Appendix, p. 152.)

Feb. 18, 1685.

. . . I was five hours in the King's anti-chamber. The Duke of York made me come into the bed-chamber several times, and spoke to me of what was passing without doors, and of the assurances given him from every quarter that all was very quiet in the town, and that he should be proclaimed King the moment the King his brother was dead. I went out for some time to go to the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartment. I found her overwhelmed with grief. . . . She said to me, "Monsieur the ambassador, I am going to tell you the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it was known. The King of England at the bottom of his heart is a Catholic; but he is surrounded with Protestant bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, or speaks to him of God: I can not with decency enter the room, besides that the

Queen is almost constantly there; the Duke of York thinks of his own affairs. . . . Go and tell him I have conjured you to warn him to think of what can be done to save the King's soul. He commands the room and can turn out whom he will. . . .

I returned instantly to find the Duke of York . . . and told him what the Duchess of Portsmouth said to me. He recovered himself as from a deep lethargy, and said, "You are in the right: there is no time to lose. I will hazard all rather than not do my duty on this occasion." . . .

We thought of various expedients. The Duke of York proposed that I should ask leave to speak to the King his brother, to tell him something in secret from your Majesty, and that everybody should go out. I offered to do so; but represented to him, that besides the great rumour it would make, there was no likelihood of my being allowed to remain in private with the King of England and himself long enough for what we had to do. At last . . . without any further precaution, the Duke of York stooped down to the King his brother's ear, after having ordered that no one should approach. I was in the room, and more than 20 persons at the door, which was open. What the Duke of York said was not heard; but the King of England said from time to time very loud, *Yes, with all my heart.* He sometimes made the Duke of York repeat what he said, because he did not easily hear him. This lasted near a quarter of an hour. The Duke of York again went out as if he had gone to the Queen, and said to me, "The King has consented that I should bring a priest to him; but I dare not bring any of the Duchess's: They are too well known: Send and find one quickly." . . . The Earl of Castlemethor went where the Queen's priests were, and found amongst them one Hudelston a Scotchman, who saved the King of England after the battle of Worcester, and who by act of Parliament had been excepted from all the laws made against the catholics and against the priests. They put a wig and gown on him to disguise him, and the Earl of Castlemethor conducted him to the door of an apartment that joined by a small step to the King's chamber. The Duke of York . . . sent Chiffins to receive and bring in Mr. Hudelston: Soon after, he said aloud, "The King wills that everybody should retire, except the Earles of Bath and Feversham:" the first was lord of the bed-chamber, and the other was in waiting. The physicians went into a closet, the door of which was immediately shut, and Chiffins brought Mr. Hudelston in. The Duke of York, in presenting him, said, "Sire, here is a man who saved your life, and is now come to save your soul." The King answered, "He is welcome." He afterwards confessed himself with great sentiments of devotion and repentance. . . . He then received absolution, the communion, and even the extreme unction: All this lasted about three quarters of an hour. In the anti-chamber, every one looked at another; but nobody said anything but by their eyes and in whispers. The presence of Lord Bath and Lord Feversham, who are Protestants, has satisfied the bishops a little; but the Queen's women, and the other priests, saw so much going and coming, that I do not think the secret can be long kept. . . .

Extract from Burnet.

. . . The King suffered much inwardly, and said, he was burnt up within; of which he complained often, but with great decency. He said once, he hoped he should climb up to heaven's gates, which was the only word savouring of religion that he was heard to speak. He gathered all his strength to speak his last words to the Duke. . . . He recommended lady Portsmouth over and over again to him . . . and besought the duke, in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and to her son. He recommended his other children to him: and concluded, Let not poor Nelly starve; that was Mrs. Gwynn. But he said nothing of the queen.

. . . He continued in the agony till Friday at eleven o'clock, being the sixth of February 1684–5; and then died in the 54th year of his age. . . . There were many very apparent suspicions of his being poisoned. . . . Both Lower and Needham two famous physicians, told me, they plainly discerned two or three blue spots on the outside of the stomach. Needham called twice to have it opened: but the surgeons seemed not to hear him. . . . They were diverted to look to somewhat else: and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away: so that it was never viewed. . . . The King's body was indecently neglected. Some parts of his inwards, and some pieces of the fat, were left in the water in which they were washed: all which were so carelessly looked after, that the water being poured out at a scullery hole that went to a drain, in the mouth of which a grate lay, these were seen lying on the grate many days after. His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state: no mournings were given: and the expence of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to. . . .

Extract from Fountainhall's Memoirs.

It was alledged to have been the King's own desire to be so interred: others said, it was unfit to make a public solemnity, unlesse it had exceeded in splendor Cromwell's funeral, which would have been very expensive. These restlesse and lying phanatiques whispered, they did not love his sudden buriall, as if it had looked like foul play.

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12. Extracts from Evelyn.

. . . He was a Prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonaire, easy of accesse, not bloudy nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice greate, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilfull in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empyrical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he lov'd planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which pass'd to luxury and intolerable expence. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vitious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favor they abus'd. . . . The history of his reign will certainely be the most wonderfull for the variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages: the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restauration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. . . . I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'ennight I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with. . . . Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at bassett round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust. It was enjoyned that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in ye most solemn manner.

Extracts from Fountainhall.

He was certainly a prince indued with many Royall qualities, and of whom the Divine providence had taken a speciall care by preserving him after Worcester fight in the oak, and bringing him miraculously home without a drop of blood shed; so that the Emperor of the Turks said, if he were to change his religion, he would choise to worship before any, the King of Brittain's God, who had done such wonderfull things for him. . . . He had a naturall mildnesse and command over his anger, which never transported him beyond ane innocent puff and spitting, and was soon over, and yet commanded more deference from his peeple then if he had expressed it more severely, so great respect had all to him. . . .

His firmenesse in religion was evident (!); for in his banishment he had great invitations and offers of help to restore him to his crown if he would turne Papist, but he alwayes refused it.

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13. Extracts from Welwood's Diary. (Sixth Edition. London, 1718. Page 128.)

. . . Thus reigned, and thus dy'd King Charles II., a Prince endowed with all the qualities that might justly have rendered him the delight of mankind and entitled him to the character of one of the greatest genius's that ever sat upon a throne, if he had not sullied those excellent parts with the soft pleasures of ease. . . . His person was tall and well made, his constitution was vigorous and healthy; and it is hard to determine, whether he took more pains to preserve it by diet and exercise, or to impair it by excess in his pleasures. . . . His face was composed of harsh features, difficult to be trac'd with the pencil, yet in the main it was agreeable; and he had a noble, majestic mien. In contradiction to all the received rules of physiognomy, he was merciful, good natured, and in the last 24 years of his life, fortunate, if to succeed in most of his designs may be called so. . . . He had read but little, yet had a good taste of learning, and would reason nicely upon most sciences. The mechanicks were one of his peculiar talents, especially the art of building and working of ships; which nobody understood better, nor, if he had liv'd, would have carried it farther. He had a strong, laconick way of expression, and a genteel, easy and polite way of writing: and when he had a mind to lay aside the King, which he often did in select companies of his own, there were a thousand irresistible charms in his conversation. . . . No age produced a greater master in the art of dissimulation, and yet no man was less upon his guard, or sooner deceived in the sincerity of others. . . . He . . . had acquired so great an ascendant over the affections of his people, in spite of all the unhappy measures he had taken, that it may in some sense be said, he died opportunely for England; since if he had liv'd, it's probable we might in compliance with him have complimented ourselves out of all the remains of our liberty, if he had had but a mind to be master of them; which it's but charity to believe he had not, at least immediately before his death.

There is one thing more that may help to make up the character of this prince, that in the lines and shape of his face (all but the teeth) he had a great resemblance of the ancient bustoes and statues we have of the Emperor Tiberius. . . .

Extracts from Evelyn.

Oct. 2nd, 1685.

Having a letter sent me by Mr. Pepys with this expression at the foote of it, "I have something to shew you that I may not have another time," and that I would not fail to dine with him, I accordingly went. After dinner he . . . told us that being lately alone with his Majesty [Jas. II.] . . . [the] familiar discourse encouraged Mr. Pepys to beg of his Majesty, if he might ask it without offence . . . whether his late Majesty had been reconcil'd to ye church of Rome. . . . The King ingenuously told him that he both was and died a Roman Catholic: . . . he bid him follow him into his closet, where opening a cabinet, he shew'd him two papers, containing about a quarter of a sheete, on both sides written, in the late King's owne hand, severall arguments opposite to the doctrine of the Church of England, charging her with heresy, novelty and ye fanaticism of other Protestants, the chief whereof was, I remember, our refusing to acknowledge the primacy and infallibility of the Church of Rome . . . how unlikely our Saviour would leave his church without a visible head and guide to resort to, during his absence. . . . When his Majesty had shewn him these originals, he was pleas'd to lend him the copies of these two papers, attested at the bottome in 4 or 5 lines, under his owne hand. These were the papers I saw and read. This nice and curious passage I thought fit to set downe. . . . I was heartily sorry to see all this, tho' it was no other than was to be suspected. . . . The emissaries and instruments of the Church of Rome will never rest till they have crush'd the Church of England. . . . I do exceedingly prefer his [present] Majesty's free and ingenuous profession of what his own religion is. . . .

May 26th, 1703.

This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person. . . . He lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweete place, where he enjoyed the fruite of his labours in greate prosperity. He was universally belov'd, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skill'd in music, a very greate cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. . . . Mr. Pepys had been for neere 40 years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me compleat mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

GROUP XVIII.

THE REBELLION OF ARGYLE AND MONMOUTH, 1685 A.D.

1. Letters of the Duke of York (later James II.) to his son-in-law William of Orange. (In Hist. MSS. Commission, Report 15, Appendix 5, p. 129.)

May 11, 1679.

. . . All things tend towards the lessning of the King's authority, and the new moddell things are put into is the very same that it was in the tyme of the Commonwealth. . . .

May 14, Brussels.

. . . You see how violently my enemys attaque me, and that Wednesday last was the day that both Houses were to take into consideration my affairs. What the issue on't will be I expect to here this night, or to-morrow, and can not now but looke on the monarky ist self (sic) in great danger as well as his Majesty's person, and that not from Papists, but from the Commonwealth party, and some of those who were latly brought into the Councell that gouverne the Duke of Monmouth, and who make a property of him to ruine our family, and things go on so fast and so violently, and there are so very few left about his Majesty that have either will or courage to give good advice to him, that I tremble to think what will happen, for if his Majesty and the House of Lords stick to me, then one may expect great disorders—nay, a rebellion. If his Majesty and thay shall consent to what the Commons may do against me, I shall then look on his Majesty as lesse then a Duke of Venice, and the monarky and our family absolutely ruin'd and given up. . . .

May 17.

. . . I am informed by my letters that nothing will satisfy the Presbiterians, but the destroying of the monarky, and the setting up of a Commonwealth, to which purpose they flatter the Duke of Monmouth, as the only way to brīng to passe their ends, and to destroy our family; and he is so indiscret as to give in to it, and to thinke he can find his account in it; and as I told you in my last I apprehend very much for his Majesty's persone, from those kind of people, and I can hardly see how he can almost gett out of the ill condition he is in. . . .

May 29, Brussels.

. . . You know before this what past on Sonday was sennight in the House of Commons [a bill to exclude him from the throne.—Ed.]; it was the Presbiterians and the Duke of Monmouth's friends carried it, and were most violent against me, and now it is plain that these first, I meane the Presbiterians, designe nothing lesse than the ruine of the monarky and our family. . . . His Majesty appears very resolut for me, and exclaims as I can desire at what has past in the House of Commons, and is very much unsatisfyed with the Duke of Monmouth, and uses all his endeavors to hinder the bill's passing in the House of Commons. I hope this vote of theirs will do there worke for them, for they that pretend to lay aside one for his religion, may as well lay aside another for some fancy or other, but I hope his Majesty will take courage and at last be a king. . . .

van der Werf pinx [illegible]

· Jaques Scot. Duc de · Monmouth.
. fils naturel de Charles II.

June 1.

. . . Unlesse something very vigorous be done within a very fewe days, the monarky is gone.

June 8th.

I know that he [Charles] is very sensible that if he parts with any more of his power, that he is gone. He has yett the fleett, the garrisons, his gards, Irland and Scotland, firme to him, so that if he will yett stand by himself he may yett be a king. . . .

July 3rd.

. . . As for the affairs in Scotland, that rebellious cru that is up in arms will, I believe, be sone dispersed, they having no considerable men amongst them, but I thinke what may follow upon the Duke of Monmouth's going downe thether may be of ill consequence. . . .

July 6th.

. . . I am not all of your mind as to what concerns the meetting of the Parliament, for I can hope for no good from it, but on the contrary all the ill imaginable, and not only to me, but to his Majesty and our whole family, as may apeare by the bill that was read in the House of Commons against me, which was against law, and destroys the very being of the monarky, which, I thank God, yett has had no dependancy on Parliaments nor on nothing but God alone, nor ever can and be a monarky; and I hope his Majesty will be of this mind and never lett this House of Commons sitt againe. If he does he is ruined forever.

July 26.

. . . I believe you have heard, as well as I, that his Majesty has disolved this Parliament and called another to meette in October. I am very glad he has done it. . . . I hope it will teach the next better manners, but in case they should follow the foottsteps of that which is now broken, I hope they will be served after the same manner. . . . I am not for their using him so insolently as this last did, nor for their meddling with the succession.

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2. Letter of Monmouth to the King. (After the discovery of the Rye House Plot.) (In Roberts' Monmouth, p. 157.)

Nov. 15, 1683.

You must allow me, sir, still to importune you, not without hopes of prevailing at last upon your generosity, so as it may get the better of your anger to me. I am half distracted, sir, with the thoughts of having offended you, and the torment it gives me is perhaps greater than your forgiving nature would know how to inflict upon the most criminal offenders. The character I lie under is too heavy for me to bear,—even death itself would be a relief to me could I have it without the aggravation of leaving the world under your displeasure. I must therefore throw myself upon your compassion, which, being a virtue so agreeable to your nature, I hope your child, sir, will not be an unfortunate instance of your denying it when 'tis implored. I confess, sir, I have been in fault, misled, and insensibly engaged in things of which the consequence was not enough understood by me; yet I can say I never had a criminal thought towards your Majesty. Not pretending by that to insist upon an absolute justification of myself, your Majesty will consider, that whilst I was under the apprehension of great anger and violence against me, it might easily corrupt my judgment, and by seeing things in a wrong light, betray me into very fatal mistakes: but now that I have had time to recollect myself, everything like a fault towards your Majesty appeareth to me in such a reproaching, terrifying shape, that I have a remorse for it, which, could it be seen, I assure myself it would move your compassion to me. I humbly beg, sir, to be admitted to your feet, and to be disposed of as you direct, not only now, but for the remainder of my life: and though my resignation is too full to admit any reserve, your Majesty will permit me to offer to you whether you will let pass anything as a penalty upon me which may lay a stain upon my innocent children? whether you will make me undergo the ignominy of a trial before you will give me your pardon? and of what use or satisfaction can it be to you to forgive me, and yet give me the cruel punishment of hearing myself arraigned for treason against such a king and such a father? . . . Neither do I imagine to receive your pardon any otherwise than by the intercession of the Duke, whom I acknowledge to have offended, and am prepared to submit myself in the humblest manner; and therefore beg your Majesty would direct how I am to apply myself to him. . . . Dear sir, be pleased to revive, by a kind answer, the most miserable, disconsolate creature now living.

MONMOUTH.

3. Letters of James, as Duke of York, to the Marquis of Queensberry. (In 15th Report, 8th Appendix, of Historical Manuscripts Commission. London, 1897.)

London, Nov. 24th, 1683.

. . . As I had written thus far, I was called for to attend his Majesty downe to the Secretarys where the Duke of Monmouth was come to surrender himself. He desired to speake to his Majesty and myself alone. He asked the King's pardon as became him, confest himself guilty of the plot in generall, and owned all but the knowing of the designed assasination; asked me pardon also, and owned his having been faulty to me, and made all the professions man could make. He is now in the custody of a sargent at arms; and to-morrow morning his Majesty has apointed a meetting to consider what to do with him. I have not tyme to say any more.

Dec. 1, 1683.

You cannot imagin what a noise and fermentation this affaire of the Duke of Monmouth has made, and how it has encouraged and revived the Whiggs and troubled the Torys; the former of which according to their wonted coustoume of lying for the good of the cause, have done and do it most impudently now upon this subject, and report every where the Duke of Monmouth has not owned the Plot, and that what was in the Monday's Gazette was false. What incouragement he has given them to talke so, I will not yett take upon me to say, but by my next I may; and shall now only say I hope good use will be made of the extravagance of that rebellious crue. . . .

Dec. 6th.

. . . I see you were all of you surprised with the newse of the Duke of Monmouth being at court: at which I do not wonder at, since here it had the same effect, and upon it the Whiggs are growne very insolent, and the more since they see he, the Duke of Monmouth, has not behaved himself as he aught, and not owned his knowledg of the conspiracy as he promised his Majesty to do. But tho this has done some harme at first, yett now that Algernon Sidney is to be beheadded tomorrow, and some other things will be done, they will not be so high; and the Duke of Monmouth will only have done himselfe harme by his behavior, and will satisfy the world he has not deserved such favor from the King as he has had. . . .

Dec. 8, 1683.

The Duke of Monmouth's being banished yesterday the court, will, I beleve, be no lesse surprising to you then his coming to it was; and tho he has gained his point in getting his pardon and keeping his credit with his party, yett I am confident it will have no further ill effect, and will have this good one, of taking away that tendernesse which moved his Majesty to do what he did in his favor: for now, he, the Duke of Monmouth has satisfyed the world he can never be trusted, and was never a true penitent; for he would not owne under his hand what he sayd to the King and myself, when he saw us first, and told some of his dependers that what had been put in the Gazette was not true; which so incensed the King as obliged him to send him out of court. But of this no more at present. Yesterday Algernon Sidney was beheaded; he died stoutly and like a true republican. I have not time to say more.

Dec. 20.

. . . Algernon Sidney's speech is come out in print, and his tryal will I beleve be out this weeke; by both which you will see what a fine princepeld man he was, and of the same trampe are all those the Duke of Monmouth was to have headed; and I thinke, 'twas a great mercy he discovered himself so sone not to be a true penitent. . . .

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4. Extracts from Reresby's Memoirs, p. 92.

1685. Feb. 9.

I [as governor of York] ordered the mail to be brought unopened to my house, so that no letters could be dispersed till I knew the true state of the King. The letters came not in till four in the morning, and then they gave me an account of my gracious and great master's departure out of this world upon the 7th, at night. I was up expecting the post when it arrived and suffered no letters to go out till I had been with the Lord Mayor and the high sheriff, and had delivered their letters only to themselves, by which they had order, and myself also, from the Privy Council and the Secretary of State, to proceed immediately to proclaim the King, James the Second. So soon as we had prepared all things necessary for this ceremony, which was done before day, I gave leave for the dispersing of the several letters according to their directions. . . .

It was a strange effect of power from above, that so strong a party as had not long before appeared in Parliament to exclude the Duke of York from the crown of his ancestors should submit to his now coming to it with so great deference. . . . That which in a great measure did quiet the minds and apprehensions of the people was the declaration made by King James to the Privy Council immediately after the breath was out of the body of his brother, that he would defend the government of England, both in Church and State, as by law established, that he would follow the steps of the late King in kindness and lenity towards his people; and that as he would defend the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so he would invade no man's property.

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5. A letter, writer unknown, to the Rev. Francis Roper. (In Ellis, Original Letters. First Series, Vol. III. p. 333.)

. . . About 4 o'clock King James was proclaimed with the usual solemnity and with great acclamations, together with a decent concern for the loss of so good a Prince. All things were managed with great order and quiett; and his Maj'tie, at night, in

Council, made a very gracious declaration (which, I suppose, will be in print) wherein he promis'd solemnly to tread exactly in his brother's steps, both as to money and to governing according to law; and particularly that he would maintain the Church as now by law establish'd. The same declaration he made to my Lord in private, with solemn protestations: and 'tis his constant discourse, that he will not in the least disturb the established government of the Church, either by toleration, or any other way whatever.

This day the Archbishop and Bishops waited on his Majestie and desired private audience; and in the Closett the Archbishop made a very eloquent speech, by way of thanks, in the name of the whole Clergy, for the last night's declaration, as what prevented what otherwise they must have made their earnest prayer and suit to him, to patronize the Church, as his royall brother of blessed memory had all along done: giving him all assurances of loyalty in the Clergy as what he might depend upon, as it is both the doctrine and practice of our Church, beyond any Church in the World. His Majestie again repeated what he had before declar'd, and said moreover, he would never give any sort of countenance to Dissenters, knowing that it must needs be faction and not religion, if men could not bee content to meet five besides their own familie, which the Law dispenses with.

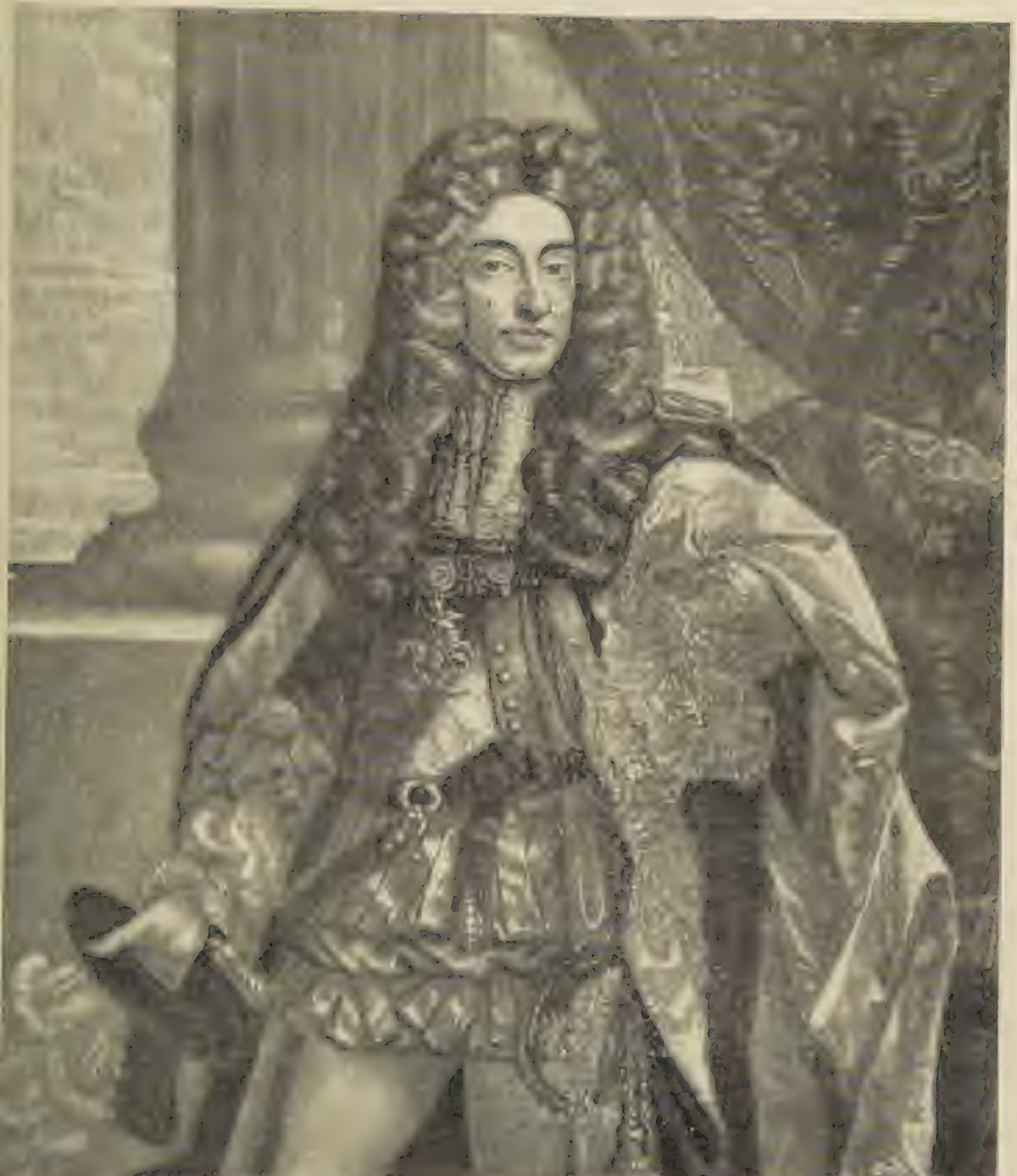
Thus to make amends for our great loss, wee are much comforted with the hopes we have of our Church continuing in its former flourishing estate. His Majestie has never yet been known to bee worse than his word; and 'tis to be hop'd he will not bee, in so often repeated promises. God continue him in his good resolutions, and make us all live peaceably and happily under him, and that his reign may bee alwayes answerable to this auspicious beginning. I am

Sir, your . . .

Extract from Fountainhall.

On the 23 of Aprill, being St George's day, the King and Quean ware crouned at Westminster. . . . Their ware scattered amongst the peeple about 500*l*. sterling's worth of coronation medalls, made of purpose, with sundry emblems, one of ane eagle trying hir young ones by the sun etc. It is very far short of the splendor of his Brother's coronation in 1660. . . . It is like it was to shun expence to himselfe and the nobility, whose fortunes are low. . . . By ane act, the King declared that the Quean, on hir coronation day, would release all prisoners for debts within £5 sterling, by paying them, wheirby 80 were liberat in Newgate. Shee was not crouned with the imperiall croun of the kingdome of England, but by a golden croun, made of purpose, worth 300000*l*. sterling; the jewells shee had on hir ware reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like ane angell. All the peeresses ware richly attired, and with ther coronets on their heads. . . .

At the coronation, the Te Deum and Veni Creator were sung. . . . Among other verses made on this coronation Elcana Setle, once the Whigs' poet, now fallen of, made a heroick poem, wher he brings in Shaftsburry, Essex, and Russell, (whom he calls G. Burnet's reforming pupill,) gnashing their teeth and shaking their snakes in hell, at the news of the Duke of York's coronation as king, and calls Monmouth that skulking, litle, wou'd-be-king. . . .



arolus Secundus D. G. Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ & Hib. Rex

Printed for & Sold by Thoˢ Bowles Print & Map

6. Extract from Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times. (Oxford, 1852, p. 24.)

I must now say something concerning myself. At this time [accession of James II. 1685] I went out of England. Upon King Charles's death, I had desired leave to come and pay my duty to the King by the marquis of Halifax. The King would not see me. So, since I was at that time in no sort of employment, not so much as allowed to preach anywhere, I resolved to go abroad. . . . The King approved of this, and consented to my going: but still refused to see me. So I was to go beyond sea, as to a voluntary exile. This gave me great credit with all the malecontents: and I made the best use of it I could. . . . Fletcher, a Scotch gentleman of great parts, and many virtues, but a most violent republican, and extravagantly passionate, did not like Argile's scheme [for raising a rebellion in Scotland]: so he resolved to run fortunes with the duke of Monmouth. He told me, that all the English among them were still pressing the duke of Monmouth to venture. They said, all the west of England would come about him, as soon as he appeared, as they had done five or six years ago. . . . This appeared a mad and desperate undertaking to the duke of Monmouth himself. He knew what a weak body a rabble was, and how unable to deal with troops long trained. Fletcher . . . said to me, that the duke of Monmouth was pushed on to it against his own sense and reason: but he could not refuse to hazard his person, when others were so forward. Lord Grey said, that Henry the seventh landed with a smaller number, and succeeded. Fletcher answered, he was sure of several of the nobility, who were little princes in those days. . . .

The night I left London, the Earl of Arran came to me, and told me, the King had an advertisement of it [Monmouth's plot] that very day. I saw it was fit for me to make haste: otherwise I should have been seized on, if it had been only to put the affront on me, of being suspected of holding correspondence with traitors.

Argile had a very prosperous voyage. . . . At his landing he found, that the early notice the council had of his designs had spoiled his whole scheme. . . . Yet he got above 2500 men to come to him. . . . But he lingered too long, hoping still to have brought more of his Highlanders together. . . . He had left his arms in a castle, with such a guard as he could spare; but they were routed by a party of the King's forces. And with this he lost both heart and hope. . . . He died pitied by all. His death being pursuant to the sentence passed three years before, was looked on as no better than murder.

7. Extract from Fountainhall's Memoirs. (Edinburgh, 1837, p. 185.)

Argile was brought from Glasgow to Edinburgh, prisoner, on the 20th of June. . . . At first our rulers ware so irritate, that they resolved to put all the marks of contumely on him they could; such as, a cart was provided at the Watergate, with a chair in it to bind him on, and so hurdle him up the way, the hangman leading him, or else to set him on a coall horse, also ready ther; for it was reported that in 1650, when the Marquis of Montrose was brought up prisoner from the Watergate in a cart, this Argile was feeding his eyes with the sight in the Lady Murrayes balcony, in the Canongate, with his daughter, his lady, to whom he was new married, and that he was seen playing and smiling with her. . . .

The dulnesse and sillinesse of the manner of his taking is very od.; Providence confounding our common opinion of things: every one reputed Argile waliant and witty, and Sir John Cochrane neither, and yet Argile sneaks away from the hazard, and Sir John fights stoutly like a man; only, the greatest coward when straitned (like a cat pershued in a cupboard) will fight desperately enough. . . .

But this was yet more surprising and unprobable [than the case of Pyrrhus, which he has cited at some length] that the generall of ane army should be apprehended by country peeple, he stragling and stealing away before the fight; and every on thought him so gallant and generous that, rather than be so tane and brought to a scaffold, he would much more choise to fight and to be killed on the field, as Rumbold answered, when he was bid render himselfe "That he came there to fight for death, not for life." Argile had miserably deceaved both himselfe and those he had persuaded to joyne with him: for, 1. The kingdome was not disposed to ryse so numerously as he expected; 2. Monmouth, partly throw sicknesse, and partly by unreadinesse, (tho it was concerted and agreed betuen them in Holland, that he should follow him, so that both their invasions should be at once,) was so long of landing in England. . . .

O the ludibrium of humane fortune! Argile in pomp and glory carried our imperiall croun before this King when Duke of York in his Parliament 1681; and now, in 4 years tyme, he is ignominiously led up that same very street by the hangman.

It was long debated at Privy Counsell, whither he should be hanged or headed, and the last carried it. . . . Our old Scots way of quartering, was only the cutting of the legs and the armes, (as was done with the great Montrose,) but did not divide the body, which severe practise we have only of late, since Rathilet's case, borrowed from the customes of England, whom we doe not imitate in manie better things. . . .

And thus was Argile headed on the 30 of June 1685, as his father had been in 1661. He had all the civility imaginable put upon him; he was allowed 8 freinds to be in mourning with him on the scaffold, . . . he came in coach to the toune Counsell, and from that on foot to the scaffold with his hat on. . . . He was somewhat appaled at the sight of the Maiden [the block?], (present death will danton the most resolute courage,) therfor he caused bind the napkin upon his face ere he approached, and then was led to it. His body, after the separation of his head, by the great commotion and agitation of the animall and vitall spirits, started upright to his feet till it was held doune, and the blood from the jugular weins of the neck sprung most briskly like a cascade or jette d'eau. Thus fell that tall and mighty cedar in our Lebanon, the last of ane ancient and honorable family.

Burnet.

. . . As soon as lord Argile sailed for Scotland he [Monmouth] set about his design with as much haste as was possible. Arms were brought, and a ship was freighted for Bilbao in Spain. The Duke of Monmouth pawned all his jewels: but these could not raise much: and no money was sent him out of England. So he was hurried into an ill designed invasion. The whole company consisted but of eighty-two persons. They were all faithful to one another. . . .

8. Letter of the Mayor of Lyme to James II. (In Roberts' Monmouth, Vol. I. p. 257.)

Honiton, 11th June, 1685, near
12 at night.

May it please your sacred Majesty: This evening, between seven and eight of the clock, there came in a great ship into the road of Lyme, not showing any colours; the off-side of the ship unseen by us on the shore: she filled five great boats full of men, which they speeded behind the Cobb, and so landed them to the westward of the town: they went over the cliffs, and presently were in the town at least 300 men, the Duke of Monmouth at the head of them, so that they became masters of the town. I presently, well knowing that I should be first seized, took my horse, and came with speed to this town, and gave notice to all the country as I came; and sent my servants, that notice should be given to Somerset and Dorsetshires; and I hope to be at Exeter, to give an account of it to the Duke of Albemarle within two hours.

With the great ship, there is a ketch of about one hundred tons, and a fly-boat, which I judge to be about two hundred tons: neither of them had landed any men when I came thence; but we suppose them to be full of men.

I find this place, and all the country, to be very ready to betake themselves to their arms against the rebels. In the morning at Chideocke, in our bay, they landed two men; which I, understanding, sent by all ways to apprehend them. Whether they are taken, I know not: so I humbly beseech your Majesty to pardon this distracted relation, not doubting but they have plundered me.

I am, your Majesty's most humble and obedient servant and subject.

Burnet.

The alarm was brought hot to London: where upon the general report and belief of the thing, an act of attainder passed both houses in one day; some small opposition being made by the Earl of Anglesey, because the evidence did not seem clear enough for so severe a sentence, which was grounded on the notoriety of the thing. The sum of 5,000*l* was set on his head. . . . The Duke of Monmouth's manifesto was long, and ill penned: full of much black and dull malice. It was plainly Ferguson's style, which was both tedious and fulsome.

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9. Monmouth's Declaration. (In Roberts's Monmouth. London, 1844. Vol. I., p. 235.)

. . . We are particularly compelled to say, that all the boundaries of the Government have of late been broken, and nothing left unattempted, for turning our limited monarchy into an absolute tyranny. . . . Our religion hath been all along undermined by Popish councils, and our privileges ravished from us by fraud and violence. And more especially, the whole course and series of the life of the present usurper hath been but one continued conspiracy against the reformed religion, and rights of the nation. For whosoever considers his contriving the burning of London; his instigating a confederacy with France and a war with Holland; his fomenting the Popish Plot, and encouraging the murther of Sir Ed. Godfrey to stifle it; his forging treason against protestants, and suborning witnesses to swear the patriots of our religion and liberties out of their lives; his hiring execrable villains to assassinate the late Earl of Essex, and causing several others to be clandestinely cut off, in hopes to conceal it; his advising and procuring the prorogation and dissolution of parliaments, in order to prevent inquiry into his crimes, and that he might escape the justice of the nation: such can imagine nothing so black and horrid in itsself, or so ruinous and destructive to religion and the kingdom which we may not expect from him, upon his having invaded the throne, and usurped the title of a king. . . .

Unless we could be willing to be slaves as well as papists . . . and withal be unmindful of our duty to God, our country and posterity, deaf to the cries and groans of our oppressed friends, and be satisfied not only to see them and ourselves imprisoned, robbed and murthered, but the Protestant interest throughout the whole world betrayed to France and Rome, we are bound as men and Christians . . . to betake ourselves to arms. . . . Now therefore we do solemnly declare and proclaim war against James Duke of York, as a murderer and an assassin of innocent men; a Popish usurper of the crown, traitor to the nation and tyrant over the people. . . .

And whereas the said James Duke of York, in order to the expediting the idolatrous and bloody designs of the Papists, the gratifying his own boundless ambition after a crown, and to hinder inquiry into his assassination of Arthur Earl of Essex, hath poisoned the late King, and therein manifested his ingratitude, as well as cruelty to the world, in murdering a brother, who had almost ruined himself to preserve and protect him from punishment: we do therefore further declare, that for the aforesaid villanous and unnatural crime, and other his crimes before mentioned, and in pursuance of the resolution of both Houses of Parliament, who voted to revenge the King's death in case he came to an untimely end, we will prosecute the said James Duke of York till we have brought him to suffer what the law adjudged to be the punishment of so execrable a fact. And in a more particular manner, his Grace the Duke of Monmouth, being deeply sensible of that barbarous and horrid parricide committed upon his father, doth resolve to pursue the said James Duke of York as a mortal and bloody enemy. . . .

And forasmuch as the said James Duke of Monmouth, the now head and Captain General of the Protestant forces of this Kingdom . . . hath been, and still is believed, to have a legitimate and legal right to the crowns of England, Scotland, France and Ireland . . . the said Duke of Monmouth, from the generousness of his own nature and the love he bears to these nations . . . doth not at present insist upon his title, but leaves the determination thereof to the wisdom, justice and authority of a Parliament. . . .

Our dependence and trust is upon the Lord of Hosts, in whose name we go forth, and to whom we commit our cause, and refer the decision betwixt us and our enemies in the day of battle. Now let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth good unto him.

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10 Correspondence of Monmouth and Albemarle. (In Roberts, Vol. I. p. 326. Also in Ellis.)

To our trusty and well-beloved Cousin
and Councillor, Christopher
Lord Duke of Albemarle.

My Lord: Whereas we are credibly informed that there are some horse and foot in arms under your command for James Duke of York, which are purposely raised in opposition to us and our royal authority; we thought fit to signify to you our resentment thereof, and do promise ourself that what you have transacted therein was through inadvertency and mistake; and that your Grace will take other means, when you have received information of our being proclaimed King, to succeed our royal father, lately deceased. We have therefore sent this messenger on purpose to intimate the same unto you; and it is our royal will and pleasure, and we do hereby strictly charge and command you, upon notice and receipt thereof, to cease all hostility, and force, and arms against us and all our loving subjects; and that your Grace would immediately repair to our camp, where you shall not fail of a very kind reception by us; or, in default of the premises, we shall be obliged to proclaim you, and all those in arms under your command, rebels and traitors, and shall proceed against you accordingly. Yet we assure ourself that your Grace will pay ready obedience to our command; wherefore we bid you hearty farewell.

JAMES R.

For James Scott, late Duke of Monmouth.

I received your letter, and do not doubt but you would use me kindly if you had me; and since you have given yourself the trouble of invitation, this is to let you know that I never was, nor never will be, a rebel to my lawful King, who is James the Second. If you think I am in the wrong, and you in the right, whenever we meet I do not doubt but the justness of my cause shall sufficiently convince you that you had better have lett this rebellion alone, and not have put the nation to so much trouble.

ALBEMARLE.

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11. Extract from Burnet.

Upon the duke of Monmouth's landing, many of the country people came in to join him, but very few of the gentry. He had quickly men enough about him to use all his arms. The duke of Albemarle, as lord lieutenant of Devonshire, was sent down to raise the militia, and with them to make head against him. But their ill affection appeared very evidently: many deserted, and all were cold in the service. The duke of Monmouth had the whole country open to him for almost a fortnight, during which time he was very diligent in training and animating his men. His own behaviour was so gentle and obliging, that he was master of all their hearts, as much as was possible. But he quickly found, what it was to be at the head of undisciplined men, that knew nothing of war, and that were not to be used with rigour. . . . The duke of Monmouth's great error was, that he did not in the first heat venture on some hardy action, and then march either to Exeter or Bristol; where, as he would have found much wealth, so would he have gained some reputation by it. But he lingered in exercising his men, and stayed too long in the neighborhood of Lime.

By this means the King had time both to bring troops out of Scotland, after Argile was taken, and to send to Holland for the English and Scotch regiments that were in the service of the States; which the prince [William] sent over very readily, and offered his own person, and a greater force, if it was necessary. [The King was too wise to accept.—*Old Commentator.*] The King received this with great expressions of acknowledgment and kindness. It was very visible, that he was much distracted in his thoughts, and that what appearance of courage soever he might put on, he was inwardly full of apprehensions and fears. . . . He had no mind to be much obliged to the prince of Orange, or to let him into his counsels or affairs. . . .

The King could not choose worse than he did when he gave the command to the Earl of Feversham. . . . Monmouth had almost surprised lord Feversham, and all about him, while they were a-bed. He got in between two bodies, into which the army lay divided. He now saw his error in lingering so long. He began to want bread, and to be so straitened, that there was a necessity of pushing for a speedy decision. He was so misled in his march, that he lost an hour's time: and when he came near the army, there was an inconsiderable ditch, in the passing which he lost so much more time, that the officers had leisure to rise and be dressed, now they had the alarm and they put themselves in order. Yet the duke of Monmouth's foot stood longer and fought better than could have been expected: especially, when the small body of horse they had, ran upon the first charge, the blame of which was cast on the Lord Grey. The foot being thus forsaken and galled by the cannon, did run at last. About a thousand of them were killed on the spot: and 1500 were taken prisoners. Their numbers when fullest, were between five and six thousand. The duke of Monmouth left the field too soon for a man of courage, who had such high pretensions: for a few days before he had suffered himself to be called king, which did him no service, even among those that followed him. He rode towards Dorsetshire: and when his horse could carry him no further, he changed clothes with a shepherd, and went as far as his legs could carry him, being accompanied only with a German, whom he had brought over with him. At last, when he could go no further, he lay down in a field where there was hay and straw, with which they covered themselves, so that they hoped to lie there unseen till night. Parties went out on all hands to take prisoners. The shepherd was found by the lord Lumley, in the duke of Monmouth's clothes. So this put them on his track, and having some dogs with them they followed the scent, and came to the place where the German was first discovered. And he immediately pointed to the place where the duke of Monmouth lay. So he was taken. . . . His body was quite sunk with fatigue: and his mind was now so low, that he begged his life in a manner that agreed ill with the courage of the former parts of it. He called for pen, ink, and paper; and wrote to the earl of Feversham, and both to the queen, and the queen dowager, to intercede with the King for his life. The King's temper, as well as his interest, made it so impossible to hope for that, that it shewed a great meanness in him to ask it in such terms as he used in his letters. He was carried up to Whitehall; where the King examined him in person, which was thought very indecent, since he was resolved not to pardon him. He made new and unbecoming submissions, and insinuated a readiness to change his religion: for he said, the King knew what his first education was in religion.

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12. Letter of the Duke of Monmouth to James II. (In Roberts, Vol. I. p. 113.)

. . . The Prince and Princess of Orange will be witness for me of the assurance I gave them, that I would never stir against you. But my misfortune was such as to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments, that I was fully led away to believe that it was a shame and a sin before God not to do it. . . .

I am sure, sir, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the zeal I have of your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done. I can say no more to your Majesty now, being this letter must be seen by those that keep me. Therefore, sir, I shall make an end, in begging of your Majesty to believe so well of me, that I would rather die a thousand deaths than excuse anything I have done, if I did not really think myself the most in wrong that ever a man was, and had not from the bottom of my heart an abhorrence for those that put me upon it, and for the action itself. I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as He has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Wherefore, sir, I hope I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service: and could I but say one word in this letter, you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be

Your Majesty's most humble and dutiful

MONMOUTH.

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13. Extracts from the Buccleugh MSS. (In Appendix of Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative. London, 1809.)

The Duke of Monmouth from the time of his being taken in the West, shewd a wonderful concernedness to save his life, and stuck at nothing that could secure to him the hopes of dooing it. His Majestie was the first person that he made his application to, by a humble and submissive letter: . . . giving the King to understand that he has such important matters to communicate to his Majestie, that should secure his whole nations against the fears and disturbances of rebellion and sedition ever after; and that by the satisfaction he imagines this discovery would give the King he doubted not, but in some measure, to deserve pardon upon this consideration. He was admitted to see the King at Mr. Griffin's, where, at his Majestie appearing, he fell down on his knees and with much earnestness begged his life, and his Majestie's pardon for what he had done. The King told him, of the latest. The substance in generall of what he told his Majestie, and as yet has come to my knowledge, was: That he was deceived and imposed upon by a company of rogues and villans, that flattered him with the hopes and promises of achieving of great matters; and that if he land once on English ground all the nation would appear for him . . . that Fergusone was chiefly the person that instigat him to set up his title of King and had been a main adviser and contriver of the whole affair, as well to the attempting as acting what had been done. . . .

That night he was carried away to the tower.

. . . .

After that the devotionarie and interrogatorie pairt had bein over, he went to that pairt of the scaffold where the block and ax laye. The axe he took into his hand, and felt the edge of it, saying to Jack Ketch [the *original* Jack Ketch.—ED.], the executioner, that sure the axe did not feill as if it were sharp enough, and prayed him that he would doe his office weill, and not serve him as he was told he had done the late Lord Russell; for if he gave him two stroaks, he would not promise him that he would lye still to receive the third; and putting his hand in his pocket, gave him six guinies; telling him, that if he did his dutie weel, he left six more in his servant's hands to be given him after he was dead, provyding he did his busines handsomely. All this he said with alse much indifferencie and unconcernednes as if he were giveing ordours for a sute of cloathes. Noe change nor alteratione of countenance from the first unto the last; but stript himself of his coat; and haveing prayed, layed himself downe, and fitted his neck to the block, with all the calmnes of temper and composer of mynd that ever hath bein observed in any that mounted that fatall scafold before. He would have no cap to his head, nor be bound, nor have anie thing on his feace; and yett for all this, the botcherly dog, the executioner, did soe barbarously act his pairt, that he could not at fyve stroaks of the ax, sever the head from the body. At the first, which made only a slender dash in his necke, his body heaved up and his head turned about; the second stroak he made only a deeper dash, after which the body moved; the third, not being the work, he threw away the ax, and said, God damne me, I can doe no more, my heart fails me. The bystanders had much adoe to forbear throwing him over the scafold; but made him take the ax againe, threatening to kill him if he did not doe his deutie better, which tuo stroaks more not being able to finish the work, he was fain at last to draw furth his long knife and with it to cutt of the remaining pairt of his neck. If there had not bein a guard before the shouldieres to conduct the executioner away, the people would have torne him to pieces, soe great was their indignatione at the barbarous usage of the leat Duek of Monmouth, receaved at his hand. There were many that had the superstitious curiositie of dipping their handkercheifs in his blood, and carreying it away as a precious relique.

GROUP XIX.

THE ARBITRARY RULE OF JAMES II.

1. Letter of Dr. Hickes to Dr. Charlett. (In Aubrey, Letters by eminent persons. London, 1813.)

Jan 23rd, 1710–11.

Dear Sir: I . . . can defer my humble thanks no longer for your kind New Years gifts, the stately Almanack and the *Orationes ex Poetis Latinis*, where . . . I cast my eyes on the *Sortes Virgilianae* of Charles I.

At Bello Audacis Populi vexatus, etc.

This gave me some melancholy reflections for an hour or two, and made me call to my mind . . . the omens that happened at the coronation of . . . James II., which I saw, viz.: the tottering of his crown upon his head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the white tower over against my door when I came home from the coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time the signal was given to the tower that he was crowned.

I put no great stress upon omens but I cannot despise them: most of them I believe come by chance, but some from superior agents, especially those which regard the fate of kings and nations.

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2. Description of James II. by an anonymous Contemporary. (In Macpherson's Original Papers, I. 589.)

He was something above the middle stature, well-shaped, very nervous and strong. His face was rather long, his countenance engaging. But his outward carriage was a little stiff and constrained. He was not so gracious as he was courteous and obliging. He was affable and of easy access. He affected no formality, though no one knew the ceremonial better, nor was more exact in the observation of them when necessary. . . . Having some hesitation in his speech, his conversation was not so graceful as it was judicious and solid. His temper was naturally hot and choleric. But, in his latter days, he got the better of that; and, even in his younger days, it seldom so much overpowered him, as to make him do any action unbecoming. . . . He was a great lover of walking and hunting. But no diversion made him neglect business; to which he had so great an application, that it seemed to be of the number of his diversions. He was so distinguishable for this, that, during his younger days, notwithstanding the unsettledness of his condition, while he lived in exile, he had not only performed his duty with great exactness, but kept an account of all occurences; and he has obliged posterity with better memoirs under his own hand, than perhaps any sovereign prince has been known to leave behind him before.

He was, all his life, a great enemy to drinking, gaming, and indeed to all diversions which commonly render men incapable of business. . . . His affection for the Queen was mixed with a respect and deference. He was the best father in the world, and the most unfortunate in some of his children; the best master, yet the worst served: a most constant friend, yet never prince found fewer in his greatest necessities. He was so fond of his children, in particular, that when he found the princess of Denmark [Anne] had deserted him, upon his return from Salisbury, he only seemed anxious about her health and fears for her miscarriage.

3. Extracts from Fountainhall's Memoirs.

1685.

. . . The King, the Sunday immediately following his brother's death, went openly to his Quean's popish chappell, and heard masse, and declared, that when he was a subject, he had that respect for the laws of England, that he would not break them, but now as King, being above the executive force of the law, he ouned his religion, which was judged ingenuity. . . .

Our King hearing how the French King had receaved Churchill, he payes him in his oune coin, and receives Lorge sitting in his chair of state in the gallery with his hat on; which some French resented, tho it may be meer policy, to give out that ther is a misunderstanding between the 2 kings, to please the English. The last king admitted embassadors without any pomp or ceremony, to speak him standing in his bedchamber with his hat of.

The change upon the face of the English court is very remarkable: in the last king's tyme mirth, playes, buffoonerie, etc., domineered, and was incouraged; now, there is litle to be seen but seriousnesse and businesse. . . .

On the 18th of April, being the vigil before Easter, the King washed 52 poor men's feet, according to the number of the years of his oune age, and he touches severalls for the King's Evill. He emits a new severe Proclamation against duels, and certifies, whoever intices another, or brings a second with him, he will pardon none of them. . . . The King delivered to both Houses his Speach . . . wherein he differs much from his brother's style, and signifies his pleasure in very peremptorie termes, that it will not be ther best way to feed him from tyme to tyme with supplies, for that will not praevaill with him to gather them the oftner together; then he acquaints them with Argile's rebellion in Scotland and hopes they will give him a suitable supply against the same. And they having on the 23 of May signified to his Majesty, that by ane act they would settle all the revenue of tonnage and poundage [on his Majesty for his life-time] . . . and that they would stand by him with their lives and fortunes against Argile and all other conspirators; he (without giving them thanks, as his brother used to doe,) with a very dry complement, tells them, they could doe no lesse in consulting ther oune security. And in his Speach of the 30 of May, he craves a farder supply; and to flatter the genius of the nation, he tells them in a style wain enough, that he hopes to raise the reputation of England beyond what any of his praedecessors [had done]. . . . Whereupon the House of Commons vote him a farder supply. . . . Some ascrybed this complyance of the House of Commons with the King more to fear than love, and that he took the true way of treating Englishmen, in King Henry the 8th's minatory forme, that as he would invade no man's properties, so he would quite none of his oune rights and praerogatives; and that he began with them as he intended to end: for the old distich holds true, *Anglica gens, optima flens, pessima ridens;* with too much prosperity they turne unsupportably insolent, so that it is not safe to flatter or cajole them; for sundry of this house of Commons are disaffected, but are borne doune by the major part, who syde with the King, the elections in counties and burrows being so managed, that by the limitations of the new charters given them, and excommunications and other methods used to debar such as they doubted, they got many of them to the King's oune mind; which was a point his late brother could never of late compasse, tho he had as much of his people's love as the present King hes, only he was no so much feared by them. . . . If the King had ane army up, it's like he would not disband it so easily as his brother did his. . . .

The English Parliament met again on the 9th of November, 1685, by his Majestie's special call: wher the King tells them that, in this late invasion [Monmouth's] ther was a great discovery of the insufficiency of the militia to suppresse risings, which had moved him to double the standing forces there had been in his brother's tyme . . . and therfor he hoped they would grant him a suitable supply to defray it; and that he had made use of some to be officers in his army who ware not qualified according to the laws (being popish), but to deal plainly with them he would nather expose nor desert them. . . .

The two Houses having retired, the Peers ware induced to thank the King for his Speach; but the commons demurred on it, they liked nather the on part of the Speach nor the other: a standing army they ware not for . . . and, as to Popish officers they . . . would have them removed in tyme coming. . . .

The Lord Jeffries, Chancelor, brought in a bill to the House of Peers for reschinding the Test made in 1678 against transsubstantiation, and for allowing the Popish lords (who are 17 in England) to come and sit in the House of Peers. . . . Upon this motion of the Chancelor's many of the nobility and bischops got up and shewed great resentment and indignation, clouds of them speaking at once; and he reprooving them, as violating the order and forme of Parliament, on told him they knew what decency became a Parliament as weell as he knew the King's Bench, reflecting on his rise. The peers, who used alwayes to be most tame and obsequious to the Kings, turned very giddy and discontent in this Parliament; what had offended and allarumed them was the King's turning the Marquis of Halifax, Bischop of London, etc., of his Privy Counsell. . . . What displeased the Peers is, 1. That it's the temper and genius of English Parliaments to begin fair, and to be fond and kind to ther new Princes, but ther concord uses not to last long. 2. It was publickly knowen in London, that a Nuncio or Vicar generall was come from the Pope to the King at London . . . whereas ther had not been such embassies passing between Rome and England never since the reigne of Quean Mary thesse 130 years.

. . . .

In the house of peers ther ware od speaches: ther religion (on said) was like the banks in Holland which bridled the sea; once make a breach in them, all their hands would not be able to stop the breach and inundation. . . . The Bischop of London went to the King, and fell on his knees, intreating him to quiet and secure the minds of the peeple, . . . and they say, the King turned on his heel. . . .

As for the commons, the King can never expect to get a better constituted House of Commons. . . . They are all men almost pricked doun by the King himself as his freinds, and ther ar about 150 of them his defenders and pensioners: so that it behooved to be a very extroordinary demand of the Kings that startled them: and the truth was, many loyall subjects wished he had not scrued the pine so hy in his Speach, as he left no honourable roume for a retrait to himselfe, if the Parliament should not grant his desire. . . .

The King was so irritated with their free discourses on the 18th, that he took resolution that same night to prorogue them; which he did on the 19th in the morning, (which was knowen to few,) having come to the House of Peers in his robes, and the croun on his head, and called up the House of Commons and their Speaker, and so prorogued them himselfe. . . . The members of the English Parliament are observed to be very calme when out of Parliament, but seldome doe they return better natured than when they parted, but rather with 7 devills. . . . The rich men in the city of London are very discontented, and so renders trade very dead. . . .

The King was resolved in this last Parliament, to have passed ane act that ther Habeas Corpus write should not liberate in treason, that the King might not be forced to insist or divulge his proofs ther, in cases of treason, before he ware ready, which in experience he had found to be prejudiciall. . . .

In April, 1686, my two servants being imprisoned, and I threatened therewith, as also, that they would seize upon my papers, and search if they contained anything offensive to the party then prevailling, I was necessitated to hide this Manuscript and many others, and intermit my Historick Remarks till the Revolution in the end of 1688.

Reresby's Memoirs.

March 2nd, 1685.

. . . It was now out of doubt that the King was a Papist, for he went publicly to mass; but he ordered the chapel at Whitehall to be kept in the same order as formerly, where the Princess of Denmark [later Queen Anne] went daily. The King repaired to the Queen's private chapel. . . .

Nov. 20th.

. . . The Popish party at this time behaved themselves with an insolence which did them a prejudice. The King of France continued to practise all the cruelties imaginable towards the Protestants in France to make them turn Papists, commanding that all extremities should be used but death, as seizing their lands, razing their temples and houses, taking all their goods, putting them into prisons, quartering dragoons with them to eat up their estates and to watch them that they should not sleep till they changed their religion. Many of them fled into all parts as they could escape, poor and naked; for their estates were stopped and themselves condemned to the galleys if they were taken attempting to fly. . . .

March 1.

. . . Though it could not be said that there was as yet any remarkable invasion upon the rights of the Church of England, yet the King gave all the encouragement he could to the increase of his own, by putting more papists into office, but especially in Ireland; by causing or allowing popish books to be printed and sold and cried publicly; by publishing some popish papers found in the late King's closet, and the declaration of his dying a papist and the manner of it; . . . by sending my Lord Castelmaine upon a solemn embassy to the Pope, and many other such things; which made all men expect that more would follow of a greater concern. . . .

May 13th.

. . . The King having lately got a Jesuit for his confessor, went on faster than formerly in promoting the Roman Catholic religion.

4. Extracts from Burnet. (After Monmouth's Execution.)

Thus lived and died this unfortunate young man. He had several good qualities in him, and some that were as bad. He was soft and gentle even to excess, and too easy to those who had credit with him. He was both sincere and good-natured, and understood war well. But he was too much given to pleasure and to favourites. . . .

The King was now as successful as his own heart could wish. . . . And certainly a reign that was now so beyond expectation successful in its first six months seemed so well settled that no ordinary mismanagement could have spoiled such beginnings. If the King had ordered a speedy execution of such persons as were fit to be made public examples, and had upon that granted a general indemnity . . . it is not easy to imagine with what advantage he might then have opened and pursued his designs.

But his own temper, and the fury of some of his ministers, and the maxims of his priests . . . concurred to make him lose advantages that were never to be recovered. . . . The army was kept for some time in the western counties, where both officers and soldiers lived as in an enemy's country, and treated all that were believed to be ill affected to the King with great rudeness and violence.

Kirk, who had commanded long in Tangier, was become so savage by the neighbourhood of the Moors there, that some days after the battle, he ordered several of the prisoners to be hanged up at Taunton, without so much as the form of law, he and his company looking on from an entertainment they were at. At every new health another prisoner was hanged up. And they were so brutal, that observing the shaking of the legs of those whom they hanged, it was said among them, they were dancing; and upon that music was called for.

. . . .

But, as if this had been nothing, Jeffries was sent the western circuit to try the prisoners. His behaviour was beyond anything that was ever heard of in a civilized nation. He was perpetually either drunk or in a rage, liker a fury than the zeal of a judge. He required the prisoners to plead guilty. And in that case he gave them some hope of favour if they gave him no trouble: otherwise, he told them, he would execute the letter of the law upon them in its utmost severity. This made many plead guilty who had a great defence in law. But he shewed no mercy. He ordered a great many to be hanged up immediately without allowing them a minute's time to say their prayers. He hanged, in several places, about six hundred persons. The impieties with which he treated them . . . would have amazed one, if done by a bashaw in Turkey. England had never known anything like it.

. . . .

But that which brought all his excesses to be imputed to the King himself, and to the orders given by him, was, that the King had a particular account of all his proceedings writ to him every day. And he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing room to foreign ministers, and at his table, calling it Jeffries's campaign [also in letters.—Ed.] . . . Dykfield was at that time in England, one of the ambassadors whom the States had sent over to congratulate the King's coming to the crown. He told me, that the King talked so often of these things, that he wondered to see him break out into those indecencies. And upon Jeffries's coming back, he was created a baron and peer of England. [He was created a baron and peer before. *Old Commentator.*] . . . Pen [Sylvan Penn] who saw the execution [of old Lady Lisle, who fell asleep at her trial] . . . said to me, the king was much to be pitied, who was hurried into all this effusion of blood by Jeffries's impetuous and cruel temper.

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5. Extracts from an "Impartial Account of Kirk's Cruelties . . . by . . . an Eye and Ear Witness." (In the work known as the Bloody Assizes, 5th Edition.)

When Kirk came first into Taunton he came with two cartloads of men bloody, and their wounds not drest, just as they were hauled into Bridgewater Prison. . . . He also brought with him into Taunton, a great drove of foot, chained two and two together. He hanged 19 on the Corn-hill immediately. . . . He caused their bowels to be burnt, and their quarters to be boiled in pitch, and hanged all about the town.

Kirk hanged one on the White Heart sign-post three times, to try if he would own he had done amiss; but he affirmed (to this effect) that if it was to do again, he would engage in the same cause; so Kirk would have him hang'd in chains; and so he was, till King William came to the deliverance of this nation from popery and slavery.

When Jenkins, Hewlings, etc., were to die, before they came out, there was a great fire made on the Corn-hill, that so they might see the fire that was to burn their bowels.

Some that Kirk caused to be hanged, he caused also their bodies to be stript, and their breasts to be cleav'd asunder; in the place where he caused the executions to be done, you might have gone up to the ankles in blood.

Formula for Sentences of Judges.

(Quoted by Roberts from "State Trials.")

You must every one of you be had back to the place from whence you came, from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution, and there you must severally be hanged by the necks, every one of you by the neck till you are *almost* dead; and then you must be cut down, your *entrails* must be taken out and *burnt* before your faces; your several heads to be cut off, and your bodies to be divided into four parts, and those to be disposed of at the pleasure of the King: and the Lord have mercy upon your souls.

6. Extract from North's Life of Guilford. (In Jessop's Lives of the Norths. London, 1890. Vol. I. p. 288.)

"Noisy in nature. Turbulent at first setting out. Deserter in difficulties. Full of tricks. Helped by similar friendships. Honesty, law, policy, alike."

This, to conclude, is the summary character of the Lord Chief Justice Jeffries and needs no interpreter. . . . I will subjoin what I have personally noted of the man; and some things of indubitable report concerning him. . . . His delights were . . . drinking, laughing, singing, kissing, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers for the most part, near him; as in old time great men kept fools to make them merry. . . . No friendship or dearness could be so great in private which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant degree, in publick. No one . . . was safe from his public contempt and derision. . . . When he was in temper and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attorneys and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities. . . . He talked fluently and with spirit; and his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such Billingsgate language as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it, "giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue." It was ordinary to hear him say, "Go, you are a filthy, lousy, knitty rascal," with much more of like elegance. . . . And that visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified, with his face and voice, as if the thunder of the day of judgement broke over their heads: and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflictions. He loved to insult and was bold without check; but that only when his place was uppermost. . . . There was a scrivener . . . [whose] bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? "Came off," said he, "I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live." Afterwards, when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, this lord chancellor, being very obnoxious, disguised himself in order to go beyond sea. He was in a seaman's garb and drinking a pot in a cellar. This scrivener came into the cellar after some of his clients; and his eye caught that face which made him start; and the chancellor, seeing himself eyed, feigned a cough and turned to the wall.

7. Extract from the Bloody Assizes.

Case of Mr. John Tutchin.

This young gentleman had the misfortune, with many others of his acquaintance, to be in the interest of the Duke of Monmouth, but had a better fortune than many of 'em, by concealing his name. For . . . he was committed to prison under the borrow'd name of Thomas Pitts, and his real name was not discovered till after he was acquitted of the Rebellion, no person appearing as evidence against him.

But Jeffreys having discovered his true name before Mr. Tutchin was gone from the prison, was resolv'd upon revenge, and said he was never so far outwitted, by an old or young rogue in his life. . .

Mr. Tutchin . . . was brought up again to the hall; but Jeffreys not caring to indict him for rebellion, pretended that the crime of changing his name deserved a severe sentence; and thereupon passed sentence as follows: That he should remain in prison during the space of seven years; that once every year he should be whipt thro' all the market towns in Dorsetshire; that he should pay a fine of 100 marks to the king, and find security for his good behaviour during life. This, you will say, was a whipping-sentence indeed.

It was observable, when this sentence was past upon Mr. Tutchin, that the ladies in the court, of which there were a great many, all burst out a crying; but Jeffreys turning towards them, said, "Ladies, if you did but know what a villain this is, as well as I do, you would say, this sentence is not half bad enough for him."

Upon passing the sentence the clerk of the arraigns stood up, and said, "My Lord, there are a great many market-towns in this county, the sentence reaches to a whipping about once a fortnight, and he's a very young man." "Aye," says Jeffreys, "he's a young man, but he's an old rogue; and all the interest in England shan't reverse the sentence I have past upon him."

But certainly no devil incarnate could rage, nor no Billingsgate woman could scould worse than this judge did at this young gentleman whilst he was at the bar. He . . . told him that he was a rebel from Adam, that never any of his family had the least loyalty; and, said he, "I understand you are a wit and poet, pray sir, let you and I cap verses." Mr. Tutchin smil'd in his face, and told him he knew upon what ground he stood, and when he was overmatched. . . .

Mr. Tutchin . . . drew up a petition with his own hand, which was presented to the King at Winchester, and was as follows . . . "That he humbly conceives the sentence pass'd upon him by the said Jeffreys is worse than death; and therefore humbly prays your Majesty will be mercifully pleas'd to grant him the favour of being hang'd with those of his fellow-prisoners, that are condemned to die." . . . The Court esteemed it a barbarous sentence; and it's said the King esteemed it no less. But all the answer could be got, was from the Lord Sunderland, That Mr. Tutchin must wait with patience. . . .

Four or five days before the execution of the sentence, a brother in law of Mr. Tutchins, a physician, persuaded him to take a dose of physic to make himself sick, by which means the execution might be put off. . . . He took the dose and in three or four days the small-pox came out very thick upon him, no man ever had 'em to a higher degree. . . . Mr. Tutchin lying in this miserable condition . . . his friends worked the easier with Jeffreys to get the sentence reversed, which some people would have believed a sign of repentance in Jeffreys, had he not taken the money himself. . . . So he was popt into a pardon amongst others; for 'twas usual at that time for one courtier to get a pardon of the king for half a score, and then by the assistance of Jeffreys to augment the sum to fourscore or an hundred, and so this unfortunate gentleman fortunately got out of his broil. . . .

Who could have thought, when Jeffreys past that sentence on Mr. Tutchin in the West, that ever Mr. Tutchin should see that wicked judge a prisoner, apprehended by the injur'd people, and committed by a tool of his own party? Yet so it happened.

For Jeffreys endeavouring to make his escape beyond sea in a sailor's habit was . . . taken in Anchor-and-Hope Alley in Wapping, and by the mob carried before the instrument of Popery, Sir J—— C——, then Lord Mayor of the City of London, and by him committed to the Tower.

Mr. Tutchin hearing of this, went to give his Lordship a visit; who did not know Mr. Tutchin at first, he being much altered with the small-pox; but Jeffreys understanding who he was, told him, "He was glad to see him." Mr. Tutchin answered, "He was glad to see him in that place." Jeffreys returned, that time and place happened to all men, . . . and abundance of such cant; but added, that he had served his master very faithfully according to his conscience. Mr. Tutchin asked him, where his conscience was when he past that sentence on him in the West? Jeffreys said . . . "'twas part of my instructions, to spare no man of courage, parts or estate"; but withal added, that his instructions were much more severe than the execution of them, and that at his return he was snub'd at Court for being too merciful. So after he had treated Mr. Tutchin with a glass of wine, Mr. Tutchin went away.

Soon after this Jeffreys had a barrel of oysters sent him to the Tower, which he caused to be opened, saying, He thanked God he had some friends left. But when the oysters were tumbled out on the table, a halter came out with them, which made him change his countenance, and so pall'd his stomach that he could eat none of them. This was confidently reported to be done by Mr. Tutchin; but I having heard him protest that he was not in the least concerned therein, we must believe it to be done by another hand.

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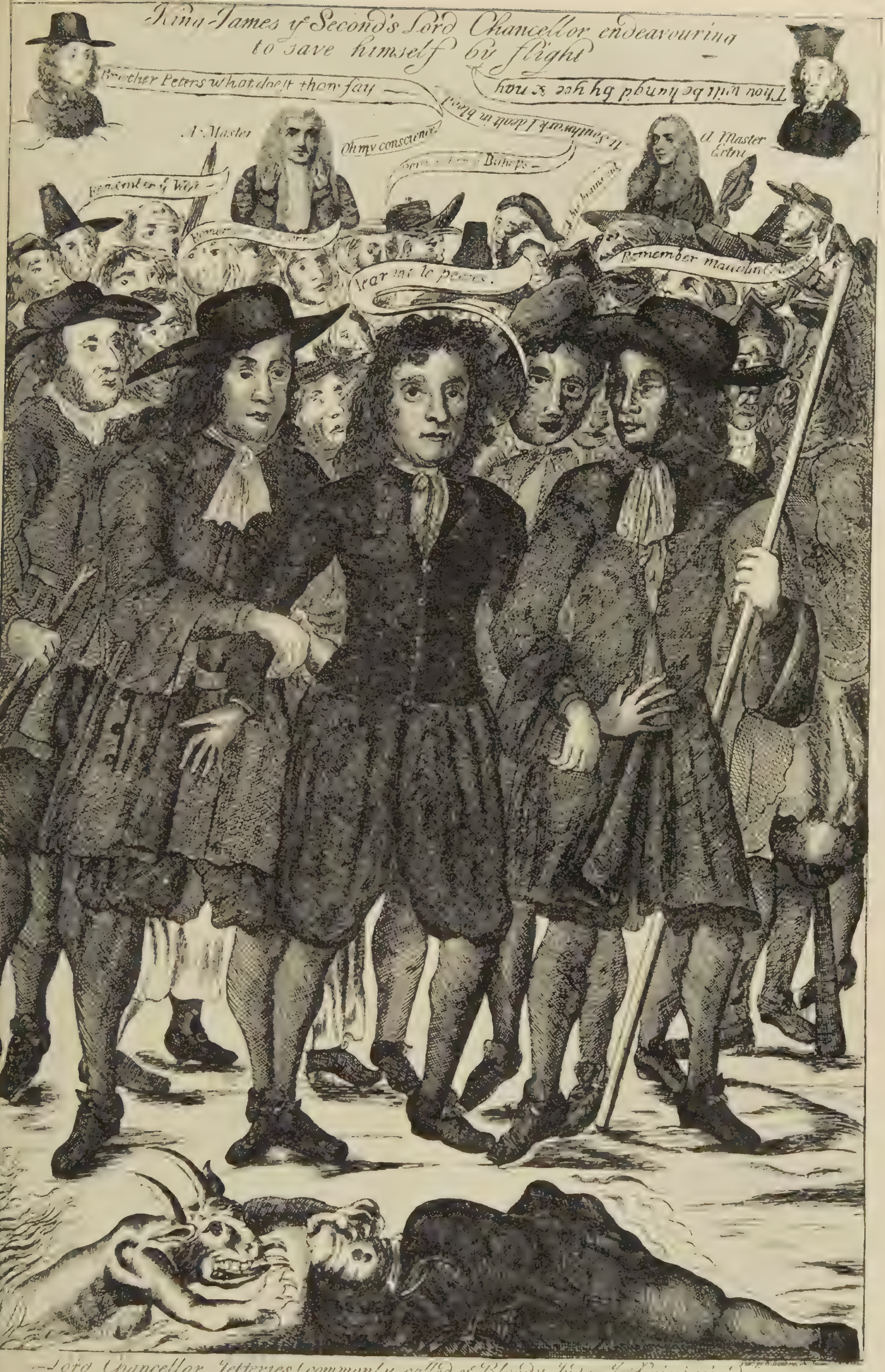
8. Extracts from Evelyn.

Dec. 29th, 1686.

I went to heare the musiq of the Italians in the New Chapel, now first open'd publicky at Whitehall for the Popish service. . . . The throne where the King and Queene sit is very glorious, in a closet above, just opposite to the altar. Here we saw the Bishop in his mitre and rich copes, with 6 or 7 Jesuits and others in rich copes, sumptuously habited, often taking off and putting on the Bishop's mitre, who sate in a chaire with armes pontificaly, was ador'd and cens'd by 3 Jesuits in their copes; then he went to the altar and made divers cringes, then censing the images and glorious tabernacle plac'd on the altar, and now and then changing place: the crosier which was of silver, was put into his hand with a world of mysterious ceremony, the musiq playing, with singing. I could not have believed I should ever have seene such things in the King of England's Palace, after it had pleas'd God to enlighten this Nation; but owr greate

King James ye Second's Lord Chancellor endeavouring to save himself by flight —



Lord Chancellor Jefferies (commonly called ye Bloody Judge Jefferies) seized in a Sailors Dreſs at Wapping by the People at ye time of ye Glorious Revolution: 1688

sin has, for the present, eclips'd the blessing, which I hope He will in mercy and his good time restore to its purity.

Jan. 17th, 1686–7.

Much expectation of severall greate men declaring themselves Papists. Lord Tyrconnell gone to succeed the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, to the astonishment of all sober men, and to the evident ruine of the Protestants in that kingdom, as well as of its greate improvement going on. Much discourse that all the White Staff officers and others should be dismiss'd for adhering to their religion. Popish Justices of the Peace establish'd in all counties, of the meanest of the people; Judges ignorant of the law and perverting it—so furiously do the Jesuits drive, and even compel Princes to violent courses, and destruction of an excellent government both in Church and State. God of his infinite mercy open our eyes and turn our hearts, and establish his truth with peace! The Lord Jesus defend his little flock, and preserve this threatened Church and Nation.

March 2nd.

Came out a proclamation for universal liberty of conscience in Scotland, and dispensation from all tests and lawes to the contrary, as also capacitating Papists to be chosen into all offices of trust. The mysterie operates.

March 10th.

Most of the greate officers, both in the court and country, Lords and others, were dismiss'd, as they would not promise his Majesty their consent to the repeal of the test and penal statutes against Popish Recusants. . . . This was a time of greate trial, but hardly one of them assented, which put the Popish interest much backward.

April 15th, 1688.

The persecution still raging in France, multitudes of Protestants, and many very considerable and greate persons flying hither, produc'd a general contribution, the Papists, by God's Providence, as yet making small progress amongst us. . . .

May 8th.

His Majesty, alarmed by the greate fleet of the Dutch (whilst we had a very inconsiderable one), went down to Chatham; their fleete was well prepar'd, and out, before we were in any readinesse, or had any considerable number to have encounter'd them had there ben occasion, to the great reproch of the nation; whilst being in profound peace, there was a mighty land army, which there was no neede of, and no force at sea, where only was the apprehension; but the army was doubtless kept and increas'd in order to bring in and countenance Popery, the King beginning to discover his intentions, by many instances persued by the Jesuits, against his first resolution to altar nothing in the Church Establishment, so that it appear'd there can be no reliance on Popish promises.

June 8th.

This day the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Ely, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Peterborough, and Bath and Wells, were sent from the Privy Council prisoners to the Tower, for refusing to give baile for their appearance, on their not reading the declaration for liberty of conscience; they refus'd to give baile, as it would have prejudic'd their peerage. The concern of the people for them was wonderfull, infinite crouds on their knees begging their blessing, and praying for them as they pass'd out of the barge along the Tower wharf.

10th.

A *Young' Prince* borne, which will cause disputes. About 2 o'clock we heard the Tower ordnance discharg'd, and the bells ringing for the birth of a Prince of Wales. This was very surprizing, it having been universally given out that her Majesty did not look till the next moneth.

June 29th.

The trial [of the bishops] lasted from 9 in the morning to past 6 in the evening, when the Jury retired to consider of their verdict, and the Court adjourned to 9 the next morning. . . . The Chief Justice Wright behav'd with great moderation and civility to the Bishops. Alibone, a Papist, was strongly against them; but Holloway and Powell, being of opinion in their favour, they were acquitted. When this was heard there was greate rejoicing; and there was a lane of people from the King's Bench to the water side, on their knees, as the Bishops pass'd and repass'd, to beg their blessing. Bonfires were made that night, and bells rung, which was taken very ill at Court, and an appearance of neere 60 Earls and Lords, etc., on the bench, did not a little comfort them, but indeede they were all along full of comfort and cheerfull.

Note, they denied to pay the Lieutenant of the Tower (Hales, who us'd them very surlily) any fees, alledging that none were due.

Sept. 30th.

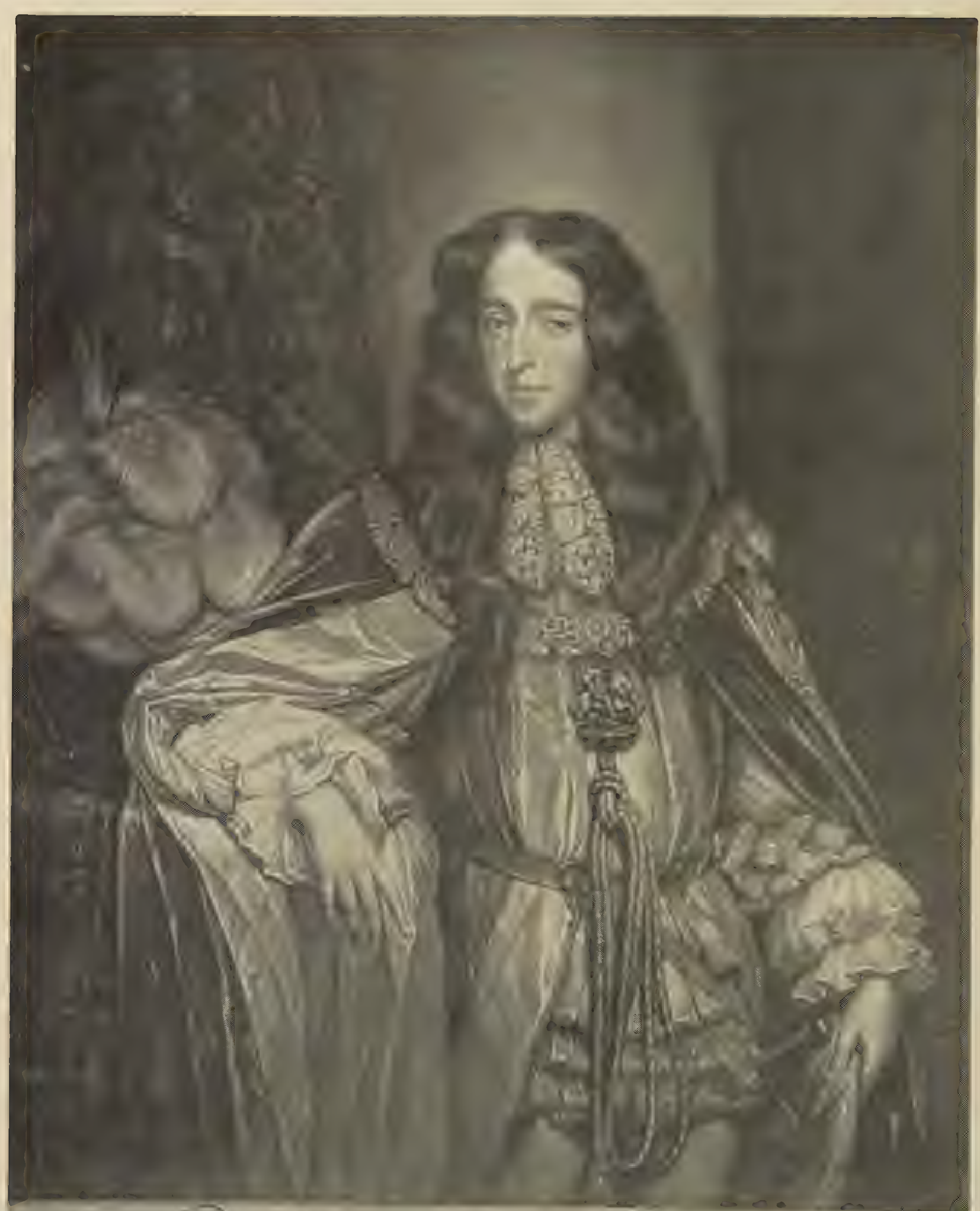
The Court in so extraordinary a consternation on assurance of the Prince of Orange's intention to land, that the writs sent forth for a Parliament were recall'd.

October 7th.

Hourly expectation of the Prince of Orange's invasion heighten'd to that degree that his Majesty thought fit to abrogate the Commission for the dispensing power (but retaining his own right still to dispense with all laws) and restore the ejected Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. In the mean time he called over 5000 Irish and 4000 Scots, and continued to remove Protestants and put in papists at Portsmouth and other places of trust, and retained the Jesuits about him, increasing the universal discontent. It brought people to so desperate a passe, that they seem'd passionately to long for and desire the landing of that Prince whom they look'd on to be their deliverer from Popish tyranny, praying incessantly for an east wind, which was said to be the only hindrance of his expedition with a numerous army ready to make a descent. To such a strange temper, and unheard-of in former times, was this poore nation reduc'd, and of which I was an eye-witness. The apprehension was (and with reason) that his Majesty's forces would neither at land or sea oppose them with that vigour requisite to repel invaders.

Oct. 14th.

The King's birth-day. No gunns from the Tower as usual. The sun eclips'd at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror against Harold, near Battel in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. . . . Public prayers order'd to be read in the churches against invasion.



Guilliaume Henri [illegible] Prince d'Orange

GROUP XX.

THE COMING OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

1. Speech of the Prince of Orange to his Dutch Estates. (In Ellis, Original Letters, Series II. Vol. IV. p. 140.)

Hague, Oct. 13th, 1688, Old Stile.

My Lords: I am going to the navy to embark. I hope you do not take it ill that I do not make it known to you all where I am going. I will assure your Lordships, that what I am designing is for the good of the Protestant Religion in general and of your State in particular, as is not unknown to some among you. I will either succeed in it or spend my blood to the last drop.

My Lords, your trust in me, and kindness to me at this time, is unbounded; if I live and make it not the business of my life to make your Lordships suitable returns for it, my God blast all my designs, and make me pass for the most ungrateful wretch that ever lived.

Herr Fagel's Answer by Order (*ib.*)

Sir: My Lords the States are not at all displeased that you conceal from them your design; they do repose an entire confidence in your Highness' conduct, zeal to the Protestant religion and affection to their State; otherwise they would never have given you the absolute disposal of their navy, their armies, and their money. My Lord, the States wish you all the success in your designs, and have ordered a Public Fast, and Prayers to God, for your success through all their dominions; and beg it of your Highness not to venture your life and person unnecessarily, for though their navy and their army be the very sinews of their State, your person is more considerable to them than both.

2. Diary of Sir John Reresby. (Published in London, Longmans, 1875.)

August 25, 1688.

I carried my wife and daughter to Windsor to wait on the Queen. The Court was in some trouble and the King [James II] out of humour (though he was always of so even a temper that it was hard to discover it) at the news of the Dutch having set out a great fleet as designed against us, that the French and the Dutch were to fall out, and that we were pressed on both sides to declare speedily which to take. This, considering our affairs at home—viz. the jealousies about religion, violent discontents about the army, and the ill time to call a Parliament to get money, did reasonably enough disturb our councils. The King the first thing he did was to declare that he would call a Parliament to meet the 27th of November following, and gave several reasons for it in Council, relating to the good and satisfaction of the nation, more than the apprehension that he seemed to have for the Dutch. . . .

October 10.

The news of the Prince of Orange increased daily, as to his great fleet ready to sail.

. . . Upon some discourse with the said Earl (Danby) at the dean's house, the 15th of October, he used these expressions: "We are in ill condition now in this nation all ways, for if the King beat the prince, popery will return upon us with more violence than ever. If the prince beat the King, the Crown and the nation may be in some danger." All of which was not altogether untrue.

October 17th.

. . . It was very strange, and a certain forerunner of the mischiefs that ensued upon this invasion, that neither the gentry nor common people seemed much afraid or concerned at it, saying, "The prince comes only to maintain the Protestant religion—he will do England no harm." On the other hand it was suggested from Court that he aimed at the Crown, and the Dutch, who assisted him, at the trade, of England. And the truth is, his own declaration when it came, which was a little before he landed himself, seemed suspicious enough; for it set forth all the grievances of the nation with great aggravations—as the King's intention to subvert the Government both in Church and State; that he intended to root out the Protestant religion, to which purpose he had set up the dispensing power with the laws; had moulded all the charters to his own mind, to the end he might have such members of Parliament chosen as he desired; had examined and pre-engaged such as he intended for members in the matter of taking off the test and the penal laws; and had, chiefly, put a feigned or supposititious Prince of Wales upon the nation, only to promote popery, and to defeat the Prince and Princess of Orange of their right of succession.

3. Extracts from Burnet.

1688.

. . . The prince desired me to go along with him as his chaplain, to which I very readily agreed: for being fully satisfied in my conscience that the undertaking was lawful and just, and having had a considerable hand in advising the whole progress of it, I thought it would have been an unbecoming fear in me to have taken care of my own person, when the prince was venturing his, and the whole was now to be put to hazard. It is true, I being a Scotish man by birth, had reason to expect, that, if I had fallen into the enemies hands, I should have been sent to Scotland, and put to the torture there. And, having this in prospect, I took care to know no particulars of any one of those who corresponded with the prince. So that knowing nothing against any, even torture it self could not have drawn from me that by which any person could be hurt. . . . At last, on the nineteenth of October, the prince went aboard, and the whole fleet sailed out that night. But the next day the wind turned into the north, and settled in the north-west. At night a great storm rose. We wrought against it all that night, and the next day. But it was in vain to struggle any longer. And so vast a fleet run no small hazard, being obliged to keep together, and yet not to come too near one another. On the twenty-first in the afternoon the signal was given to go in again: and on the twenty second the far greater part got safe into port. Many ships were at first wanting, and were believed to be lost. But after a few days all came in. . . .

On the first of November, O. S., we sailed out with the evening tide. . . . On the third we passed between Dover and Calais, and before night came in sight of the Isle of Wight. . . . Torbay was thought the best place for our great fleet to lie in: and it was resolved to land the army, where it could be best done near it; reckoning, that being at such a distance from London, we could provide ourselves with horses, and put everything in order before the King could march his army towards us, and that we should lie some time at Exeter for the refreshing our men. I was in the ship, with the prince's other domestics, that went in the van of the whole fleet. . . . A soft and happy gale of wind carried in the whole fleet . . . into Torbay. . . . As soon as the prince and marshal Schomberg got to shore, they were furnished with such horses as the village of Broxholme could afford; and rode up to view the grounds, which they found as convenient as could be imagined for the foot in that season. It was not a cold night: otherwise the soldiers, who had been kept warm aboard, might have suffered much by it. As soon as I landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the prince was; who took me heartily by the hand, and asked me, if I would not now believe predestination. I told him, I would never forget that providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. He was cheerfuller than ordinary. Yet he returned soon to his usual gravity. . . . All that belonged to us was so soon and so happily landed, that by the next day at noon we were in full march, and marched four miles that night. We had from thence twenty miles to Exeter. . . . The prince made haste to Exeter, where he stayed ten days, both for refreshing his troops, and for giving the country time to shew their affections. Both the clergy and magistrates of Exeter were very fearful, and very backward. The bishop and the dean ran away. And the clergy stood off, though they were sent for, and very gently spoke to by the prince. . . . Yet care was taken to protect them and their houses every where: so that no sort of violence or rudeness was offered to any of them. The prince gave me full authority to do this: and I took so particular a care of it, that we heard of no complaints. . . . We stayed a week at Exeter, before any of the gentlemen of the country about came in to the prince. . . . One regiment came over in a body, and with them about a hundred of the other two. This gave us great courage; and shewed us, that we had not been deceived in what was told us of the inclinations of the King's army. . . . The King wanted support: for his spirits sunk extremely. His blood was in such fermentation, that he was bleeding much at the nose, which returned oft upon him every day. He sent many spies over to us. They all took his money, and came and joined themselves to the prince. . . . And the body of the nation did every where discover their inclinations for the prince so evidently, that the King saw he had nothing to trust to but his army. And the ill disposition among them was so apparent, that he reckoned he could not depend on them. So that he lost both heart and head at once.

4. Extracts from Reresby.

November 22.

The day being come and the fatal one, I would not go to the common hall [in York, of which he was governor.—Ed.] where the meeting was appointed. Nor, indeed, was I very able, being ill bruised by my horse falling upon me as I came from home; but I heard that, amongst about 100 gentlemen that met, Sir Henry Goodricke spoke to this purpose, that there having been a great endeavour by the Government to bring popery into this kingdom of late years, and to invade the laws many ways, that there was no way to redress grievances of this and other natures but by a free Parliament; and therefore this was the only time to petition the King for it. . . . When such a draft was finished as Sir Henry and his party approved of, though many that disliked it went away, they began to sign; and when Mr. Wortley Montagu and Sir Henry had done, before a third man could sign, Mr. Tankard runs into the hall and cries that the papists were risen, and had fired at the militia troops. At this all the gentlemen ran out, and those that were privy to the design got their horses, which were laid ready for them, as Sir Henry Goodricke, Mr. Wortley Montague, Mr. Tankard, My Lord Danby, who was ready in his lodging expecting this feigned alarm, my Lord Dumblane, his son, my Lord Willoughby, two Mr. Berties, my Lord Lumley, my Lord Horton, and several others, who made a party with their servants of a hundred horse, well armed and well mounted, rode up to the four militia troops drawn up for another purpose, and cried for a free Parliament, the Protestant religion and no popery. The captains of these four troops were Lord Fairfax, Sir Thomas Gower, Mr. Robinson, and Captain Tankard, who, being made privy to the design only the night before, but men ready enough in their tempers for such an action, complied, and led all their men to join with them. The first step they made was to the place where the guard of the standing company was kept, consisting of about twenty men, which they surprised, before I had the least notice or jealousy of such an attempt, nor believing it possible that men of such quality and estates, however dissatisfied, would engage in a design so desperate, and so contrary to the laws of the land and the religion which they professed. As soon as I heard of it I sent for the officers and the guard, but found it was surprised. I then sent to every captain to bring his troop to me as the King's governor, as also to the other guard of foot of the militia, who all denied to march or to obey orders. I then sent for my horses, and as I was preparing to go to the troops, hoping to regain them to the King's service if I appeared, Sir Henry Bellasis, who had commanded a regiment in Holland under the prince, and lurked long here in Yorkshire for his service, drew up a party of thirty horse before my door, and there prevented my going out, till my lord of Danby with his chief companions, came up to me.

My lord told me that to resist was to no purpose; that he and these gentlemen were in arms for a free Parliament, and for the preservation of the Protestant religion and the government, as by law established, which the King had very near destroyed, and which the Prince of Orange was come to assist them to defend, and that he hoped I would join them in so good a design. I told him I was for a Parliament and the Protestant religion as well as they, but I was also for the King. He replied that he was so too, and therefore he hoped that as we agreed in principles so we should agree in action. I told his lordship that, though we agreed in the matter, I could not agree with them in the manner. I did not conceive anything ought to be exacted from the King by any manner of force, and that particularly, having his Majesty's commissioner of governor and for his service, I could not join with those that acted against his authority and commission, let the consequence be what it would. He then said he must imprison me. I told him I was naked, and my friends had relinquished the King's service and me, and I was in his power. After they had considered together, he told me he knew me to be a man of honour, that my engagement not to stir nor write was as good a restraint upon me as a guard or a prison. So I was only confined upon honour to my room, recommending, however, to me to consider of his offer. After this the same day they secured all the gates, set strong guards upon them, and suffered none to go in or out.

November 26th.

Having made it my request to the Earl of Danby that I might have leave to be prisoner at my house in the country, where I would engage not to act, but to acquiesce and abide a true prisoner, he sent for me to come and dine with him. At my coming he told me, that I might eat my dinner the better upon the said terms, I should have leave to go where I pleased.

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5. Letters from an unknown Correspondent to John Ellis, Esq., at Dublin. (In Ellis, Series II. Vol. IV. p. 157.)

London, Nov. 23rd, 1688.

I had yours of the 23rd past and thank you in the name of the Kingdom for the quiet repose you promised us this winter; but by the last Easterly wind you would find we are not to enjoy such sweet sleeps as you wish us, for the Army 27000 strong will be able to offer battle by Tuesday next on Salisbury Plains, and our imperial Monarch at the head of them, where my person (amongst his faithful subjects) intend to stick by him. I am like to be well paid for my pains, but cannot at this instant tell the value, but it is no part of the reason of my going: though I can (to my sorrow) say why milk-asses are provided for. . . .

27. Nov.

Yesterday between four and five of the clock the King came to Whitehall, and looks very well. We hear by some of his company that Prince George, the Dukes of Grafton . . . and very many others of note are gone to the Prince of Orange's army . . . but what is at least as bad news as this, is, that yesterday morning when the Princess of Denmark's (James's daughter, later Queen Anne) women went to take her out of her bed they found she had withdrawn herself, and hath not yet been heard of. Nobody went in her company that we hear of besides Lady Churchill and Mrs. Berkeley.

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6. Letter left behind by Princess Anne for the Queen. In Ellis, p. 166.)

Madam: I beg your pardon if I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the Prince's (of Denmark) being gone as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to express my humble duty to the King and yourself; and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the King's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the Prince or myself: and I shall stay at so great a distance as not to return before I hear the happy news of a reconcilement: and, as I am confident the Prince did not leave the King with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am incapable of following him for any other end. Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty and affection to a father and an husband; and therefore I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other. I see the general falling off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end than to prevail with the King to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger by the violent counsels of the Priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the King.

I am fully persuaded that the Prince of Orange designs the King's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without more bloodshed, by the calling of a Parliament.

God grant an happy end to these troubles, that the King's reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety; till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favorable opinion that you have hitherto had of

Your most obedient daughter
and servant
ANNE.

Reresby's Memoirs—continued.

December 1.

I got to Thrybergh with my horses and arms without any disturbance, and I thank God I left York without any clamor or reflection upon me in the least in the matter of my command.

December 3rd.

Kingston-upon-Hull—that considerable garrison, and looked upon as one of the strongest in England, both for the citadel, its situation and number of men—was surprised by Mr. Copley, lieutenant governor . . . and the soldiers joining in the treachery, they declared for the Prince, and the Protestant religion, giving immediately notice to the gentlemen at York what was done. If such places as this revolted, it was no wonder that York could not be kept. . . . In that part of Yorkshire where I lived very few gentlemen continued firm to the King; nor, indeed, in any part of the North of England.

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7. Letter of Lord Dartmouth to James II. (In 11th Report of Royal MSS. Commission, Appendix 5.)

Dec. 3, 1688. Aboard the
Resolution at Spitthead.

. . . As . . . a faithful servant subject and councellor, I beg leave to advise you and to give you my humble opinion that sending away the Prince of Wales without the consent of the nation is at no time advisable, and therefore the doing it at this time especially, and that to France, being what I dread will be of fatal consequence to your person, crowne and dignity, and all your people will (too probably) grow so much concerned at this your great mistrust as to throw off their bounden allegiance to you, which God forbid; wherefore, pray, Sir, consider farther on this weightie point, for can the Prince's being sent to France have other prospect then the entaileing a perpetuall warre upon your nation and posterity, and giving France always a temptation to molest, invade, nay hazard the conquest of England, which I hope in God never to see, but that we may have this prince of your own loines to rule over us. . . . Pardon me, therefore, Sir, that I most earnestly implore you not to make me the unhappy instrument of so apparent ruine to your Majestie, and my countrey as an act of this kinde will be. . . .

Letters to John Ellis—continued.

Dec. 11, 1688.

Dear Friend: I am now to tell you that the Queen and Prince of Wales went down the River yesterday morning, and 'tis believed gone for France, and the King went this morning about the same time; I hear hardly anybody with him. God preserve him in health. But here all people are wondering. The Prince of Orange will be in Oxford this night. The people in the city are searching all Roman Catholic houses for arms and ammunition: and this day they are about the Strand and other places. The Duke of Northumberland has put out all Papists out of his Troop of Guards, and so they say they will out of all the army. The King's party, which I hear was Colonel Butler's dragoons, and the Prince's, had a skirmish. 'Tis said about fifty of the King's were killed. . . . This night I was frightened with the wonderful light in the sky, and 'twas the rabble had gotten the wainscot and seats of a Popish Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and set it on fire in the middle of it. Until we knew what it was we guessed it to be a great fire. Here is a very great guard, both militia and the army. You will hear very suddenly all declaring for the Prince of Orange. . . . My wife and all in St. James's send hearty service to you. I hope I may see you in the Spring. God send us a good meeting.

Dec. 13, 1688.

. . . On Tuesday night there was an alarm, occasioned by burning the Papist's Lincoln's Inn Field's Chapel; they did the like to the Chapels of St. John's Clerkenwell, and Lime-street, but not easily breaking into the latter, cried they would down with it, were it as strong as Portsmouth, and, accordingly, having levelled them, they carried all the trumpery in mock procession and triumph, with oranges on the tops of swords and staves, with great lighted candles in gilt candlesticks, thus victoriously passing of the Guards that were drawn up. And after having bequeathed these trinkets to the flames, they visited Harry Hill's Printing House, which they served in like manner. But, what is most ungrateful, their execution reaching to the Spanish Ambassador's house, which they plundered of all its rich furniture, plate, money, and three coaches, to the value as is computed of £20,000. . . . The King is said to have left a Paper behind him directed to the Earl of Feversham, for him to disband the army, which his Lordship read at the head of most regiments, and accordingly disbanded them, some with, others without their arms, and it is dismal to think what will become of such vast numbers of poor wretches, if the Prince's mercy and the people's compassion be not extraordinary. . . . The Prince is expected in town to-morrow. About two this morning an alarm was spread through city and suburbs, of Rise, Arme, Arme, the Irish are cutting throats; in so much that in half an hour's time there was an appearance of above an hundred thousand men to have made head against any enterprise of that nature; all the windows of the houses being lighted with candles from top to bottom; but these terrors were quickly over, upon notice that the Prince of Orange's advance-guard was near the town.

Lord Dartmouth to Lord Feversham.

Dec. 14.

I received your Lordship's and cannot wonder at the consternation your Lordship is in, for my owne heart has been allmost breaking. Oh God, what could make our master desert his kingdoms and his friends, certainely nobody could be so villainous as to hurt his person; it cannot be the effect of his owne thoughts, but of womanish or timorous councells. God Almighty protect him and direct him to happier measures. I am sure his owne heart cannot meane him better than I do. . . . I and my family are the miserablest creatures His Majestie hath left behind. I am worthy nobody's thoughts, but tho' I am unfortunate yett I am, etc.

Lord Dartmouth to James II.

Dec. 17.

It is impossible for me to express the griefe and anxious cares I am in for your Majestie, and the newes of your withdrawing was the greatest surprise of my life, for I did humbly hope my dutyfull supplications to your Majestie would with your owne considerate thoughtes have wholly altered your intentions of sending away the Prince of Wales, and did thinke it impossible ever to enter into anybody's thoughts that had the least inclination of duty to your Majestie to give you so pernicious and destructive council as to go away yourselfe, and if your Majestie had been drove to such a desperate course (which was morally impossible, at least in my thoughts) as to absent yourselfe, Sir, could you have been with more honour and safety [any where than in] your owne fleet, who would always unanimously (I dare say) have protected and defended your sacred person from any violence or unhallowed hands. But this looks like so great mistrust of me that many could witness it hath almost broke my heart.

Your Majestie knows what condition you left the fleet in, and me in the most unsupportable calamity of my ife what could I do but send to the Prince of Orange when I found the whole nation did, and receive orders from the Lords which were communicated to the fleet and removed all Roman Catholic Officers. I have had yett no returne from the Prince of Orange, but I hope all will end in your Majestie's happy reestablishment. Mr. Pepys will acquaint your Majestie with the state of the fleet.

Letters to John Ellis.

Dec. 18.

. . . Last night the King went off from Court, and this day about three o'clock the Prince arrived at St. James's with great acclamations of joy and huzzas.

The Gentleman that writeth the News Letters being indisposed desires to be excused for writing not this day.

Dec. 20th.

The Prince of Orange remains at St. James's, where no great business were done yesterday by reason of paying and receiving visits; only a regiment was sent to possess themselves of the Tower; most of the Bishops about the town were with his Highness; the Duke of Norfolk came and paid his devoirs. The Prince in the afternoon went to Whitehall, and from thence, in the Queen's barge, to Somerset House to compliment the Queen Dowager. In his return hearing that the Prince and Princess of Denmark were come to town, he called to see them at the Cock-pit. . . .

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8. Letter of James II. to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. (In the 12th Report, 6th Appendix, of the Royal MSS. Commission.)

Rochester, Dec. 22nd, 1688.

My Lords . . . The world cannot wonder at my withdrawing myself now this second tyme. I might have expected somewhat better usage after what I writ to the Prince of Orange by my Lord Feversham and the instructions I gave him. But instead of an answer what was I not to expect after the usage I receaved by making the said Earl a Prisoner against the Practice and law of nations? The sending his own guards at eleven at night to take possession of the Posts at Whitehall without advertizing me in the least manner of it. The sending to me at one a'clock after midnight, when I was in bed, a kind of an order by three Lords to be gone out of myne own Palace before twelve that same morning. After all this, how could I hope to be safe, so long as I was in the power of one, who had not only done this to me, and invaded my kingdomes without any just occasion given him for it, but that did by his first declaration lay the greatest aspersion upon me that malice could invent in that clause of it which concerns my son? I appeal to all that know me, nay even to himself that in their consciences neither he nor they can beleeve me in the least capable of so unnatural a villany, nor of so little common sense. . . .

What had I then to expect from one who by all arts hath taken such pains to make me appear as black as hell to my own people as well as to all the world besydes? What effect that hath had at home all mankind have seen by so general a defection in my army, as well as in the nation amongst all sorts of people.

I was born free and desire to continue so, and though I have ventured my lyfe very frankly on severall occasions, for the good and honour of my country . . . yet I think it not convenient to expose myself to be secured so as not to be at liberty to effect it. . . .

Letters to John Ellis.

Dec. 29th.

. . . The King landed on Tuesday morning near Marquès and went post to Paris on Wednesday. I cannot see who your government will fall to; I think neither our friend nor the pert pretender. . . . I know not what will be my lot, but I am vain enough to think in a general bustle I shall shift for one. You will pardon me that I say no more.

Reresby's Memoirs.

January 22nd.

I went to Mansfield, and the next day went thence for London in the hackney coach. When I arrived I found London much changed. The guards and other parts of the army, which both in their persons and gallantry were an ornament to the town, were sent to quarter ten miles off, and the streets were filled with ill-looking and ill-habited Dutch and other strangers of the prince's army; and yet the city was so pleased with their deliverers that they did not or would not perceive their deformity, nor the oppression they lay under, which was much greater than what they felt from the English army. . . .

Feb. 3rd.

I saw the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Burlington, the Earl of Scarsdale and some other lords who had all been active to bring in the prince, speak in another strain. Some said the thing was gone further than they expected, others that they never believed the prince would contend for the crown; and all were of opinion the crown ought to be set on the princess's head, and so to descend in its right course. The Earl of Scarsdale told me the Princess of Denmark was very sensible what a mistake she had committed in leaving her father to join the prince, who was now endeavoring to invade her right, and to get priority of succession before her.

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9. Extracts from Evelyn.

Jan. 15th, 1688–9.

The greate Convention [of bishops] being assembled the day before, falling upon the question about the Government, resolved that King James having by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons endeavour'd to subvert the laws of Church and State, and deserted the kingdom, carrying away the seals etc. without any care for the management of the government, had by demise abdicated himself and wholly vacated his right; they did therefore desire the Lords concurrence to their vote, to place the crown on the next heir, the Prince of Orange, for his life, then to the Princesse his wife, and if she died without issue, to the Princesse of Denmark, and she failing, to the heirs of the Prince, excluding forever all possibility of admitting a Roman Catholic.

Feb. 6th.

The King's coronation day was ordered not to be observed, as hitherto it had ben.

The Convention of the Lords and Commons now declare the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queene of England, France, and Ireland, (Scotland being an independent kingdom,) the Prince and Princesse being to enjoy it jointly during their lives, but the executive authority to be vested in the Prince during life, tho' all proceedings to run in both names, and that it should descend to their issue, and for want of such, to the Princesse Anne of Denmark and her issue, and in want of such, to the heirs of the body of the Prince if he survive, and that failing, to devolve to the Parliament as they should think fit. . . . There was much contest about the King's abdication, and whether he had vacated the government. The Earle of Nottingham and about twenty Lords, and many Bishops entered their protests, but the concurrence was greate against them.

The Princess hourly expected. Forces sending to Ireland, that kingdom being in greate danger by the Earle of Tyrconnell's army, and expectations from France coming to assist them, but that King was busy in invading Flanders, and encountering the German Princes. It is likely that this will be the most remarkable summer for action, which has happened for many years.

Reresby.

Feb. 11th.

. . . The oaths of allegiance and supremacy were then desired by the Houses to be suppressed, and these two were framed to be taken in their stead:

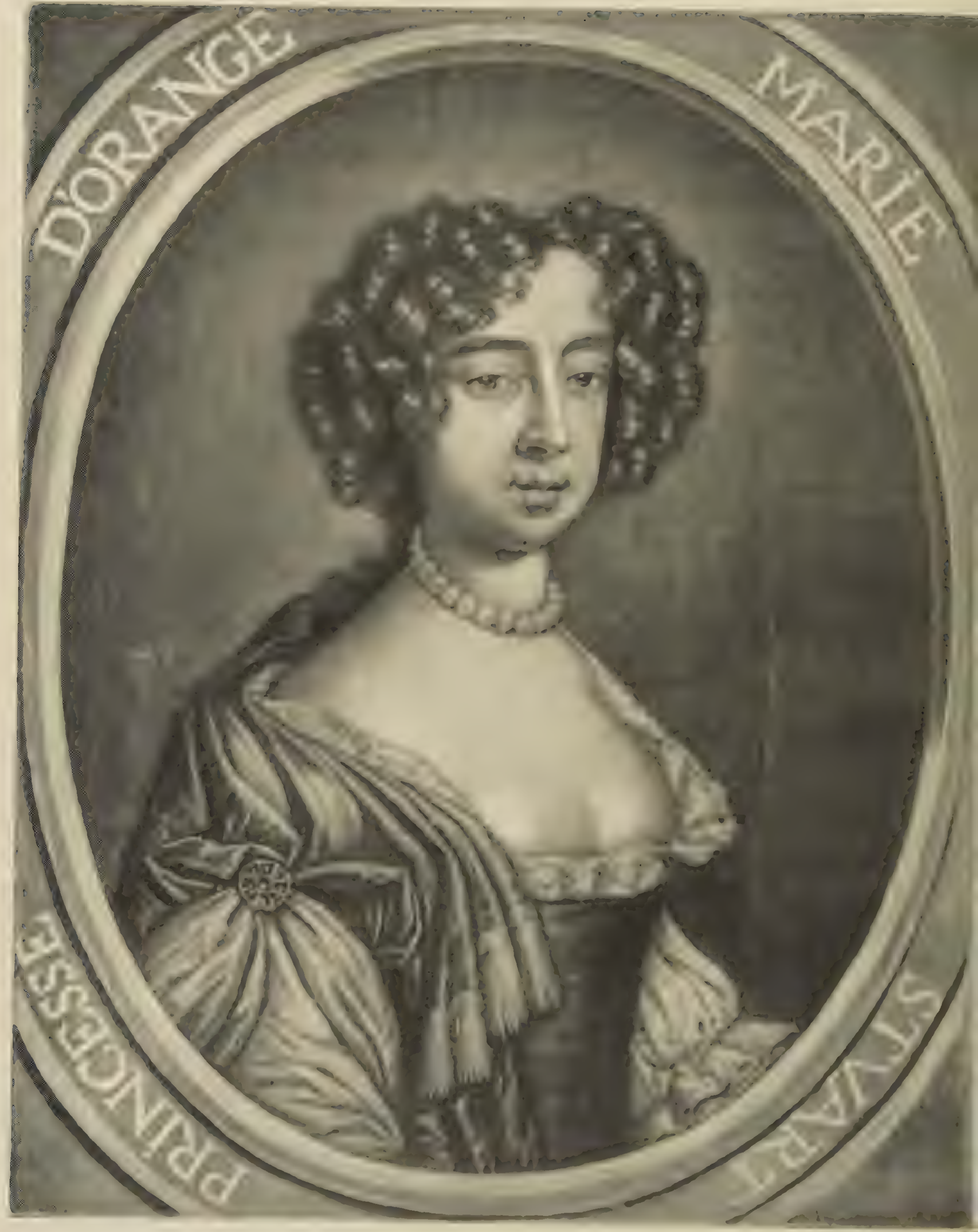
"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. So help me God." For the second, thus:—

"I, A. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered, by their subjects or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate or state hath, or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or civil, within this realm. So help me God."

April 11th was the day of the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, performed with great splendor according to the usual ceremonies. The procession to the abbey of Westminster was very regular, but not attended by so many of the nobility as when the two last kings were crowned. The House of Commons were taken great care of in this solemnity, had a side of Westminster Hall prepared for them to see it, another place in the abbey to see their Majesties crowned, and several tables prepared and covered with all sorts of meat, where they dined by themselves. Only some friends were admitted amongst them, and I amongst others, which gave me a good opportunity to see and observe all. The Bishop of London crowned the King and Queen, assisted by the Bishop of Salisbury (the late Dr. Burnet), who preached the Coronation sermon, and by two others.

May 5th.

. . . The next day I was to go to Hampton Court to meet his lordship, to present me to the King before I went into the country; and he repeated his promises of doing for me what he could, but said it was discretion to let


MARIE
STVART
PRINCESSE
D'ORANGE

two or three months pass before I pressed the thing too much, to see what became of things.

(On the *12th* of May, Sir John Reresby died.)

Evelyn.

Feb. 21st, 1688–9.

Dr. Burnett preach'd at St. James's on the obligation to walk worthy of God's particular and signal deliverance of the Nation and Church.

I saw *the new Queene* and *King* proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb., with greate acclamation and generall good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse, would have shew'd some (seeming) reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation; but nothing of all this appear'd; she came into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate downe to play at basset, as the Queene, her predecessor, used to do. She smil'd upon and talk'd to every body, so that no change seem'd to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crowds of people throng'd to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censur'd by many. She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfull serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires: Holland, Ireland and France calling for his care.

Divers Bishops and Noblemen are not at all satisfied with this so sudden assumption of the Crown, without any previous sending, and offering some conditions to the absent King; or, on his not returning, or not assenting to those conditions, to have proclaim'd him Regent; but the major part of both Houses prevail'd to make them King and Queene immediately, and a Crowne was tempting.

Extract from Burnet.

1688.

All things were now made ready for filling the throne. And the very night before it was to be done, the princess arrived safely. It had been given out, that she was not well pleased with the late transaction, both with relation to her father, and to the present settlement. Upon which the prince wrote to her, that it was necessary she should appear at first so cheerful, that nobody might be discouraged by her looks, or be led to apprehend that she was uneasy by reason of what had been done. This made her put on a great air of gaiety when she came to Whitehall, and, as may be imagined, had great crowds of all sorts coming to wait on her. I confess, I was one of those that censured this in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well, when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before: which made this appear to me so extraordinary, that some days after I took the liberty to ask her, how it came that what she saw in so sad a revolution, as to her father's person, made not a greater impression on her. She took this freedom with her usual goodness. And she assured me, she felt the sense of it very lively upon her thoughts. But she told me, that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part which was not very natural to her.

GROUP XXI.

THE STUARTS IN EXILE.

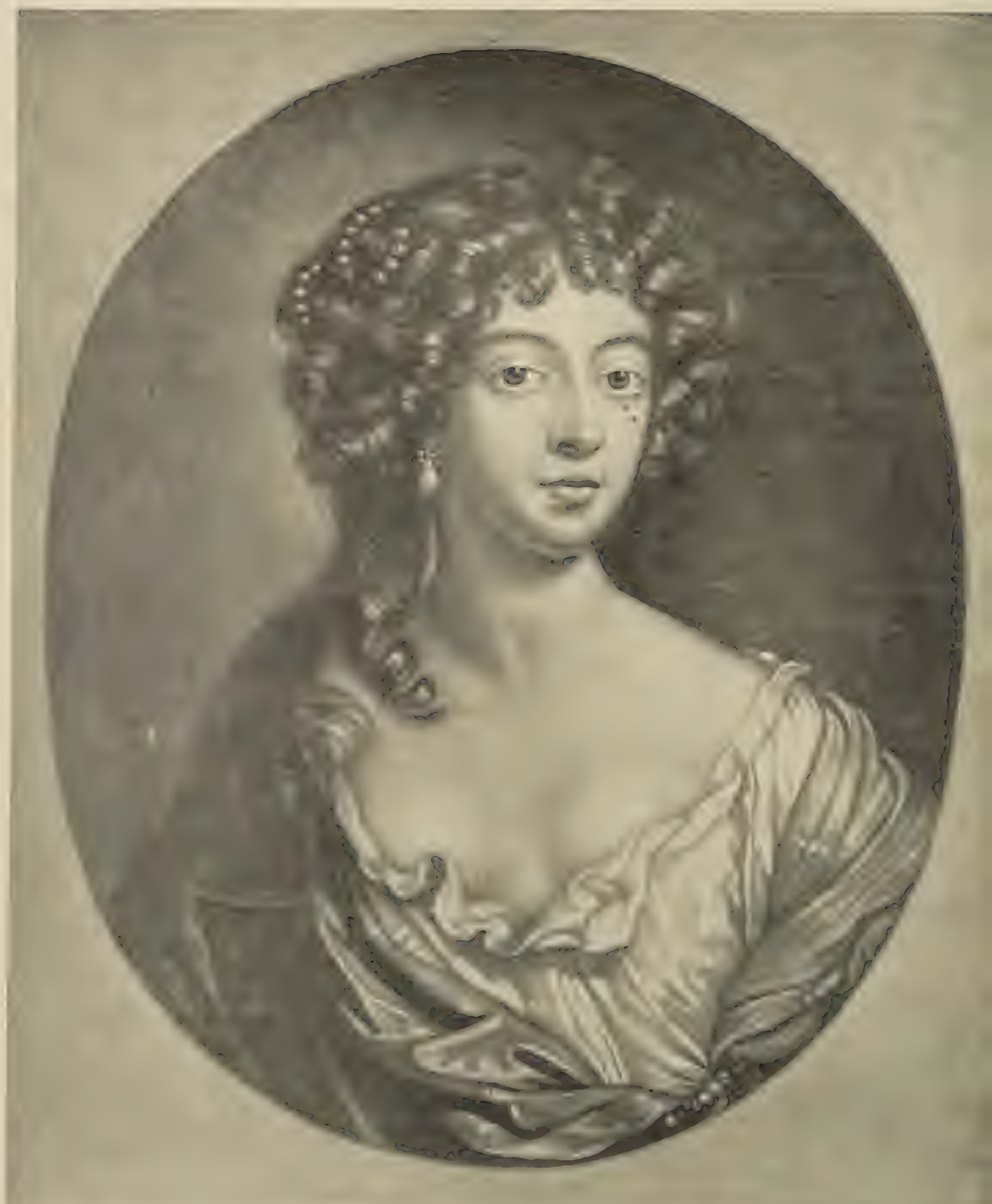
1. Letters of Madame de Sévigné. Vol. 7. (Edition in English, London, 1811. *The passages in brackets from the latest French Edition.*)

Paris, Nov. 8, 1688.

This is the day, my dear child, on which you are to begin your journey; we follow you step by step. . . . The chevalier is much better. It is painful to reflect that the weather which agrees with him, is precisely what may dethrone the King of England; whereas he suffered dreadfully a few days ago, when the wind and tempests were dispersing the fleet of the prince of Orange: he is unhappy at not being able to make his health accord with the good of Europe; for the sentiment of joy is universal at the failure of the prince, whose wife is a perfect Tullia: ah, how boldly would she drive over the body of her father! She has empowered her husband to take possession of the kingdom of England, of which she calls herself the heiress; and if her husband is killed, for her imagination is not very delicate, M. de Schomberg is to take possession of it for herself. What say you to a hero, who so sadly disgraces the close of a glorious life? He saw the admiral's ship sink in which he was to have embarked; and as the prince and he were the last in following the fleet, which was under weigh in the finest weather possible, they were obliged, by a tremendous storm that suddenly arose, to return to port, the prince being very much indisposed with his asthma, and M. de Schomberg as much vexed. Only twenty-six sail returned with them: the rest were all dispersed, some towards Norway, others towards Boulogne. . . . A vessel armed *en flute*, in which were nine hundred men, sunk in sight of the prince of Orange. (?) In short, the hand of God is visible on this fleet: many ships may return, but it will be long before they will be able to do any mischief. . . . This is certainly a stroke of Providence. I need not say so much to you of this great news, for the papers are full of it; but as we are so too, and as we can talk of nothing else, it flows naturally from my pen.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1689.

The abbé Têtu is in an alarming way for want of sleep. . . . We want him to go to Versailles to see the king and queen of England, and the prince of Wales. Can there be a grander spectacle, or one more capable of affording the highest interest? It appears that the prince of Orange favoured the king's flight. The king was sent to Exeter, where it was his intention to go; the front of his house was well guarded, and all the back-doors left open. The prince was not



MARY BEATRIX QUEEN OF ENGLAND
SCOTLAND FRANCE AND IRELAND
BORN PRINCESS OF MODENA

inclined to sacrifice his father-in-law; he remains in London in the place of the king, without taking upon himself the title, being only desirous of restoring what he thinks the true religion, and supporting the laws of the country, without spilling a drop of blood: this is precisely the reverse of what we thought of him; we see him in a very different point of view. Our king however acts in a manner almost divine with respect to their Britannic majesties; for is it not being the representative of the Almighty, to support a king banished, betrayed, and abandoned? The noble ambition of our sovereign is gratified by acting this part; he went to meet the queen, with all his household, and a hundred coaches and six. When he perceived the prince of Wales's carriage, he alighted and [would not let this little child, who is beautiful as an angel, they say, dismount; he] affectionately embraced him; he then ran to the queen, who was by this time alighted; he saluted her, talked with her some time, placed her at his right hand in his carriage, and presented the dauphin and Monsieur to her, who were also in the carriage, and conducted her to St. Germain, where she found everything prepared for her like a queen, all sorts of apparel, and a rich casket containing six thousand louis-d'ors. The king of England was expected the next day at St. Germain, where the king waited for him; he arrived late [because he came from Versailles]: his majesty went to the end of the guard-room to meet him; the king of England made an inclination, as if to embrace his knees, but the king prevented him and embraced him three or four times very cordially. They talked together in a low voice for nearly a quarter of an hour; the king presented the dauphin and Monsieur to him, the princes of the blood, and cardinal de Bonzi. He conducted him to the queen's apartment, who could scarcely refrain from tears; after a conversation of a few minutes his majesty led them to the apartment of the prince of Wales, where they again conversed for some time, and he then withdrew, not choosing to be attended back, saying to the king, "This is your house; when I come you will do the honours of it, and I will do the honours of mine when you come to Versailles." The next day, which was yesterday, the dauphinness went there with all the court. [I know not how they will have managed with the chairs for the princesses; they had them at the wedding of the Queen of Spain]; and the queen-mother of England was treated as a daughter of France; I shall [find out and] send you these particulars. His majesty sent the king of England ten thousand louis-d'ors, the latter looks old and fatigued; the queen is thin, with fine black eyes swelled with weeping; a fine complexion but rather pale; a large mouth, beautiful teeth, a fine figure, and a great share of sense; no wonder if with all these she pleases every one who beholds her. Here [my sweet one] is matter for general conversation that will not soon be exhausted. . . . .

Jan. 12th, 1689.

. . . To come to the king and queen of England. It is so extraordinary to have this court here, that it is the constant subject of conversation. The regulation of rank and precedency is to be attended to, in order to render life agreeable to those who are so unlikely to be restored. This the king said the other day, adding, that the English king was the best man in the world; that he should hunt with him; that he should come to Marli and Trianon; and that the courtiers should habituate themselves to him. The king of England does not give his hand to the dauphin, and does not reconduct him. The queen has not kissed Monsieur, who is offended at this; she said to the king, "Tell me what you wish me to do; if you would have me follow the French fashion, I will salute whom you please; but it is not the custom in England to salute any one." She paid a visit to the dauphiness, who was ill, and who received her in bed. No one sits in England; I believe the duchesses will follow the French fashion, and behave to her as they did to her mother-in-law [Henrietta Maria]. We are greatly taken up with this new court. . . .

Jan. 14th, 1689.

. . . Madame de Maintenon is much pleased with the comedy which she has made her young ladies of St. Cyr perform; it will be a very fine piece according to report. She has paid a visit to the Queen of England, who, having made her wait a moment, said she was very sorry she had lost any time in seeing and conversing with her, and received her extremely well. Every one is pleased with this queen; she has an excellent understanding. She said to the king, on seeing him caress the prince of Wales, who is a lovely child, "I formerly envied the happiness of my son, in not feeling his misfortunes; but I now pity him, for being insensible to your majesty's caresses and kindness." All she says is proper and to the purpose; but this is not the case with her husband: he has a great share of courage, but his understanding is not above the common standard; he relates what has passed in England with an insensibility that excites the same feeling for himself. He is a good man ["what a good man," said the Archbishop of Rheims; "he has given up three kingdoms for one mass."—Ed.], and partakes of all the amusements of Versailles. The dauphiness does not intend to visit this queen; she wants her right-hand seat and chair of state, which cannot be; she will therefore be always in bed, when the queen visits her. Madame is to have an arm-chair upon the left hand, and the princesses of the blood are to visit with her; before whom they have tabourets only. The duchesses will be upon the same footing as at the dauphiness's; this is settled. The king, knowing that a king of France gave a prince of Wales only a chair on the left hand, chooses that the king of England should treat the dauphin in the same manner, and precede him. He is to receive Monsieur without chair or ceremony. The queen has saluted him, saying to our sovereign what I told you. It is not yet certain that M. de Schomberg is to succeed the prince of Orange in Holland. This is a year of falsehoods. . . .

Jan. 17, 1689.

This English court is quite established at St. Germain. They would not accept more than 15,000 livres a month, and have regulated their court upon that foundation. The queen is very much liked; our king converses very pleasantly with her; she has good sense without affectation. The king wished the dauphiness to pay her the first visit, but she was always so conveniently indisposed, that this queen paid her a visit three days ago, admirably dressed; a black velvet robe, a beautiful petticoat, her hair tastefully disposed, a figure like the princess de Conti's, and great dignity of manner. The king received her as she alighted; she went first into his apartment where she had a chair below the king's; here she remained half an hour; he then conducted her to the dauphiness, who was up; this occasioned a little surprise; the queen said to her, "I expected to have found you in bed, madam." "I wished to rise, madam," replied the dauphiness, "to receive the honour your majesty does me." The king left them, as the dauphiness has no chair in his presence. The queen took her place, with the dauphiness on her right hand, Madame on her left, and there were three other chairs for the young princes. They conversed together for upwards of half an hour; several duchesses were present, and the court was very numerous. At length she retired; the king gave orders to be informed of it, and handed her back to her carriage. I do not know how far the dauphiness went with her, but I shall hear. The king, upon his return, highly praised the queen; he said, "This is how a queen ought to be, both in person and mind, holding her court with dignity." He admired her courage in misfortunes, and her affection for her husband; for it is certain, that she loves him, as that hateful woman, madame de R., told you. Some of our ladies, who wished to assume the airs of princesses, did not kiss the queen's robe, some of the duchesses wished to avoid it also; but the king was displeased at this, and they now pay her homage. Madame de Chaulnes has been informed of these particulars, but has not yet performed this duty. She left the marquis at Versailles, the young gentleman being very highly amused there; he has informed his uncle that he should go to-day to the ballet. . . .

Jan. 26.

I am . . . truly of opinion, that the king and queen of England are better off at St. Germain, than in their perfidious kingdom. The king of England calls M. de Lauzun his governor; but he governs no one else, and is not much in favour. Their majesties have only accepted of what the king would have given them, fifty thousand livres a month, and will not live like sovereigns; many English are come over to them, or they would not have accepted so much; in short, they wish to pursue a plan that may last. They have reminded me of my dear romances; but a little intrigue is wanting.

Jan. 31, 1689.

Madame de Chaulnes has seen the queen of England, with whom she is greatly pleased; the little prince was dressed like a puppet; he is handsome and lively, and is continually dancing in his nurse's arms: these are the truly happy days of infancy. The histories which we read over again on account of this event, are replete with the perfidy of the people. The prince of Orange is not quite at his ease in London, there being three parties: that of the king and the bishops which is very weak; that of the prince of Orange, which is very strong; and a third consisting of republicans and non-conformists. All Ireland is in the interest of the king; he would have done well to have escaped thither: he is not so much liked as the queen. He calls M. de Lauzun his master; the master stands in great need of one himself. . . .

Feb. 2nd, 1689.

. . . The queen of England seems more inclined, if it pleased God, to reign in the beautiful kingdom of England, where the court is numerous and splendid, than to be at St. Germain, though overwhelmed with the heroic bounties of our monarch. As to the king of England, he seems contented there, and it is for that reason he is there.

Extract from the Memoirs of James II. (In Macpherson, Original Papers, Vol. I. p 257.)

I thank thee O God, for all the favours which thou hast done me; and particularly for having saved me from the hands of the rebellious parricides, who put to death the King, my father. . . . For having re-established the King my brother in his kingdoms, and for having recovered me from the smallpox, which some years before had carried off some of the royal family. For having given me such good health and patience to suffer so many injuries, and for having preserved me till now from all the snares of my enemies. For having touched my heart with a true sense of my past sins and a regret for them; a favour which I beseech God to continue to me; and to augment in me day by day a detestation of my faults.

And above all I thank God for having opened my eyes and converted me to the true church.

I humbly acknowledge that I have justly deserved all the afflictions and mortifications which it hath pleased God to send upon me; and that I would deserve still greater, considering the magnitude and multitude of my sins.

Madame de Sévigné.

Feb. 23, 1689.

. . . That madman, the prince of Orange, is elected king, and has been crowned: the contrary report prevailed a week ago; but thus it is with the English.

Feb. 25, 1689.

. . . The King of England [James] is going over to Ireland; this, at least, is the report: but I vouch for nothing this year; it is the harvest of lies. . . .

Feb. 28.

. . . It is certain that the king of England set out this morning for Ireland, where he is expected with impatience: he will be better there than here. He will traverse Britany with the swiftness of lightning; and go straight to Brest, where he will find marshal d'Estrées, and ships and frigates ready: he takes with him 50,000 crowns. The King has given him sufficient arms for 10,000 men. As his Britannic majesty took leave, he said with a smile, "That arms for himself were the only things that had been forgotten:" our king gave him his: the heroes of romance never did anything more gallant than this action. What will not this brave but unhappy king do, with arms that have ever been victorious? Behold him then with the casque and cuirass of Rinoldo and Amadis, and all our most celebrated knights errant; I will not say of Hector, for he was unfortunate. There is not an offer that can be suggested, that our king has not made him; generosity and magnanimity have been carried to their height. M. d'Avaux is to go with him; he set out two days ago. You will ask why M. de Barillon was not the person. The reason is, that M. d'Avaux, being perfectly acquainted with the affairs of Holland, will be more useful than he who is acquainted only with those of England. The queen has shut herself up at Poissi with her son: she will be near the king, and the fountain-head of intelligence. She is overwhelmed with grief, and suffers from a nephritic complaint, that makes it feared she has the stone: she is really to be pitied. You see, my dear child, it is the rage of talking, that makes me write all this; the chevalier and the gazette will give you better information than I can do. . . .

The King of England yesterday invested M. de Lauzun with the order of the garter; a kind of oath was read, which constitutes the ceremony; the king placed his collar on the other side of ours, and a St. George, that he had from the late King his father, which is set with diamonds, and worth at least 10,000 crowns. While the King of England was at Mademoiselle's, M. de

Louis . XIV . Roy de France et de Navarre

Lauzun went to Madame de la Fayette's with this ornament; Madame de la Fayette gazed at the blue ribbon, and as she knew he had not that of France, she did not comprehend this masquerade; she was silent upon the subject and so was he. At length he began to laugh, and told her what had passed. The King of England, must, however, think himself obliged to him, since he treats him so well. . . . The Irish business goes on admirably, and so completely occupies the prince of Orange, that there is nothing to fear upon our coasts. . . .

March 2, 1689.

. . . The chevalier will inform you what our King said to the King of England at his taking leave: "Sir, it is with grief I see you depart; yet I never wish to see you again: but if you return, be assured you will find me the same as you leave me." Could anything better have been said? He has loaded him with everything great and small; two millions of money, ships, frigates, troops, officers, and M. d'Avaux, who makes, upon the occasion, one of the most brilliant figures in the world. . . . I now come to the minutiae, such as toilets, camp-beds, services of plate, plain and gilt, arms for his person, which are the King's; arms for the troops in Ireland, and those who go with him, who are very numerous; in short, generosity, magnificence, and magnanimity, were never so strikingly displayed as upon this occasion. The King is not willing that the queen should go to Poissi; she will see very little company; but the King will take care of her, and she will receive news without intermission. The parting of the King and queen of England rent the hearts of all the spectators; nothing but tears, sighs, lamentations, and swoonings were to be seen or heard, which is very easy to be comprehended. Such is his destiny; he has a good cause; he is the protector of the true religion, and his courage will allow him no other alternative than conquest or death. . . . M. d'Avaux . . . has the care of the troops and the finances; in short, he is the soul of the undertaking, and the man in whom all confidence is placed.

March 4, 1689.

M. de Lauzun has refused, it is said, to go to Ireland with the King of England, but he has hinted, that he might be induced to go, if he were created a duke. . . . I doubt whether this sort bargaining may not be detrimental to M. de Lauzun. . . .

March 30.

. . . We hear that the King of England is arrived in Ireland, where he was received with transport. The prince of Orange is so much afflicted with an asthma, that all the troops he raises desert, thinking he is going to die: seven regiments have left him to go into Scotland. For my part, I am persuaded that the King of England, with God's assistance, will overcome all his enemies, and dispel all the clouds that seem ready to burst upon us.

Burnet.

1689.

. . . One accident happened this summer, of a pretty extraordinary nature, that deserves to be remembered. A fisherman, between Lambeth and Vauxhall, was drawing a net pretty close to the channel; and a great weight was, not without some difficulty, drawn to the shore, which, when taken up, was found to be the great seal of England. King James had called for it from the Lord Jefferies, the night before he went away, as intending to make a secret use of it, for pardons or grants. But it seems, when he went away, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it made it inconvenient to be carried off, or that it was to be hereafter of no more use to him: and therefore, that it might not be made use of against him, he threw it into the Thames. The fisherman was well rewarded, when he brought the great seal to the King: and by his order it was broke.

Extract from Luttrell's Diary. (London, 1859. Vol. II. p. 71.)

1690.

. . . The letters from Ireland bring, that our army upon the 1st instant forced the passages of the river [the Boyne] and [has] given the enemy [James II.] an entire defeat, killing above 3,000 Irish, with little losse on our side, considering the great disadvantage our men had in passing the river, the enemy standing upon a hill to receive our men as they came out of the water. . . . King James did not engage at all in this action (as King William did, who was up and down in the hottest of the action, to encourage his men and urge them forward by his own example, not to be affraid to venture where he thought fitt to expose himself,) but was upon a hill at some distance; and when he saw how it went, he retired to Dublin . . . declaring he would never trust an Irish army more.

July 11.

. . . Tis said when King James went away, he bid his army to shift for themselves and make the best terms they could.

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2. Letter of Matthew Prior to the Earl of Halifax. (In Ellis. Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men. Camden Society. London, 1843.)

Paris, 30-20 August, 1698.

My good Lord and Master, I have written one letter to you to congratulate you on your honours, one to condole with you, another to dunn you, and here is a fourth to thank you. . . .

The King of Spain's health is the weatherglass upon which all our politicians look; as that rises or falls we look pleasant or uneasy. I am glad to tell you that I think France is as much afraid he should dye as we can be. . . .

This court is gone to see their monarch a cock-horse at Compeigne; I follow as soon as my English naggs arrive and I shall a little have settled my Lord Jersey. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud; *vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn and riv'led, not unlike Neale the projectour; the Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible.

Adieu, Master; nobody respects the Chancellor of the Exchequer more or loves dear Mr. Montagu better than his old friend and obliged humble servant,

Mat.

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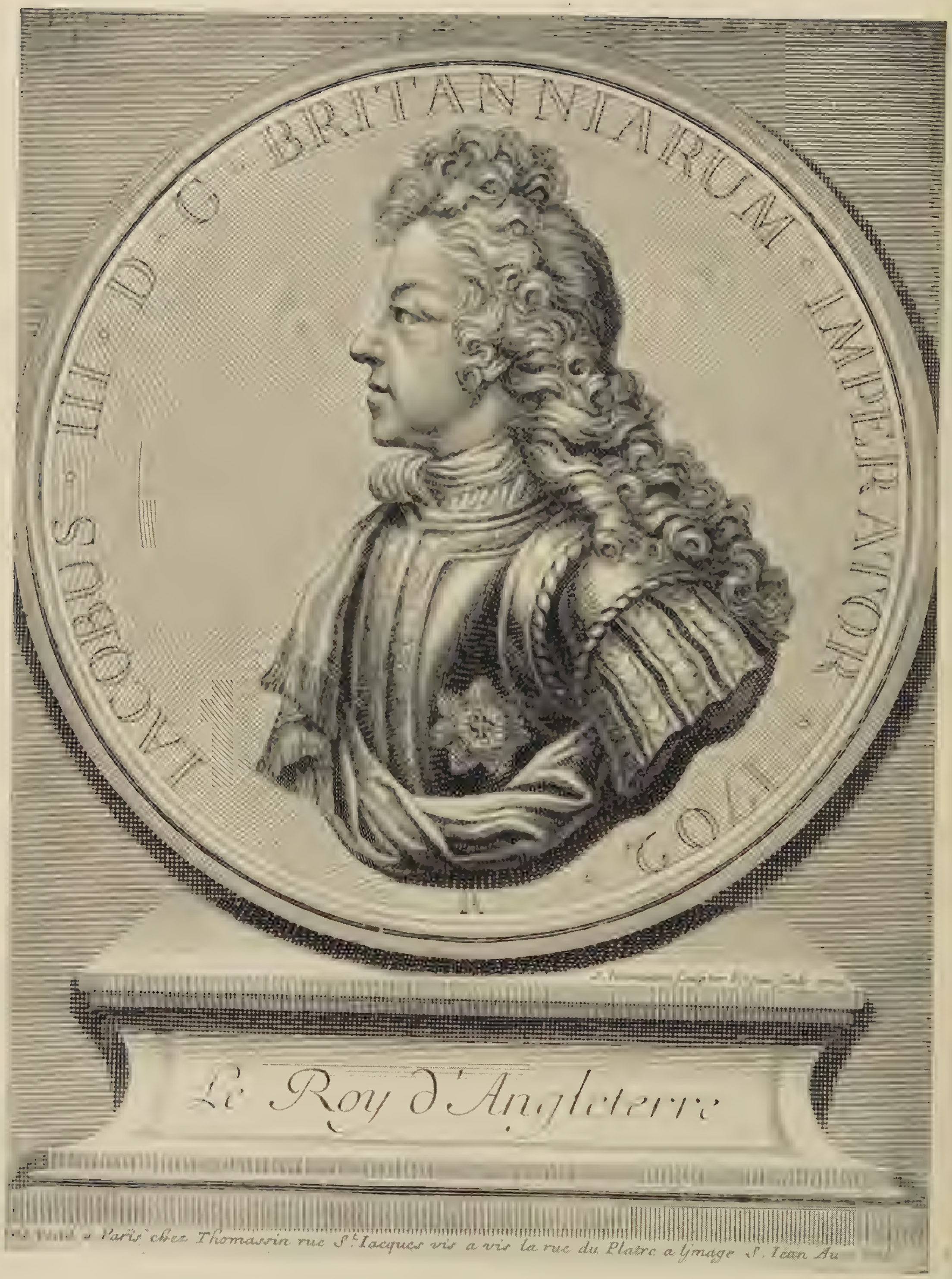
3. Letters of Mr. Vernon to the Duke of Shrewsbury. (In Letters illustrative of the Reign of William III. Ed. G. P. R. James. London, 1841. Vol. II. p. 197.)

Oct. 15, 1698.

I had a letter from Prior yesterday. . . . He hears that King James and his Queen are highly caressed at Fontainbleau; that the chief court was made to Queen Mary, every body being at her toilet in the morning; that the King of France comes thither to lead her to chapel; that at meals the Queen is placed between the two Kings at the upper end of the table, and equal marks of distinction and sovereignty are paid to all three, and *à boire pour le Roi d' Angleterre*, ou, *pour la Reine*, is spoken out as loud, and with as much ceremony, as for the King of France.

. . . . .


IACOBUS · III · D · G · BRITANNIARUM · IMPERATOR · 1705

Le Roy d'Angleterre

a Paris chez Thomassin rue S.t Iacques vis a vis la rue du Platre a l'ymage S. Iean Au

Oct. 22nd.

I believe I shall take up a non-juring parson to-day, who deals in policies of insurance upon King James's restoration. He pays a guinea to receive fifty, if King James, or his son, be restored on the throne by Michaelmas next.

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4. The Death of James II., by an anonymous contemporary. (In Macpherson, Original Papers, Vol. I. p. 589.) 1701 A. D.

The King publickly, and by name, forgave all his enemies. He had often declared, that he was more beholden to the prince of Orange than to all the world besides. The King of France came to wait upon him. He lighted at the castle gate, as others did, to prevent the noise of coaches from disturbing him. Just before he expired, he mentioned by name, with a loud voice, the prince of Orange, the princess of Denmark, and the Emperor; and said he wished they might be aquainted that he forgave them all. The King of France, the third time he came to see the King, declared he would own the prince of Wales King of England. He had hesitated long. The dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, and all the princes thought it unbecoming the dignity of the crown of France, not to own the title of the prince of Wales. He first acquainted the Queen, then the Prince, of his resolution. He came, at last, to the King's bed-side. "Sir," said he, "I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day." But the King not hearing, made no reply. Upon which, one of the servants telling him, that the King of France was there, he rouzed himself and said, "Where is he?" Upon which the King of France replied, "Sir, I am here, and I am come to see how you do?" The King thanked him for all his favours. His most Christian Majesty replied, "Sir, what I have done is but a small matter, I have something to acquaint you with of greater consequence." The King's servants began to retire. "Let nobody withdraw," said the King of France. "I am come, Sir, to acquaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son, the prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England." All that were present, whether French or English, burst at once into tears, expressive of a mixture of joy and grief. Some threw themselves at his most Christian Majesty's feet. All seemed so much affected, that the King of France himself burst into tears. The King of England was endeavouring to say something. But the confused noise was so great, and he so weak, that he could not be heard. The King of France went away. But as he passed, he called the officer of the guard, and desired him to treat the prince of Wales as King, whenever his father should expire.

The next day, the King was something better. The prince of Wales was permitted to see him, which he was not often suffered to do; it being observed, that when he saw him, it raised such a commotion in him, as was thought to do him harm. When he came into the room, the King stretching forth his arms to embrace him, said "I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead. I have sent my lord Middleton to Marly, to thank him for it." He was taken next day with continual convulsions and shaking in his hands; and, on the day following, being the sixteenth of September, he expired.

. . . .

5. Letter of the Pretender to Queen Anne. (Macpherson, Original Papers, Vol. II. p. 223.)

May, 1711.

Madam: The violence and ambition of the enemies of our family, and of the monarchy, have too long kept at distance those who, by all the obligations of nature and duty, ought to be more firmly united; and have hindered us from the proper means and endeavours of a better understanding between us, which could not fail to produce the most happy effects to ourselves, to our family and to our bleeding country.

But whatever the success may be, I have resolved now to break through all reserve, and to be the first in an endeavour so just and necessary. The natural affection I bear you, and that the King our father had for you, till his last breath, the consideration of our mutual interest, honor and safety, and the duty I owe to God and my country, are the true motives that persuade me to write to you, and to do all that is possible for me to come to a perfect union with you.

And you may be assured, Madam, that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land: yet I am most desirous rather to owe to you, than to any living, the recovery of it. It is for yourself that a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; the promises you made to the King our father enjoin it; the preservation of our family, the preventing of unnatural wars require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils; which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion, till the succession be again settled in the right line.

I am satisfied, Madam, that if you will be guided by your own inclinations you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the duchess of Hanover, the remotest relation we have, whose friendship you have no reason to rely on, or be fond of, who will leave the government to foreigners of another language, of another interest, and who, by the general naturalization, may bring over crowds of his countrymen to supply the defect of his right, and enslave the nation. . . .

And now, Madam, as you tender your own honour and happiness, the preservation and re-establishment of our ancient royal family, the safety and welfare of a brave people, who are almost sinking under present weights, and have reason to fear greater; who have no reason to complain of me, and whom I must still, and do love as my own: I conjure you to meet me in this friendly way of composing our difference, by which only we can hope for those good effects which will make us both happy; yourself more glorious than all the other parts of your life, and your memory dear to all posterity.

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6. Letter from a warm Adherent to one of the Pretender's Suite. (Macpherson II. 304.)

April 22, 1712.

If I did not know the King's affairs perfectly well, your fears would have cast me to the gates of death. . . . All his friends are earnest for his changing his lodgings, and rejoice he is to leave France. I confess it strikes a damp sometimes upon me; but I must submit to his lawyers, who know best what he is to do. . . . O! what is my dear angel doing at this time? He represents himself always to me as my blessed saviour. Men and angels cannot tell the heart I bear to him. I hope God will pity me and preserve him. . . . I hope you are to go with him to his new house, and pray God for it: it will put me out of all my senses, if I do not often hear of you and from him. And, to be sure, nobody will be so kind and so careful as I now find you are. I thank you ten thousand times. For God's sake continue it to me. Is he not my all on earth? It is like a mill-stone about my neck to keep me from writing him. . . .

I have no eyes in my head, but that which looks like red blood. . . . When I had yours of the 3rd, I was for coming to see him, and roared and cried I would do it . . . but E. M-r. [the Earl of Mar] told me, the world could not save my life, I would die before I was two days journey. I said if I died coming back I did not care, but I was sure I would not die in the going; the joy to see my dear angel would support me. . . .

J. M.

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7. Letter of the Pretender to Louis XIV. (Macpherson II. p. 385.)

Chalons-sur-Marne, Feb. 18, 1713.

Sire: What terms shall I employ to express my gratitude to your Majesty, before I leave the asylum which you have been pleased to grant me, almost ever since I was born, and which you do not permit me to leave, but in order to procure for me another more suitable, in the present state of your affairs and of my own? Words fail me, to express how my heart is penetrated, by the remembrance of your Majesty's beneficence and former kindness towards me. The care you are now pleased to take of me, and of whatever concerns me, crowns the whole, and encourages me, in the sad situation I am in, from the confidence I have in a generosity that has no example, for its continuance. . . . When I have assured your Majesty of my most sincere and fervent wishes for your prosperity and happiness, I have nothing to say, but to conjure your Majesty to be thoroughly persuaded, that you will always find in me the respect, attachment, and, if I can presume to say, the tenderness of a son, a will always ready, not only to follow, but even to go before in all things, during the time of my exile; and if I shall ever see myself restored to my dominions, a faithful ally, who will make it his glory and his happiness to concur with the first designs of a King, who does honour to royalty. [The dread of this "concurrence" was the chief ground for keeping the Pretender out.—Ed.]

M. Martinez to M. Robethon.

(Macpherson II. p. 583.)

Paris, March 23, 1714.

One of my intimate friends, who was, about two months last autumn, with the Chevalier de St. George [the Pretender] arrived here four days ago. He speaks very favourably of him. The prince spoke to him with great confidence, and did not conceal from him the good understanding between him and the Queen. He has news of her frequently from the English who come and return for that purpose. He reckons that all the Scots are undoubtedly in his interest. . . .

The Chevalier told the person in question what was said to him by a quaker, who was much spoke of some time ago, and who came from England on purpose to see him. He said to him, when he entered the room, "Good-day, James, the spirit desired me to come to thee, to tell thee that thou shalt reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee, if thou hast need of money, we will give thee amongst us from three to four millions." The prince wanted to make him some present: but he did not choose to take any, and went back directly to England. The prince made him eat at his own table.

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8. Letter from an English Traveller at Rome to his Father. (In Clarendon Hist. Soc. Reprints, 1st Series, p. 235.

Rome, ye 6th of May, 1721.

Sir: . . . After my arrival hear I received your letter of ye 15th of Februy by which you reminded me of your commands at my Departure to avoid conversing with ye Pretender or any of his dependents. I must own, that notwithstanding my Inbred dislike to his pretensions, and my confirmed aversion for his profession, I often found my curiosity inclining me to be so farr acquainted with his person and carracter, that I might be able to say from my own knowledg, what sort of man he is, who has made and dayly makes so great a noise in England. [He has attempted three invasions.—Ed.] . . . My regard to your special commands was always an over balance to my curiosity until perfect chance ordain'd the contrary. . . .

About a month ago . . . we became acquainted with an English Gentleman, . . . his name was Dr. Cooper a priest of ye Church of England, whom we did not suspect to be of ye Pretenders retinue. . . . On Ester Eve he made us the complement, that as he proposed us bred in ye profession of the said church, he thought it incumbent upon him to invite us to Devine service (next day being Ester Sunday). Such language at Rome apeard to me a jest: I stard at the Doctor who added that the Pretender who he call'd King had prevaild with the late Pope to grant licences for having Divine service according to the rules of the Church of England performed in his Palace, for the Benefit of the Protestant Gentlemen of his suite . . . and that prayers were as orderly hear as at London. I should have remained of St. Thomas belief had not I been aware that this is matter of fact, and as such have noted it down amongst the great wonders of Rome. This was the occasion of my first entrance into ye Pretenders house; I became familiar with both the Doctors, who are sensible well bred men. I put several questions to them about ye Pretender and if creditt can be given them they ashurd me he is an upright morall man, very far from any sort of Begottry and most avers to Disputes and distinctions of Religeon, whereof not a word is admitted in his family; they described him in his person very much to the resemblance of King Charles ye II., to which they say he aproches every day more and more; with a great application to business and a head well turnd that way. . . . Some days after my Friend and I went to take the evening air in the stately Park called Villa Ludovici; there we met on a sudden face to face with the Pretender, his princess and Cort. We were so very close, before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency; common civility obliged us to stand sideways in the Ally, as others did to lett them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished from the rest by his Starr and Garter, as well as by an air of greatness which discovered a Majesty superiour to ye rest. I felt in that instant of his aproach a strong convulsion of body and mind, such as I was never sensible of before; whether Aversion, Awe or Respect occasiond it, I cant tell. I remarked his eyes fixt upon me, which I confess I could not bear. I was perfectly stunnd and not aware of myself when persuant to what the standers by did, I made him a Salute; he returned it with a Smile, which changd the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance; as he past by I observed him to be a well siz'd clean limbd man.

I had but one Glimpse of the princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again, however my friend and I turned off into another ally, to reason at leasure on our severall observatiōns; there we mett Doctor Cooper and after making some turns with him the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder and resolvd to lett them pass as before, in order to have a full view of ye Princess. She is of middle stature well shapd and has lovely features, while Vivacity and Mildness of temper are painted in her lookes. When they came up to us the Pretender stood and spoke a word to the Doctor; then looking at us he asked him if we were English Gentlemen; he asked how long we had been in Town and whether we had any acquaintance in it: then told us he had a house, where English Gentlemen would be very welcome. The Princess who stood by addressed to the Doctor in the prettiest English I think I ever heard, said, "Pray, Doctor, if these Gentlemen be lovers of Musick invite them to my concert to-night: I charge you with it," which she accompanyd with a Salute, and a smile in the most Gracious Manner.

It was a very hard task, Sir, to recead from the honour of such an Invitation given by a Princess who altho married to the Pretender deserves so much respect in regard to her person, her name and family. However we argued the case with the Doctor and represented the strict orders we had to the Contrary. He replyd, there could be no prohibition to a Traveller against Musick even at the ceremonies of the Roman Cath. Church, yt if we missed this occasion of seeing this assembly of Roman Nobility we might not recover it again whilst we staid in Rome and that it became persons of our age and degree to act always the part of Gentlemen without regard to party humours.

These arguments were more forcible than ours, so we went and saw a bright Assembly of the prime Roman Nobility, the Consort composd of the best Musitians of Rome, a plentifull and orderly Colation servd: But the courteous and affable manner of our Reception was more taking than all the rest. We had a general Invitation given us whilst we staid in Town and were desired to use that Palace as our own. Hence we were Indispensably obligd to make a visitt every day in order to return thanks for so many Civilitys receavd: those are things due to a Turk.

We were admitted without Ceremonie; the Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as Knowingly, as if he had been all his life in England; he told me some passages of my Grandfather and of his being a constant lover of King Charles ye I. and II. and added that if you, Sir, had been of Age before my Grandfathers death to learn his principles there had been little danger of your taking party against the Rights of a Stuart. . . .

I told him I was surprizd at his so perfect Knowledg of our Families in England. His answer was, that from his Infancy he had made it his business to acquire the Knowledg of the Laws, customs, and Families of his Country so as he might not be reputed a stranger when the Almighty pleasd to Call him thither.

Those and the like discorses held until word was brought, that dinner was servd. We endeavourd all we could to withdraw but there was no Possibility for it, after he had made us this Complement: "I ashure you Gentlemen I shall never be for Constraining any mans Inclinations; however, our Grandfathers, who were worthy people, Dind often together and I hope that there can be no falt found that we do the same."

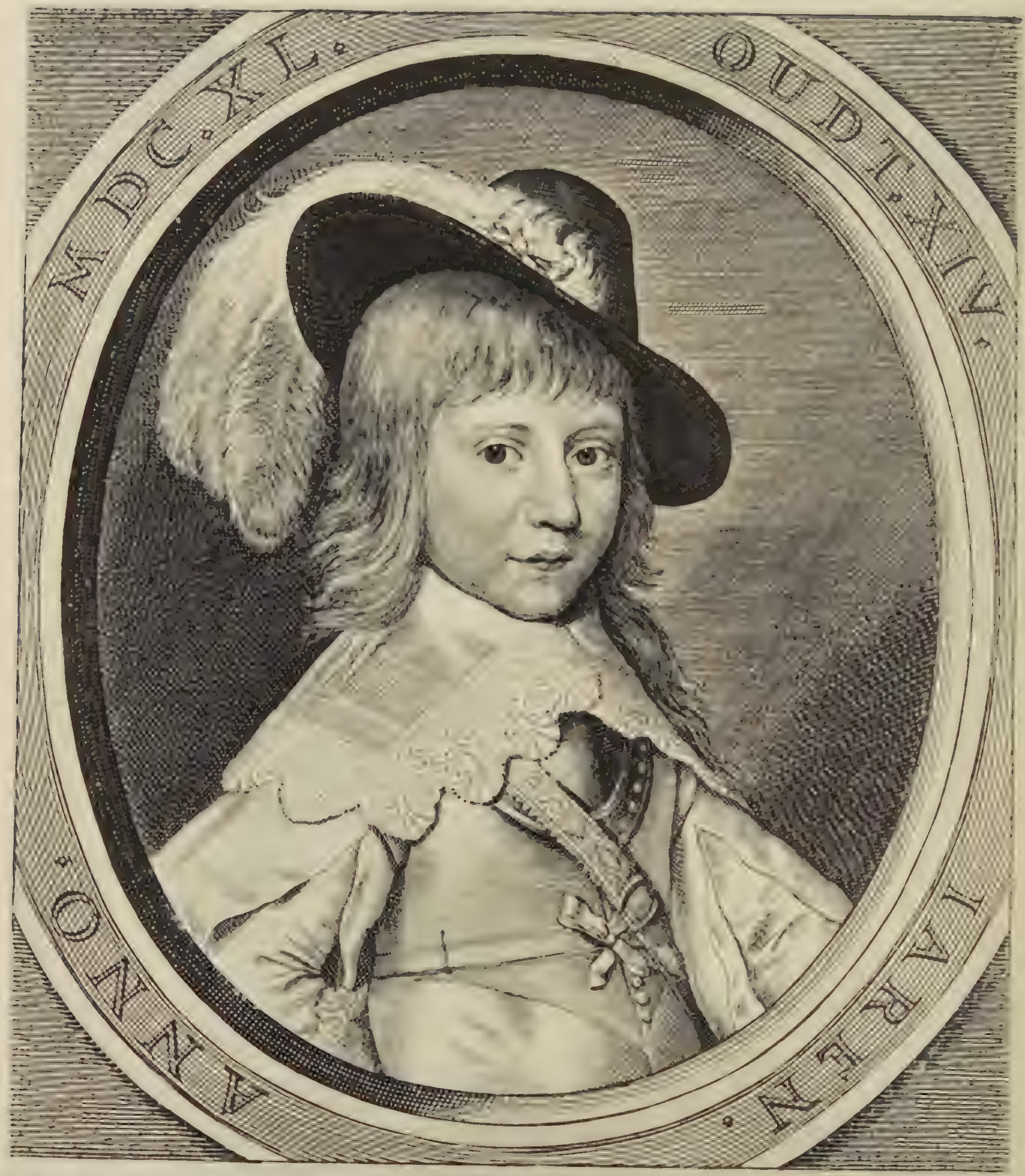
There is every day a regular Table of Ten or Twelve Covers wel servd, unto which some of the Qualyfyed persons of his Cort or Travelers are Invited: Its supplyed with English and French Cookery, French and Italian wines, but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of the English dishes and made his Dinner of Roast Beef, and what we call Devonshire Pye. . . . He is as free and cheerful at his Table as any man I know. He spoke much in favour of our English Ladies, and said he was persuaded, he had not many enemies amongst them. The Princess with a smiling countenance, took up the matter, and said, "I think then Sir it would be but Just, that I drink to the Cavaliers."

Sometime after ye Pretender began a Health to ye prosperity of all Friends in England which he addressed to me. I took the freedom to reply that, as I presumed he meant his own friends he would not take it ill that I meant mine. "I ashure you Sir, said he, that the friends you mean can have no great share of prosperity till they become mine, therefore hears prosperity to yours and mine."

After we had sat and drank very heartily, the Princess told us we must go to see her Son, which could not be refusd. He is realy a fine promising Child, and is attended by English women, mostly protestant, which the Princess observd to us, saying that as she believd he was to live and Dye among protestants, she thought fitt to have him bred up by their hands; and that in the Country where she was born, there was no other Distinction, but that of honest and dishonest. These women, and particular, two Londoners kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the young pretenders hand that to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forced to Comply. The Princess laught very heartily and told us shee question'd but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early acquaintance with her Son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her a Complement that Being Hers he could not miss of being good and happy. On the next post day we went as commonly the English Gentlemen hear do, to the Pretenders house for news. . . . He bemoaned the misfortune of England, [and] . . . lamented the ill treatment and disregard of the Ancient Nobility. . . . "Some may imagine," continued he, "that these Calamities are not displeasing to me because they may in some measure turn to my Advantage. I renounce all such unworthy Thoughts. The love of my Country is the first principle of my worldly wishes and my heart bleeds to see so brave and honest a people distressed and misled by a few wicked men and plunged into Miseries almost Iretrievable." Thereupon he rose briskly from his Chair and expressed his Concern with fire in his Eyes.

. . . .

[After a heated discussion on religion, in the course of which the Pretender says that he has been warned by his Father's fate and that "all cleargymen not authorized by the statutes of a nation out (ought) to be confined to the bare dutys of there profession"], I thought it full time to take leave, and break off the conversation, as I perceave it [to be] to finish this long letter. I own I am not sorry to have


ANNO · M.DC.XL · OUDT · XIV · IAREN ·

WILHELMUS BY DER GRATIE GODTS
PRINCE VAN ORAENGIEN. GRAVE VAN NASSAU. &c. MARQUIZ
VAN VEERE, EN VLISSINGEN, &c. BARON VAN BREDA GOUVERNEUR OVER GELDERLANDT, HOLLANDT, ZEELANDT, WEST
VRIESLANDT, &c. GENERAEL VANDE RUYTERYE

Is Geteyckent ende Geſneden, door Criſpyn van Quebooren

Ab^{r} Van Waesbergen Exc. Amſterdam.

contented so far my curiosity and that were he not the Pretender I should like the man very wel. We should truly pass much of our time in dullness, had we not the diversion of his hous, but I will give you my word I will enter no more upon arguments of this kind with him; for he has too much witt and learning for me: besides that he speaks with such an air of sincerity that I am apprehensive I should become half a Jacobite, if I should continue following these discourses any longar.

I crave the favour of your blessing etc.

9. Extract from the Memoirs of Dutens. (London, 1806, Vol. 5, p. 35.)

The Abbé Fabroni, rector of the University of Pisa, assured me that, at the commencement of the American war, he had seen letters from the Bostonians to the Pretender, inviting him to come and put himself at their head. [This was the *young Pretender*, whose baby hand we have just seen kissed by the doubting Englishmen at Rome. Bold and daring he had headed the uprising of 1745, had won the battles of Preston Pans and Falkirk, only to lose all on Culloden Moor. He died in 1788.—Ed.] I knew that the Duke de Choiseul had a design to send that Prince to America in the year 1760; but I cannot help doubting whether such determined republicans as the Bostonians would have wished to have a prince of the House of Stuart for their Chief.

GROUP XXII.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

1. A Tract on William III. (Somers' Tracts, Vol. XII. p. 382.)

[Sir Walter Scott calls this tract, which was published soon after the king's death, "a favourable, but by no means a partial, account of the life of the great monarch to whom it refers." —Ed.]

Though fortune might seem a stepmother to this prince, by depriving him of a father before scarce a human soul had been breathed into the infant, yet she abundantly made amends for that unkindness by the prudence and indulgency of his mother, eldest daughter of King Charles I., who, by means of the blood from whence she sprung, not only conveyed to him a prospect of attaining to three kingdoms, but also, by the care she took of his education, she formed his soul worthy of the crowns he was destined by Providence to wear. . . .

His education was consistent with the manners of the country where he was educated; the methods prescribed him by those that had the honour of his tuition were solid and severe; nothing gay or glittering was seen in his court, or the conversation of those persons who were entrusted with the management of his tender years.

His mind adjusted itself to the admonitions of his tutors, and produced a temper serious and thoughtful, quite averse from the usual gallantries practised in the more refined and polite courts, as they stiled themselves, of Europe.

He was never a mighty scholar himself, nor did he much affect learning, or the charms of a witty conversation;

such as were masters of those qualities were seldom employed by him . . . and this may be truly said of him, without injustice to his memory, that he was a much greater king, but nothing so fine a gentleman as his uncle [Charles II.]. . . .

He never had many favourites, and it was well for England that he had no more than two. The first of these was Monsieur Bentinck, now Earl of Portland, who obtained his esteem and friendship by one of the most generous actions imaginable.

This young gentleman was page to the Prince of Orange, and much of the same age with his master. It happened, that the prince was taken ill of the small-pox, which not rising kindly upon him, his physicians judged it necessary that some young person should lie in the same bed with the prince, imagining, that the natural heat of another would drive out the disease, and expel it from the nobler parts. Nobody of quality could be found in all the court to make this experiment; at last, Monsieur Bentinck, though he had never had the small-pox, resolved to run the risque; he did so, the prince recovered, his page fell ill, and, in a little time, had the happiness to find himself in a healthy condition, and as well as his master. Ever after this action of Monsieur Bentinck's, which was truly great and noble, the prince had an entire affection for so faithful a servant, and particularly trusted him in affairs of the highest consequence.

. . . .

Though his highness commanded the army of the States very young, when he was scarcely seventeen, . . . yet he behaved himself with greater vigilance, prudence, and conduct, than could be reasonably expected of him at that time of day. . . .

Though severe and reserved in the cabinet, yet, in the camp he was fiery to a fault, and often exposed himself, and the cause he defended, with a rashness, blameable in an officer of his dignity. . . .

He never shewed so great a reservedness, nor, indeed, a greater piece of wisdom, than upon his marriage with the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of the late King James: She was a princess who, for her beauty, good humour, sense and piety, had no equal in Europe. Her zeal for the protestant religion was surprising in a lady of her youth, and what did not a little add to her shining qualities was her being presumptive heiress to three kingdoms.

The people of England were infinitely desirous this match should take effect; and King Charles persuaded the world he had the same inclinations, but privately insinuated to the prince, that his making a peace, and his inducing the Spaniards to do the same, upon such terms as his Brittanick Majesty proposed (which terms, in truth, were too favourable to the French) were the only means his highness had to obtain the lady. Here was love and glory in opposition to one another; but the prince, under these extraordinary circumstances, shewed an unchangeable temper, and a mind impregnable against the strongest assaults. He assured the crown of England, that, although he had the highest veneration for the Princess Mary, yet nothing could make him recede from the interest of the allies, and he should always prefer his honour to all other considerations whatsoever. Fortune was just to his virtue; he gained his point both ways, and obtained the best of princesses for himself, and those articles of peace he insisted upon for his confederates.

. . . .

Reresby's Memoirs. (London, 1875, p. 82.)

1670.

The Prince of Orange being at this time come into England, to pretend to the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of his Highness the Duke of York, the King received him—both on account of his relation and merit, being a very personable and hopeful prince—with great splendor. Amongst other of his entertainments the King made him drink very hard one night at a supper, given by the Duke of Buckingham. The Prince did not naturally love it, but being once entered, was more frolic and merry than the rest of the company; amongst other expressions of it he broke the windows of the chambers of the maids of honor.

Tract on William III.

. . . Some persons are of opinion, that the prince held predestination; that it was his judgment all balls were commissioned, and had their bounds set them, farther than which they were not able to go. . . .

His enterprise upon England must be allowed very just: That step towards the Revolution, there are but few which cavil at; it is true some persons would have been contented that he had proceeded but little farther, and only tied up the hands of his unfortunate predecessor. But these gentlemen argue very little like politicians: King James would have been King James still, and soon, by the violation of the people's liberties, returned to that course from whence the success of the prince's arms had obliged him to deviate. . . . The prince made a bridge of gold for King James: he was taken by his own subjects, and in a sort of confinement, brought back to London. That sun, which was dreaded in the west as bad as death itsself [at the time of the Bloody Circuit.—Ed.], sets in a small town, the scorn and mockery of the rabble.

2. Extracts from Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times. (Reign of James II. Oxford, 1852, p. 144.)

1686.

When I came to Utrecht I found letters writ to me by some of the prince of Orange's Court, desiring me to come first to the Hague, and wait on the prince and princess [William and Mary], before I should settle any where. Upon my coming to the Hague I was admitted to wait on them. I found they had received such characters of me from England, that they resolved to treat me with great confidence. . . . The prince, though naturally cold and reserved, yet laid aside a great deal of that with me. He seemed highly dissatisfied with the king's conduct. . . . There was a gravity in his whole deportment that struck me. . . .

The prince had been much neglected in his education: for all his life long he hated constraint. He spoke little. He put on some appearance of application: but he hated business of all sorts. Yet he hated talking, and all house games, more. This put him on a perpetual course of hunting, to which he seemed to give himself up, beyond any man I ever knew: but I looked on that always, as a flying from company and business. The depression of France was the governing passion of his whole life. . . . He had a way that was affable and obliging to the Dutch. But he could not bring himself to comply enough with the temper of the English, his coldness and slowness being very contrary to the genius of the nation.

The princess possessed all that conversed with her with admiration. Her person was majestic, and created respect. She had great knowledge, with a true understanding, and a noble expression. There was a sweetness in her deportment that charmed, and an exactness in piety and of virtue that made her a pattern to all that saw her. The king gave her no appointment to support the dignity of a king's daughter. Nor did he send her any presents or jewels, which was thought a very indecent, and certainly was a very ill advised thing. . . . But . . . she managed her privy purse so well, that she became eminent in her charities: and the good grace with which she bestowed favours did always increase their value. She had read much both in history and divinity. And when a course of humours in her eyes forced her from that, she set herself to work with such a constant diligence, that she made the ladies about her ashamed to be idle. She knew little of our affairs, till I was admitted to wait on her. And I began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it, ever since the restoration: which she received with great satisfaction, and shewed true judgment and a good mind, in all the reflections that she made. . . .

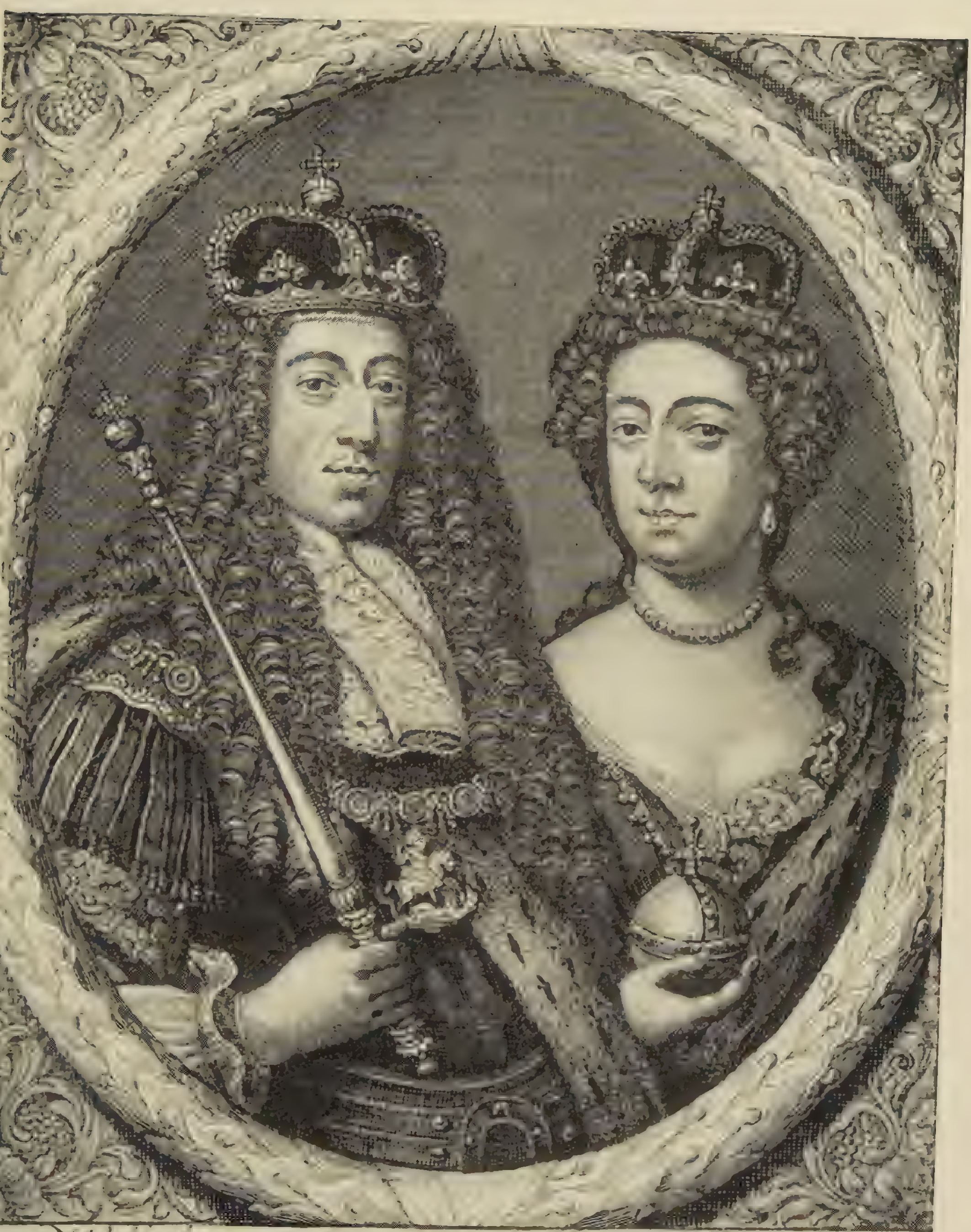
That which fixed me in their confidence was, the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the princess, to ask her what she intended the prince should be, if she came to the crown. . . . I explained King Henry the seventh's title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her, a titular kingship was no acceptable thing to a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life: and such a nominal dignity might endanger the real one that the prince had in Holland. She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her, the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was, to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him, that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavour effectually to get it to be legally vested in him during life: this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled. . . . I hoped she would consider well of it: for if she once declared her mind, I hoped she would never go back or retract it. I desired her therefore to take time to think of it. She presently answered me, she would take no time to consider of anything by which she could express her regard and affection to the prince; and ordered me to give him an account of all that I had laid before her, and to bring him to her, and I should hear what she would say upon it. He was that day a-hunting: and next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him, that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God, as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife: she promised him, he should always bear rule: and she asked only, that he would obey the command of, *Husbands love your wives*, as she should do that, *Wives be obedient to your husbands in all things*. . . . He [the prince] said [afterwards] he had been nine years married, and had never the confidence to press this matter on the queen, which I had now brought about easily in a day.

Letter of the Earl of Argyll to an unknown Correspondent.

(In 11th Report of MSS. Commission, 6th App. p. 182.)

May 12th, 1689.

. . . Yesterday we disburthened ourselves of the Crown which was done in the Bankuetting house with great solemnitie. The King and Queen swore the oath; the King himself swore it with that gravitie and



Wilhelmus de derde en Maria Stuart.
KONING en KONINGIN
van Engeland Schotland Vranckryck en Yrland

Barent Velthuysen Excudit

seriousnesse that we had never seen expressed in the taking ane oath before. When he came to that part of the oath anent rooting out of hereticks he told us that by it he did not understand himself oblidged to persecute anie upon the account of religion and took us three witnesses upon it.

3. Extracts from the Rutland Correspondence. (MSS. Commission, 12th Report, Appendix V.)

Frances Russell to Lady Margaret Russell.

Sept. 29th, 1690.

. . . We have the best neighbours here of my Lord and Lady Wharton that ever I had in any place. . . . Yesterday I found my Lady very much out of humour fretting at her having been surprised this day sevnnight by the Queen, who dined with her without giveing her more than an hour and a half's notice. . . . 'Tis easy to imagine what her condition was. There was notning in the house, nor nothing that on such a sudden could be got in the countrey. She sed if she would have given five pound for a partridge, 'twas not to be had. She had no cook but a maid. . . . Her steward . . . was gone a week before, I know not where. Everything was out of order, and the Queen whom my Lady had never seen, was just at the door. . . . My Lady was fain to make her best assurance supply the want of everything else. There was all the guards to be fed, and Lords and Ladies to have a table, besides that for the Queen. Indeed to heare my Lady Wharton tell the tragical story would almost have made one cry; yet after all she was very well pleased with the honour the Queen did her, and believes Her Majestie will have the goodness to pardon the disorder of the entertainment. . . .

4. Extracts from Burnet.

I now begin, on the first day of May, 1705, to prosecute this work; and have before me a reign, that drew upon it an universal expectation of great things to follow, from such auspicious beginnings; and from so general a joy as was spread over these nations. . . . It seemed to be a double-bottomed monarchy, where there were two joint-sovereigns; but those who knew the queen's temper and principles, had no apprehensions of divided counsels, or of a distracted government.

That which gave the most melancholy prospect was the ill state of the King's health, whose stay so long at St. James's without exercise or hunting, which was so much used by him that it was become necessary, had brought him under such a weakness, as was like to have very ill effects: and the face he forced himself to set upon it, that it might not appear too much, made an impression on his temper. He was apt to be peevish: it put him under a necessity of being much in his closet, and of being silent and reserved. . . . Many studied to persuade him, it would be necessary for his affairs to change his way, that he might be more accessible, and freer in his discourse. He seemed resolved on it; but he said, his ill health made it impossible for him to execute it: and so . . . he grew more retired, and was not easy to come at, nor spoke to. . . . So that the face of a court, and the rendezvous usual in the public rooms, was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and the diversions of a court disappeared. And, though the Queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the King, by a great vivacity and cheerfulness; yet when it appeared that she meddled not in business, so that few found their account in making their court to her, though she gave a wonderful content to all who came near her, yet few came.

The King found the air of Hampton Court agreed so well with him, that he resolved to live the greatest part of the year there. . . . This shewed a resolution to live at a distance from London: and the entering so soon on so expensive a building, afforded matter of censure to those who were disposed enough to entertain it. And this spread a universal discontent in the city of London. And these small and almost indiscernible beginnings and seeds of ill humour, have ever since gone on in a very visible increase and progress. . . .

1689.

. . . Ward, bishop of Salisbury, died this winter: many spoke to the King in my favour, without my knowledge. The King made them no answer. But a few days after he was set on the throne, he of his own motion named me to that see: and he did it in terms more obliging than usually fell from him. . . .

. . . The great mildness of the King's temper, and the gentleness of his government, which was indeed rather liable to censure, as being too remiss, set people's minds much at ease . . . and all promised themselves happy days under so merciful a prince. . . .

1691.

. . . This was still kept up as a prejudice against the King and his government, that he loved to have a great army about him; and that when they were once modeled, he would never part with them, but govern in an arbitrary way, as soon as he had prepared his soldiers to serve his ends.

Another prejudice had more colour and as bad effects. The King was thought to love the Dutch more than the English, to trust more to them, and to admit them to more freedom with him. He gave too much occasion to a general disgust, which was spread both among the English officers and the nobility: he took little pains to gain the affections of the nation; nor did he constrain himself enough to render his government more acceptable: he was shut up all the day long; and his silence, when he admitted any to an audience, distasted them as much as if they had been denied it. The earl of Marlborough thought that the great services he had done were not acknowledged nor rewarded, as they well deserved; and began to speak like a man discontented. And the strain of all the nation almost was, that the English were overlooked, and the Dutch were the only persons favoured or trusted. This was national; and the English being too apt to despise other nations, and being of more lively tempers than the Dutch, grew to express a contempt and an aversion for them that went almost to a mutiny.

1692.

. . . In the beginning of September there was an earthquake felt in most places in England. . . . It had been happy for us, if such dismal accidents had struck us with a deeper sense of the judgments of God.

We were indeed brought to more of an outward face of virtue and sobriety: and the great examples that the king and queen set the nation, had made some considerable alterations, as to public practices: but we became deeply corrupted in principle: a disbelief of revealed religion, and a prophane mocking of the Christian faith, and the mysteries of it, became avowed and scandalous. The queen, in the king's absence, gave orders to execute the laws against drunkenness, swearing, and the prophanation of the Lord's day. . . . Yet the reformation of manners . . . went on but slowly. . . .

PHILIPPUS V HISPANIARUM ET INDIARUM REX

(See page 215)

1694

. . . I am now coming towards the fatal period of this book. The queen continued still to set a great example to the whole nation, which shined in all the parts of it. She used all possible methods for reforming whatever was amiss: she took ladies off from that idleness, which not only wasted their time, but exposed them to many temptations; she engaged many both to read and to work; she wrought many hours a day herself, with her ladies and her maids of honour working about her, while one read to them all; the female part of the court had been in the former reigns subject to much censure; and there was great cause for it; but she freed her court so entirely from all suspicion, that there was not so much as a colour for discourses of that sort. . . .

When I laid all these things together, which I had large opportunities to observe, it gave a very pleasant prospect. . . . but we soon saw this hopeful view blasted and our expectations disappointed in the loss of her. . . . The small pox raged this winter about London; some thousands dying of them; which gave us great apprehensions with relation to the queen; for she had never had them.

In conclusion, she was taken ill, but the next day that seemed to go off: I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day: and she complained then of nothing. The day following she went abroad; but her illness returned so heavily on her, that she could disguise it no longer. . . . Within two days after the small pox appeared, and with very bad symptons. . . . [The King] called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion; he burst out into tears; and cried out, that there was no hope of the queen; and that from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature upon earth. He said, during the whole course of their marriage, he had never known one single fault in her; there was a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself; though he added that I might know as much of her as any other person did. Never was such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court or in a town as at this time. . . . She died on the 28th of December, about one in the morning, in the 33rd year of her age, and in the 6th of her reign.

She was the most universally lamented princess, and deserved the best to be so, of any in our age or in our history. I will add no more concerning her, in the way of a character: I have said a great deal already in this work; and I wrote a book, as an essay on her character, in which I have said nothing, but that which I knew to be strictly true, without enlargement of figure or rhetoric. The king's affliction for her death was . . . greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of: he went beyond all bounds in it: during her sickness, he was in an agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into most violent lamentations. . . . He turned himself much to the meditations of religion, and to secret prayer.

A Tract on William III.—continued.

She (Mary) died as unconcerned as his majesty her husband fought, and braved the King of Terrors with as great a resolution on her bed of sickness, as he did in the field of battle; and certainly that lady's piety or courage was the greater, since, as she said herself to my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, she was always prepared to die, and her royal spouse very often took the sacrament before a battle.

King William, as it is reported, was

very much concerned at her death; and, if he had expressed a more visible sorrow, the nation would have resented it still more kindly, who sincerely mourned the loss of that princess, and still do upon her memory.

But, though the loss of so good a princess afflicted King William very much, yet the peace of Reswick mortified him much more: he was obliged at last, by the murmuring temper of his subjects, to acquiesce in terms very dishonourable to Europe, and not overglorious to his majesty. By this treaty of pacification the French were to retain Luxemburgh and Strassburgh, those bulwarks of Flanders and the empire, who, instead of them, were only to have an equivalent, which, in fact, was far from the intrinsic value of those provinces, but, notwithstanding the inequality of these and other articles, the conduct of the Duke of Savoy, and the neutrality of Italy, powerfully persuaded the allies to put an end to the war.

Soon after the peace, the Partition-Treaty followed, and, by too much precaution, the government involved the nation in a dreadful war, which, to their best thinking they endeavoured to avoid. The Spaniards, who are a haughty people, so much resented the intended division of their monarchy, that their grandees made a will, or influenced their monarch so to do, by which he devised all his dominions in Italy, Spain, and the West Indies, to the House of Bourbon, in the person of the Duke of Anjou, who, notwithstanding the most dreadful imprecations of his grandfather to the contrary, took possession of those states and provinces, by the assistance of that monarch, who, to prefer his family, despised all sanctions, both divine and human. . . .

When the peace of Reswick was brought to a conclusion, the Parliament of England thought it high time to disband some of their national regiments, and all the foreigners in their service. Amongst these last were the Dutch blue guards, and my Lord Portland's regiment of Dutch horse, who attended his majesty in all his expeditions, long before and after his accession to the throne of England. His majesty was much dissatisfied at the proceedings, and made all the interest he possibly could in the house to disannul the injunctions of his supreme council, but all to no affect; he used entreaties to the parliament, but to no purpose, and upon this occasion behaved himself much different from the haughty character he had all along maintained.

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5. Letter of the Countess of Rutland to her Husband. (MS. Commission, Report 12, App. v.)

April, 1701.

I was last night at Kensington, my dear Lord, alltho my cold yett is farr from being gone, and I received so great a honour from his Majesty, who, 'tis said, is observed to not talk much to ladys, that I cannot miss acquainting you with it. . . . He found . . . the Dutches of Somersett, Ormond, Queensbrough, and myself talking together just by the card table and his chaire, so he made his legs to all the ladys, and every one that played took their stoolls. . . . He asked me how you had your ill health, and said he hard you had not injoyed it extrem well, which he was sorry for. . . . Affter his playing a litel at the gold tabel he rise and went to goe to the orther tabels, as he allways dus, so I gave back to mack the King's way, and presed the ladys behind to do so to, which the King seeing said it was 'No mater, my Lady Rutland, for I can come over the stool,' so strid over it and when he came just by me stopped

THE FIRST KING OF PRUSSIA.

(See page 215.)

and told I looked mighty well [and conversed about you].

Whill all this passed between us, I could hear a world of the crowd, who knew me not, ask "Who is she, what is she, that the King takes such nottice of, and looks so pleased all the whill he talks to?" and abundance that did know me asked what his Majesty and I coud find to talk of so long. I told them it was fine speeches of civillity on both sides, and severall spoack allso to Dolly of it, who . . . said it was observed by all that the king looked brisker and pleaseantr when he was doing me that honour amongst so much compainy than [he] had bine seen to do of sum time.

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6. Extracts from Burnet.

1702.

. . . The king seemed all this winter in a very fair way of recovery: he had made the royal apartments in Hampton-Court very noble, and he was so much pleased with the place, that he went thither once a week, and rode often about the park: in the end of February, the horse he rode on stumbled, and he, being then very feeble, fell off and broke his collar bone. . . . He was brought to Kensington that night. . . . During his illness, he sent a message to the two houses, recomending the union of both kingdoms to them. . . . He died, in the 52nd year of his age, having reigned 13 years and a few days. . . .

Thus lived and died William the third, king of Great Britain, and prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution: he had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority: all his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical, and the dregs of the smallpox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few: he spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle: for then he was all fire, though without passion: he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. . . .

He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him: he was an exact observer of men and things . . . his genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct: great errors were often committed by him, but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. . . .

He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs; till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies [France and Spain.—Ed.] gave so loud an alarm to all Europe. For a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life.

Note by Onslow, a Contemporary.

And made preparations and provision for carrying it on after his death. His design in all this was great and public-spirited, and no prince ever possessed more of that than he did. And accounts of him have not done him justice enough in that particular. It made him to forego all private considerations whatever, that could interfere with it; ease, health, or pleasures, anger, resentment, jealousy and even rivalry.

Burnet.

I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him: I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution: the series of the five princes of Orange, that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history: and the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing providence, that in the words of David he may be called, *the man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself:* after all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory; since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him: and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge: so a private funeral was resolved on.

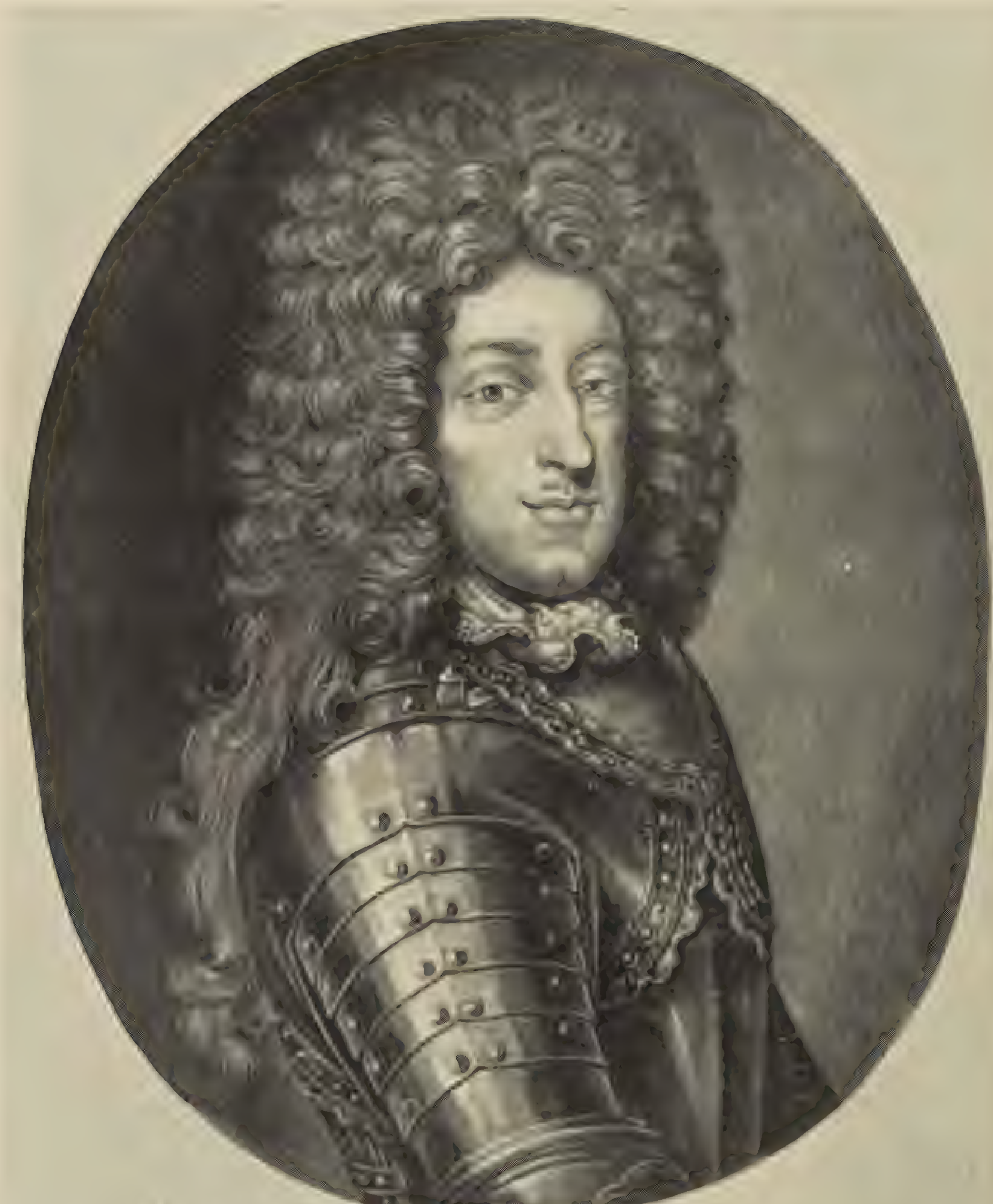
EDITORIAL.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION WAR.

[Matthew Prior, as we have seen (p. 171) wrote in 1698: "The King of Spain's health is the weatherglass upon which all our politicians look; as that rises or falls we look pleasant or uneasy." The same words would have applied at almost any time during the previous thirty years. Already in 1668 the Emperor Leopold and Louis XIV had made a secret treaty to divide the spoils between them so soon as the sickly Charles II, the last Spanish Hapsburg, should pass away. But the feeble prince, whose domains embraced not only Spain, Cuba and the Phillipines, but also the Netherlands and a part of Italy and Sicily, lingered on from year to year. Louis XIV was constantly on the watch; descended from the elder sister of Philip IV, he had, to make matters the more sure, married the older sister of Charles II, although the latter princess had been obliged, in order to secure her dowry, to renounce her hopes of the succession. The head of the Austrian Hapsburgs, the long-reigned Emperor Leopold was descended from a younger sister of Philip IV and had married the younger sister of Charles II; but no renunciation stood in the way. To two other powers, England and Holland, the question of the succession was of vital importance even from a purely commercial point of view; for France and Spain united would have controlled nearly the whole sea-coast of the continent of Europe, and would have been in a position to forbid the lucrative trade with the West Indies. For a moment a peaceful solution of the matter seemed to have been achieved: Louis XIV and William of Orange agreed to give Spain, the Netherlands and the colonies to Joseph Ferdinand of Bavaria, son of the Elector Max Emmanuel, and grandson of the Emperor Leopold. Austria was

Leopoldus j.^{us} Romanorum
Imperator Semper, Augustus
Turcarum Domitor Invictissimus
J. A. Le poutre Sc.

CAROLUS II
König in Hiſpanien.



Maximilianus Emanuel D.G. Bavariæ
Dux et Elector Belgii Regii
Gubernator. &^{ct}.

to take Milan, France to have Naples and Sicily.

If there was one thing which the Spaniards detested it was the thought of having their possessions parcelled out in this manner. King Charles mustered strength to appear in a council of state and proclaim Joseph Ferdinand heir not of a part but of the whole of his dominions. But the young prince at once sickened and died; many believed he had fallen a victim to a *poudre de succession* administered by order of the French King. Charles II himself was by this time really dying. Louis signed a new partition treaty with Holland and England; but his agents the while, headed by the Archbishop of Toledo and by Jesuit confessors, were busy at the pillow of the dying monarch, trying to persuade him to deed his realms to Philip of Anjou, grandson of the French king. An opposing party, headed by the Queen, tried equally hard to secure the whole inheritance for the Archduke Charles, Leopold's younger son. One day, in the Queen's absence from the sick-room, the fatal document was signed in favor of the French candidate. "The Pyrenees have ceased to exist," cried Louis XIV, and caused Philip to be solemnly proclaimed King of Spain in the Palace of Versailles. "But remember," he said in his address of congratulation, "that you are a prince of France."

England, Holland and Austria had equal cause for war; the two former because of the breach of the Partition treaty, the latter because bereft of all share in the inheritance. It cost King William, indeed, infinite pains to gain over the English parliament; he could not afford to offend the Tories, whose votes were needed in the matter of the Protestant succession to the throne; but at last the succession act was passed and shortly afterwards the "Grand Alliance" signed. William died before hostilities commenced; but his coalition stood until England so disgracefully abandoned it in 1713. The Grand Alliance was joined as a matter of course by Hanover and by Prussia; the former had been made an electorate (in 1692), the latter a kingdom (two days before the death of Charles II), with the understanding that they should fight the Emperor's battles. One by one the other German powers came in, although with characteristic tardiness the diet of Ratisbon did not declare war until the fighting had been going on for nearly a year.

One striking exception was the Elector of Bavaria, Max Emmanuel, who listened to the delusive promises of Louis XIV. He was to have the Palatinate (if he could conquer it!), or, perhaps, the Spanish Netherlands, a royal, and possibly even the imperial crown.

Even after signing the alliance, and after the Austrians had long since taken the field, England hesitated to open hostilities. But when, on the death of James II the French King ostentatiously treated his son with royal honors, and empowered him to take the title of James III, all the reluctance of the people gave way. In the public squares of London a herald, to the sound of trumpets, summoned Louis to mortal combat on the ground of "presuming to support the so-called Prince of Wales as King of England." Parliament granted large supplies of men and money, and entrusted the chief command to the "handsomest man in the world," Lord Churchill, duke of Marlborough. Fortunately court favor was paired with coolness, daring, and, indeed, with all the qualities that go to make a great commander. The Austrians put in the field a general of the same calibre, the redoubtable Prince Eugene. The troops of the Empire were under Louis of Baden, who, indeed, although he had once done good service against the Turks, had now outlived his usefulness.

The chief successes in the early part of the war fell to Max Emmanuel of Bavaria; he was greeted on his entry into Augsburg in 1703 as "Augustus and soon to be Caesar," and a medal was struck in which he is designated as "King of Bohemia." But Marlborough and Eugene combined against him, sent Louis of Baden out of the way even at the cost of entrusting him with 20,000 men, and then struck their great blow at Höchstädt, or, as the English preferred to call it, Blenheim. Marshal Tallard, the French commander, was taken captive together with the cash-box that contained the pay for his troops; 28,000 men were killed, wounded or taken prisoner; among the booty were 5,400 provision wagons and thirty-four coaches of ventursome females who had come to lighten the tedium of camp life. The whole of Bavaria fell into the hands of the allies; Max Emmanuel escaped, but his wife and children were sent into exile. After Blenheim the Margrave of Baden was left to defend the Rhine, Eugene went to Italy, where he gained the splendid battle of Turin, and Marlborough conducted his operations in Belgium. Archduke Charles, or, as he styled himself, Charles III, succeeded in entering Madrid and figuring for a while as King of Spain. Leopold died and was succeeded by Joseph, one of the best and strongest of the Hapsburgs.

All Europe was in conflagration at this time, and for many of the German princes it was a question in which struggle they should join. Charles XII of Sweden, in the year of Blenheim, deposed Augustus the strong, King of Poland, and placed Stanislaus Lescinsky on that throne. In 1706 he invaded Saxony, and forced on Augustus the humiliating peace of Alt Ranstädt. Charles XII himself, in 1709, received condign punishment at Pultava from the hand of Peter the Great.

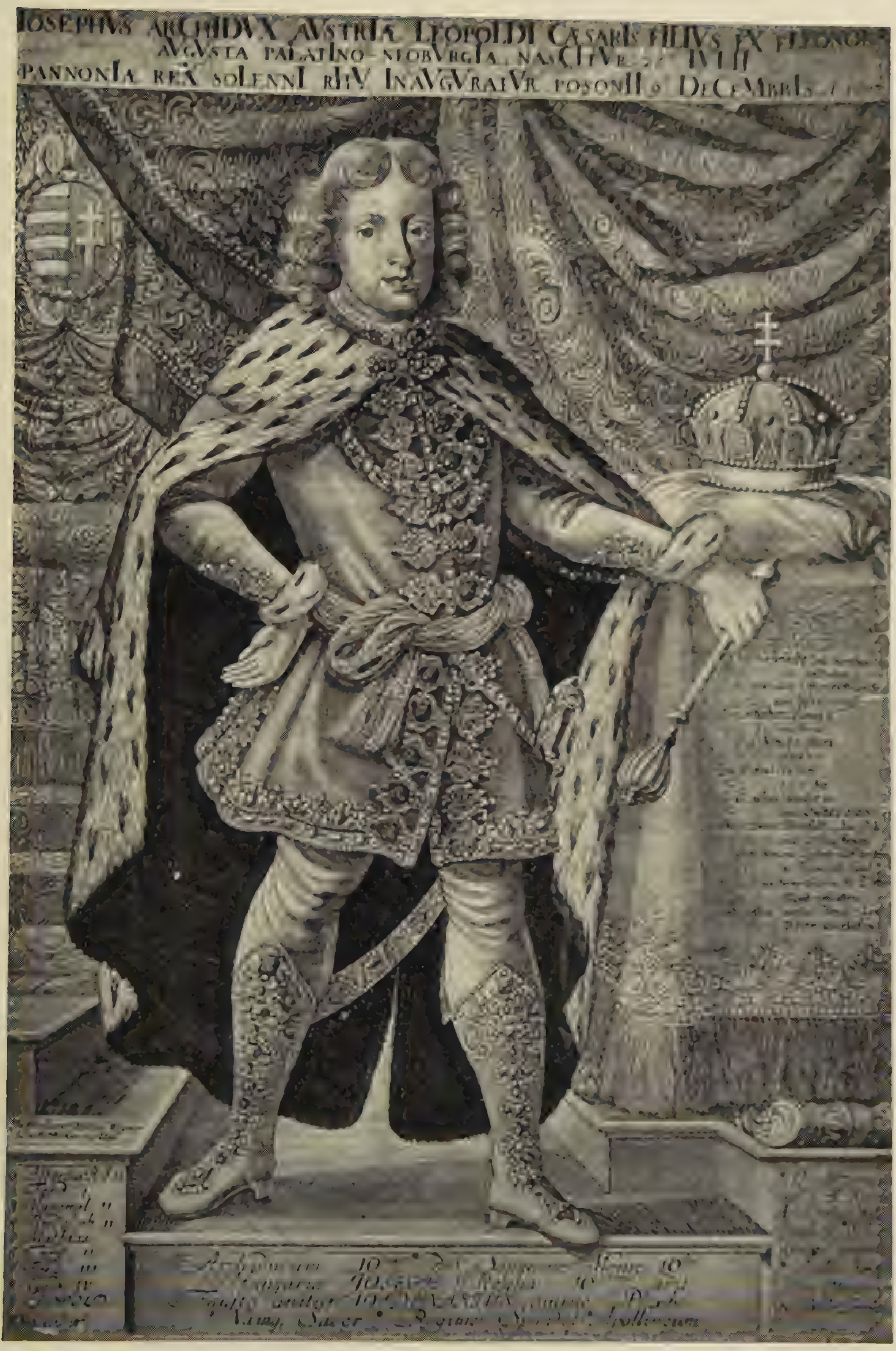
In Belgium, where he was later assisted by Prince Eugene, Marlborough won the battles of Ramilies, Oudenarde, and bloodiest of all, Malplaquet, at which latter place the allies, by a strange whim of fortune, though gaining the victory, lost twice as many in killed and wounded as their opponents. The French were not to be blamed for ascribing the honors to themselves, and it was in these days that one heard in all the streets of Paris the mocking song, "Marlb'rough s'en va-t-en guerre!" At all events Malplaquet practically finished the war. France was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the few engagements that still took place were but a sort of commentary on the long negotiations for peace.

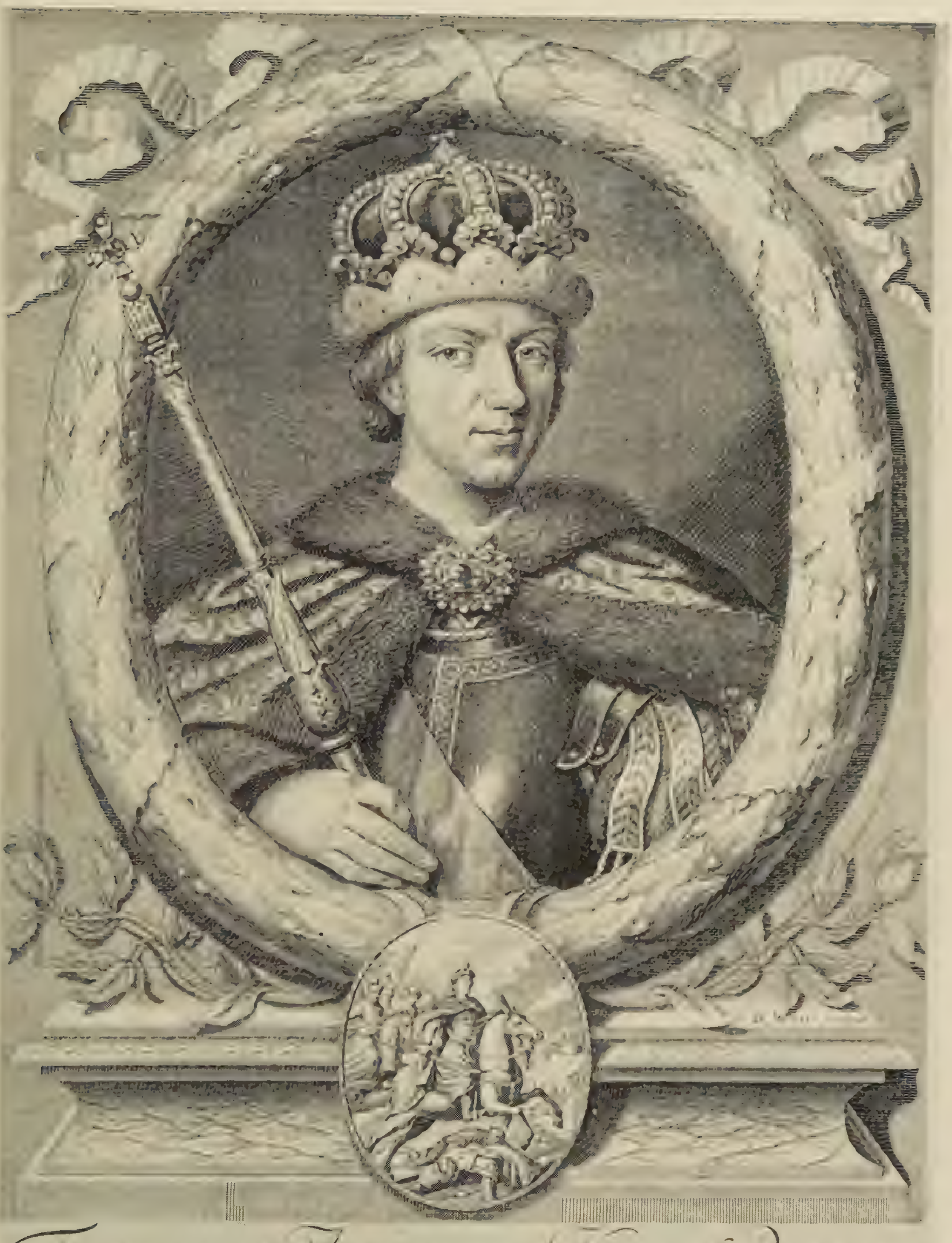
That these negotiations lasted as long as they did was largely the fault of Marlborough; the whig party lived by war, and to it the great general was not above catering. And now a new event occurred that changed the whole aspect of affairs and acted like an explosive in sundering the Austrian and English interests. In April, 1711, died the young Emperor Joseph; Charles III was now unexpectedly heir to the Austrian possessions and the sure candidate for the imperial throne. A new world monarchy, like that of Charles V, seemed on the point of arising. The spectre was as frightful to England and Holland as had ever been the grandeur of Louis XIV. Philip of Anjou, against whose claim they had been fighting for so many years, seemed

LUDOVICUS WILHELMUS
D. G. PRINCEPS BADENSIS.
S. C. MAI. LOCUMTENENS
GENERALIS. &c.
ex. et Aug. Vind.
Cum Privileg. S. C. M.

CAROLUS . III . D.G. HISPANIARUM ET INDIARUM REX .
Chriſt. Weigel exc.

(See page 276.)


IOSEPHVS ARCHIDVX AVSTRIÆ LEOPOLDI CÆSARIS FILIVS EX ELEONORA
AVGVSTA PALATINO-NEOBVRGICA NASCITVR 26 IVLII
PANNONIÆ REX SOLENNI RITV INAVGVRATVR POSONII 9 DECEMBRIS



FREDERICK AUGUSTUS KING of POLAND
ELECTOR of SAXONY etc

Crown'd at Cracow Sept 15 1697

(See page 216.)

now the preferable candidate for the throne of Spain.

Altogether in England the pendulum had completely swung round. No insult was too great to be heaped upon the Marlboroughs; even Prince Eugene had fallen from his pedestal. To her own lasting disgrace England deserted her allies without warning and made her own terms with France, securing Port Mahon and Gibraltar, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Hudson's Bay Territory. The Pretender was renounced by France and obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. Philip V was acknowledged as King of Spain, Max Emmanuel was reinstated in all his possessions. Never in all history did a succession of defeats reap such a harvest of rewards. France stood there, strong and aggressive as ever, with a Bourbon on the Spanish throne ready to obey her beck and call.]

GROUP XXIII.

QUEEN ANNE AND THE MARLBOROUGHS.

1. Extract from Horace Walpole's Reminiscences. (Boston, 1820, p. 84.)

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind; and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day at her toilet, she cut off those commanding tresses and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves, and turn away her own head as if the queen had offensive smells.

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2. Extracts from the Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough. (London, 1838, Vol. I. p 1. ff.)

Queen Anne to the Duchess of Marlborough.

1703.

It is now so late that I can only thank you for your letter, and congratulate the Duke of Marlborough being well after the siege of Bon, which is more pleasing news to me than all the conquests he can make.

May God Almighty, that has preserved him hitherto through many dangers, continue to do so, and send him safe home to his and my dear adored Mrs. Freeman. (Mrs. Freeman, the Duchess; Mr. Freeman, the Duke. Queen Anne signs herself "Mrs. Morley.")

Marlborough to his Wife (In Coxe, Life of Marlborough. London, 1820, Vol. I. p. 413.)

August 13, 1704.

I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Parke, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more at large.

MARLBOROUGH.

The Queen to the Duchess of Marlborough. (Coxe II. 38.)

Windsor, August 10–21.

Since I sent my letter away by the messenger, I have had the happiness of receiving my dear Mrs. Freeman's by colonel Parke, with the good news of this glorious victory, which, next to God Almighty, is wholly owing to dear Mr. Freeman, on whose safety I congratulate you with all my soul. May the same Providence that has hitherto preserved, still watch over, and send him well home to you. We can never thank God Almighty enough for these great blessings, but must make it our endeavour to deserve them; and I hope he will continue his goodness to us in delivering us from the attempts of all our other enemies. I have nothing to add at present, but my being sincerely, etc.

Mrs. Burnett to the Duchess.

Aug. 12, O. S.

Though your grace's moments are so valuable that I should fear to trouble you with my most humble thanks, till you had more leisure to receive such worthless tributes, yet I cannot defer letting your grace know the joy I see in every one I meet. The common people, who I feared were grown stupid, have and do now shew greater signs of satisfaction and triumph, than I think I ever saw before on any good success whatever; and after the first tribute of praise to God, the first cause of all that is good, every one studies who shall most exalt the duke of Marlborough's fame, by admiring the great secresy, excellent conduct in the design, and wonderful resolution and courage in the execution. The emperor can give no title * half so glorious as such an action. How much blood and treasure has been spent to reduce the exorbitant power of France, and to give a balance to Europe; and when after so long a struggle the event remained under great uncertainty, to have the glory to break the chain, give the greatest blow to that tyranny that it ever had, have an emperor to owe his empire to the queen's armies as conducted by his grace, are splendours that outshine any reward they can receive.

I do not wonder you are all joy. You have just cause for it, and to recount every day with the utmost thankfulness the amazing blessings God has heaped upon you. The bishop heartily prays for the continuance of the duke's success, so that the queen may have the greatest glory that is possible, that is the restoring peace and liberty to Europe, and what is greater, the free profession of the protestant religion, wherever it has been persecuted or oppressed; and that after her, her ministers, who are the instruments, may share in the lasting blessings and glory due to such benefactors to mankind. Sure no honest man can refuse to unite in such noble designs. I am really giddy with joy, and if I rave, you must forgive me. I can lament for no private loss, since God has given such a general mercy. In death it would be a matter of joy to me to have lived so long as to hear it.

The bishop said he could not sleep, his heart was so charged with joy. He desires your grace would carefully lay up that little letter as a relic that cannot be valued enough. Some wiser people than myself think the nation is in so good a humour with this success and the plentiful harvest, that better circumstances can hardly meet for a new parliament; and with a little care, it may be as good a one as the depraved manners of this nation is capable of. I pray God direct and prosper all her majesty's counsels and resolutions in this, and every thing else, and make her the universal protectress of truth and charity. And may your grace be ever a happy favourite, happy in all your advices and services, and happy in her

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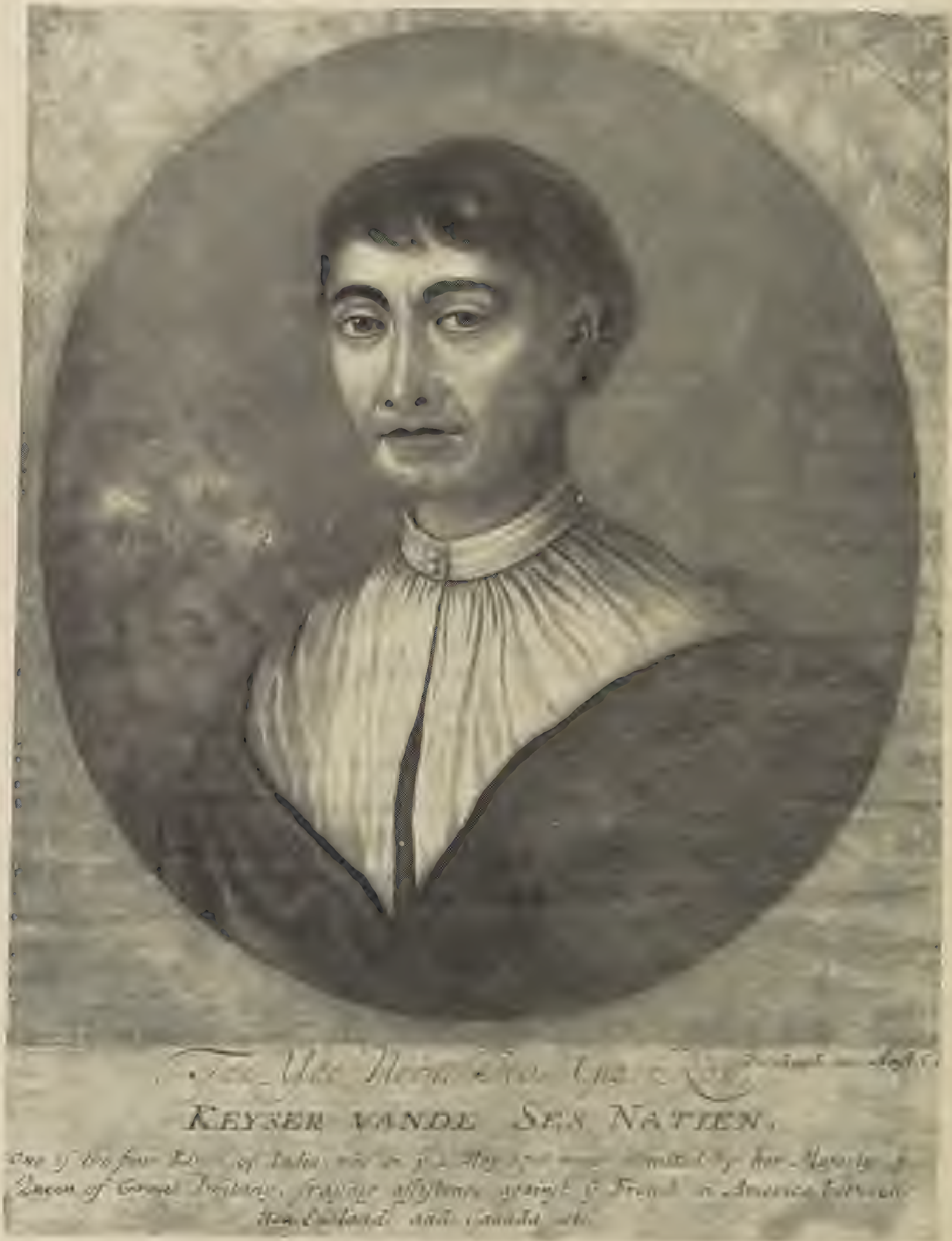
*Alluding to the title of prince.

PETER THE GREAT.

(See page 216.)


Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row
KEYSER VANDE SES NATIEN.
One of the four Kings of India, who on ye 2 May 1710 were admitted by her Majesty ye
Queen of Great Britain, praying assistance against ye French in America between
New England and Canada etc.

AN ALLY OF QUEEN ANNE.

(See page 217.)

majesty's kind approbation and esteem; and may every honest heart love you as well, and endeavour to serve you as faithfully, as does your grace's most obedient, etc."

3. Letter of the Emperor Leopold to the Duke of Marlborough. (In Coxe, Vol. II. p. 21.)

To the most illustrious Prince of Us, and the Holy Roman Empire, John, Duke of Marlborough, etc.

I salute with pleasure your dilection by these titles, who so justly deserve a place among the princes of the empire, as well from your own merits as the honour of your noble family, and for your signal services to me and my august house, and the holy roman empire, being desirous to give you this public monument of honour, the greatest there is in Germany, and which is so justly conferred on you. And to make still more public the great obligations I have to her britannic majesty, for sending so great a succour so far to assist me, and the empire, when our affairs were in so ill a posture, by the base revolt of Bavaria to France, and to your dilection, to whose prudence and courage, and the bravery of the english and other troops under your command, my own generals, as well as fame, ascribe chiefly under God, our late successes; I shall use my endeavours to procure your delection a place and vote in the diet, among the princes of the empire. These victories are so great, especially that near Hochstadt, over the french, which no ages can parallel, that we may not only congratulate you on having broken the pride of France, defeated their pernicious attempts, and settled again the affairs of Germany, or rather of all Europe, after so great a shock; but have hopes of seeing the full and entire liberty of Europe in a short time happily restored from the power of France. To which end as I am sure nothing will be wanting on the part of your dilection, nothing remains but to wish you farther successes, and give you fresh assurances of my readiness to embrace any opportunity of shewing you with how much affection I am,

Leopold.

Given in my city of Vienna, 28 August, 1704.

4. Letter of the Duke of Marlborough to the Duchess. (In Coxe's Marlborough.)

Bruxelles, July 1, 1706.

Since my last I have had the pleasure of yours of the 11th, as also one from 49 (cipher for George Churchill), in which he does assure me that he is desirous of doing everything that might please you and 91 (Godolphin). I am afraid there is sombody else that makes 82 (?) and Mrs. Morley uneasy. I do from my Soul wish her all the happiness in the world; and it is certain that God has blessed her reign much above what has been for a long time. But we have had such a villanous race of vipers amongst us, that whilst she is admired by all people abroad, they are studying how to make her and those that serve her uneasy. I really am not concerned for myself: I could retire then, and live with much more pleasure released, if I were sure that 83 (the Queen) and 91 (Godolphin) would not want my service. . . .

Queen Anne to the Duchess. (In Correspondence.)

No date.

. . . I am in such haste I can say no more but that I am very sorry dear Mrs. Freeman will be so unkind as not to come to her poor unfortunate, faithful Morley, who loves her sincerely, and will do so to the last moment.

Queen Anne to the Duchess. (MSS. Commission, 8th report.)

May 1707 (or 1708).

. . . I end this with assuring you with the same sincerity I should do if I were upon my deathbed, that I do believe everything you tell me that you know of your knowledge is true, and that I am as tenderly fond of you as ever, and nothing, no, not even your own unkindness shall ever alter your own unfortunate faithfull Morley.

Queen Anne to the Duke. (*Ib.*)

Windsor, July 22, 1708.

. . . Tho' you say you will serve me as general, but not as a minister, I shall always look upon you as both, and never separate those two characters, but ask your advice in both capacities on all occasions.

Saturday, 1708 (*sic*).

. . . If ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdycation, for what is a crown when the support of it is gone.

Oct. 25, 1709.

. . . You seem to be dissatisfied with my behaviour to the Duchess of Marlborough. I do not love complaining, but it is impossible to help saying on this occasion I believe nobody was ever so used by a friend as I have been by her ever since my coming to the Crown. I desire nothing but that she would leave off teasing and tormenting me, and behave herself with the decency she ought both to her friend and Queen, and this I hope you will make her do.

Queen Anne to the Duchess. (In Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.)

No date.

I shall dine at St. James's, an it please God, to-morrow, and shall be very glad to see you there, when I am alone; and be assured, whenever you will be the same to me you was five years ago, you shall find me the same tender, faithful Morley.

The Duchess to Queen Anne.

1709.

I am very thankful for the favour of dear Mrs. Morley's letter, and for the profession at the end of it, which deserves more acknowledgments than I can express; and if you shall dislike anything I am going to say in answer to it, I hope you will continue to forgive me, for since I wrote to you only as a friend, it is impossible for me to say the least word that I don't think. . . .

I can't help renewing my request that you will explain without the trouble of writing a long answer to this, what it is that prevails with you to oppose the advice of all your old servants and councils,—if it be not that woman (Abigail, Mrs. Masham) and those that apply to you by her. . . . It looks as if nobody were too scandalous to be countenanced, that would but apply to this new favourite. . . . I think you are influenced by this favourite to do things that are directly against your own interest and safety; and you seem to think that there is nothing of all this, and therefore I will take the liberty to tell you why I think it is so at present, and what it is that would make me think otherwise.

I think the first, because every day shews that you dont hear my Lord Marlborough and Lord Godolphin as you used to do, and I can hardly believe that even now any men have more credit with you than they have; therefore who can it be but this woman, for you see nobody else. And to shew you that I am not alone of this opinion, if I should ask the first ordinary man that I met, what had caused so great

eques pinx.
CAROLUS Duodecimus, REX SVECIAE &c.
Neen, wijk oud Rome met haar trotse Keisers niet;
geen Augusten, noch Trajaanen.
Sie daar! dit is Hy die in 't hert der Onderdaanen,
O SWEED, eer Vaderlyk als Koninglyk gebied.
Pet. Schenk fec. et exc. Amst.
Lud. Smids, M. D.
cum Privill. ord. Holl. et We

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

(See page 216.)

Her Grace the Dutchess of Marlborough.

a change in you, he would say that the reason was because you were grown very fond of Mrs. Masham, and were governed by those that governed her. . . .

I had almost forgot to tell you of a new book that is come out; the subject is ridiculous, and the book not well written, but that looks so much the worse, for it shews that the notion is extensively spread among all sorts of people. It is a dialogue between Madame Maintenon and Madam Masham, in which she thanks her for her good endeavours to serve the King of France here. . . . The favourite characters are your Majesty, Mrs. Masham, my Lord Peterborough, and Mr. Harley; and I am sure every one will allow that is very good attendance, in which I, and Lord Marlborough and almost every one I know are abused, except Mrs. Masham, Lord Peterborough and Mr. Harley. Speaking of her it begins thus:—"She had a soul fitted for grandeur, a capacious repository for the confidence of royal favour; she had the good fortune to be placed in the eye of favour, whence only her own merit, and sovereign's capacity of well judging merit, distinguished her; happy in a mistress deserving such a favourite, her mistress, in a favourite deserving to be suah."

Mr. Maynwaring to the Duchess of Marlborough.

1709. Monday evening.

Soon after I came home from your Grace's lodgings, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Halifax, who had said yesterday that he would call upon me soon, if I would not be denied when he came. . . . There was nothing Lord Halifax enlarged so much upon as the present reports about 240 (The Duchess herself); and he desired me to remember that he then foretold that, if that person and 42 (the Queen) were not soon upon better terms, Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough would be ruined. And though he did not pretend to know much, yet he could easily see that the storm was gathering on all sides. He said it was commonly reported that 240 made at Windsor an open complaint of having been worse used than 13 (Somerset) or even the Bug (Kent); and that he thought was wrong.

I said, since the fact was so, I thought it was no matter how much it was known. But, I said, one thing seemed strange to me, that everybody was now of opinion that nothing would go well unless 240 (The Duchess) were in favour; who, during the time of being in favour, had met with hardly anything but ingratitude and ill-usage. . . .

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5. The Duchess's own Account of an Interview with the Queen. (Correspondence, I. 295.)

Good Friday, April 6, 1710.

Upon the 6th of April, 1710, I followed my letter to Kensington so soon that Her Majesty could not write another harsh letter, which I found she intended; I sent a page of the back stairs to acquaint her Majesty that I was there. She was alone; however the man staid longer than was usual upon such occasions, and then told me the Queen would have me come in. As soon as I opened the door she said she was going to write to me. "Upon what, madam?" said I.

The Queen.—I did not open your letter until just now, and I was going to write to you.

Lady Marlborough.—Was there anything in it, madam, that you had a mind to answer?

The Queen.—I think there is nothing you can have to say, but you can write it.

Lady Marlborough.— Won't your Majesty give me leave to tell it you?

The Queen.— Whatever you have to say you may write it.

Lady Marlborough. — Indeed, I cant tell how to put such sort of things into writing.

The Queen.— You may put it into writing.

Lady Marlborough.— Wont your Majesty allow me to tell you now I am here?

The Queen. —You may put it into writing.

Lady Marlborough.— I believe your Majesty never did so hard a thing to anybody, as to refuse to hear them speak, even the meanest person that ever desired it.

The Queen. —Yes, I do bid people put what they have to say in writing, when I have a mind to it.

Lady Marlborough. —I have nothing to say, madam, upon the subject that is uneasy to you; that person is not, that I know of, at all concerned in the account that I would give you, which I cant be quiet till I have told you.

The Queen.— You may put it into writing.

Lady Marlborough.— There are a thousand lies told of me. . . . I do assure your Majesty that there are several things which I have heard have been told to your Majesty that I have said of you, that I am no more capable of, than I am of killing my children.

I should have said, when I began to speak, after she had so unnecessarily repeated the same thing over and over again, that I might put what I had to say in writing, when she saw I went on to tell her the thing, she turned her face from me as if she feared blushing upon something I might say to her.

The Queen.— There are, without doubt, many lies told.

Lady Marlborough.—Pray, madam, tell me what you have heard of me, that I may not trouble you to repeat more disagreeable things than necessary.

The Queen.— You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none.

Lady Marlborough.—I am confident your Majesty could not be so hard to me, if you could believe that 'tis only to do myself justice, and that I could convince you that I have no design of desiring any favour you are averse to.

The Queen.—I will go out of the room.

Upon which I followed her to the door, where she stopped, and when I could speak, which I could not in some time, for the tears that fell down my face, at which I was sorry but could not help it, (and I believe there are not many that would not have been as much moved at such strange usage) I appealed to her. . . . I only beg to know what you have heard, that I might be able to clear myself in anything in which I was wronged.

The Queen.— You said you desire no answer, and I shall give you none.

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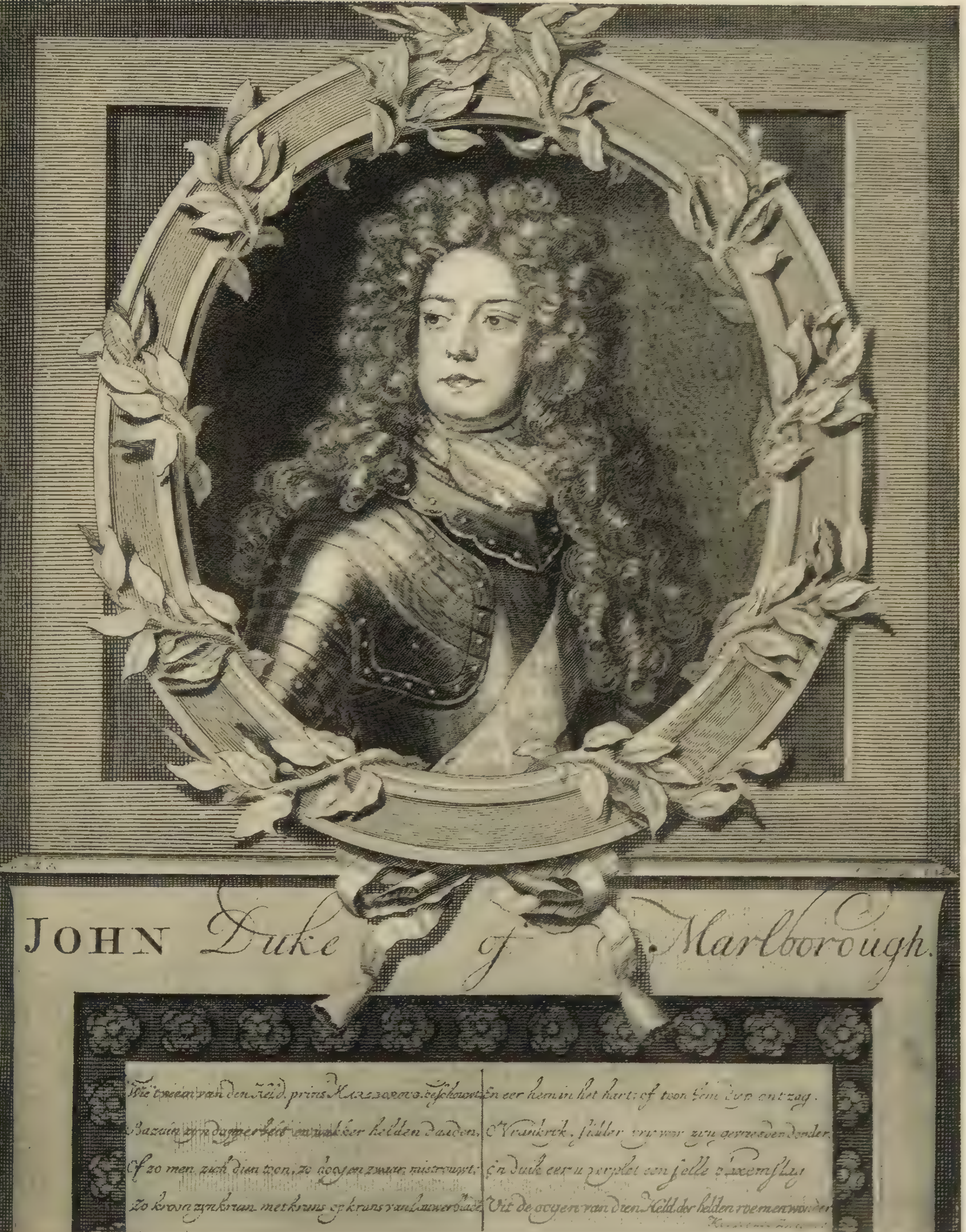
6. Extracts from Swift's Journal to Stella. (Sir Walter Scott's Edition of Swift's Works, Vols. 2 and 3.)

1710–11, Jan. 7.

. . . The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have now had a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have past faults



JOHN *Duke of Marlborough.*

Wie 't brein van den Held, prins Marlborough, beschouwt,
Bazuin zyn dapperheit en wakker helden daden,
Of zo men zich dien toon, ze oogen zwaar mistrouwt,
Zo kroon zyn brein met krans op krans van lauwerbladen

En eer hem in het hart: of toon hem zyn ontzag.
O Vrankryk, sidder vry voor zyn gevreesden donder,
En duik eer u verplet een felle [illegible]slag
Uit de oogen van dien Held, der helden roemen wonder.

inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we can not have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. [England was verging towards the utterly disgraceful peace of Utrecht.] I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. . . . Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to anybody alive? . . .

Jan. 12.

. . . Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with my dearest at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects. . . .

August 19.

The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's. . . . The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds, to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines. [Note by Scott: "Before Bouchain; a piece of generalship deemed equal to almost any of his exploits."]

Dec. 6.

. . . The Duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past. Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. . . .

Dec. 30th.

. . . The Duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind; nothing at court can be kept a secret.

Dec. 31.

. . . I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1, 1711–12.

. . . The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs. . . .

Jan. 8.

. . . The Duke of Marlborough says, there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.

Jan. 10.

This was our society day you know: but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the Duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing.

Jan. 13.

. . . I saw Prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

Jan. 23.

I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business of to-morrow, which we are top full of. The minister's design is, that the Duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him (Marlborough), tells me he is much cast down and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the House, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioner of accounts. . . .

Jan. 25.

The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. . . . No I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. . . . I am of your opinion, that Lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me, before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. . . .

Feb. 10.

I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is a plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides.

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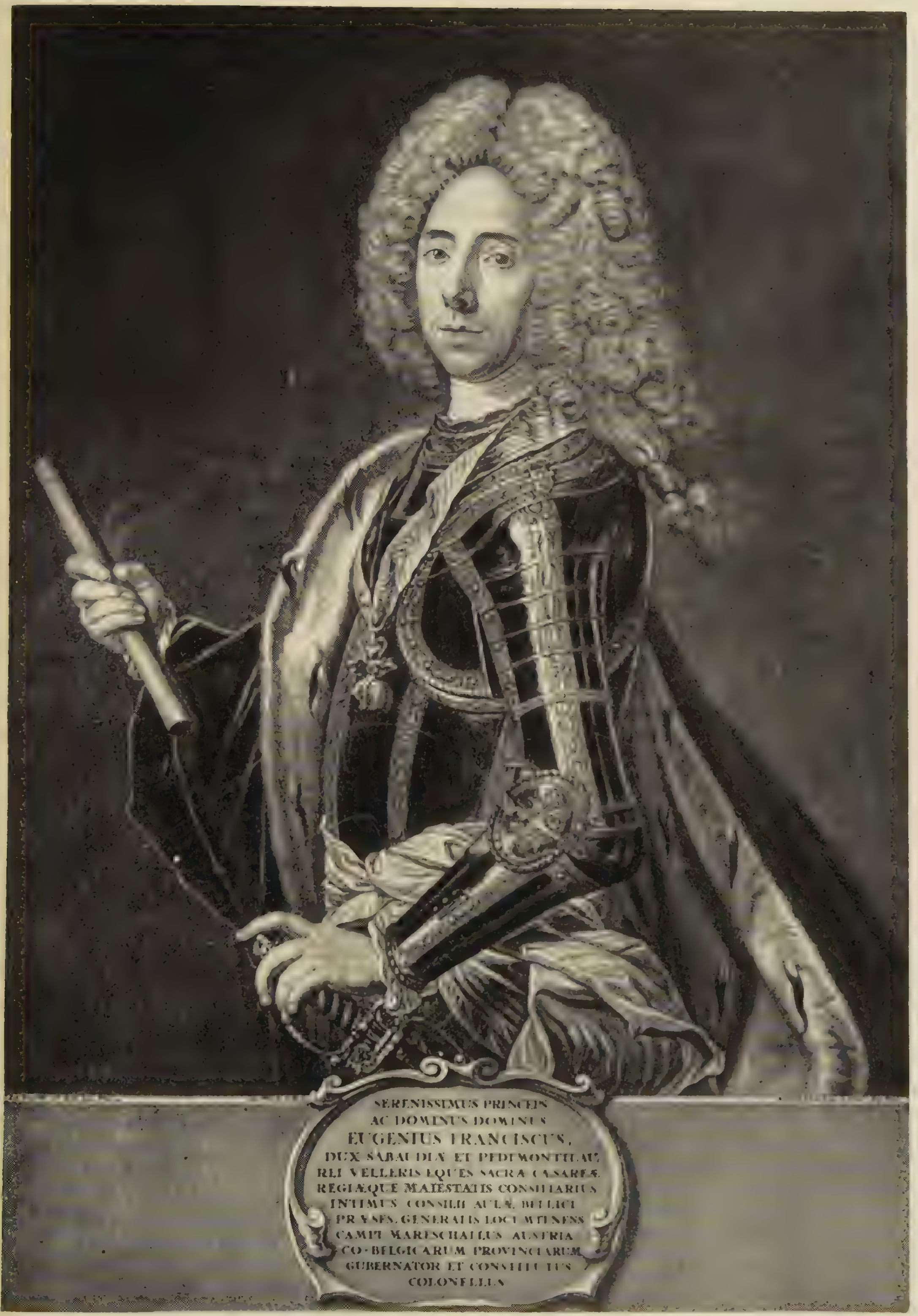
7. Letter of the Electress Sophia to the Earl of Strafford (In Macpherson, Original Papers, Vol. II. p. 347.)

Jan. 1712.

. . . The good natured lord Rivers told me, he clearly perceived I was of the duke of Marlborough's party. I answered that if the Queen had made an ape her general, and that he had gained so many battles and towns, I would be equally for him: and I see that you have forgot how little I was obliged to his wife; and as for himself, he never spoke to me of anything which had any concern with the ad-


SERENISSIMUS PRINCEPS
AC DOMINUS DOMINUS
EUGENIUS FRANCISCUS,
DUX SABAUDIÆ ET PEDEMONTII AU-
REI VELLERIS EQUES SACRÆ CÆSAREÆ
REGIÆQUE MAIESTATIS CONSILIARIUS
INTIMUS CONSILII AULÆ, BELLICI
PRÆSES, GENERALIS LOCUMTENENS
CAMPI MARESCHALLUS AUSTRIA
CO-BELGICARUM PROVINCIARUM
GUBERNATOR ET CONSTITUTUS
COLONELLUS

vantages of this house. His expression, in speaking of the Queen, was always, that she was a very good sort of a woman. He repeated this frequently, and it appeared to us too low a commendation for so great a princess.

Mrs. White to Mrs. Watson. (In Macpherson's Original Papers, Vol II. p. 271, ff.)

Feb. 1712.

My lord Marlborough is very humble, visits every creature that has any credit. To General Webb he sent to know, when he would be at home, he would visit him. He sent him word, he never would be at home to him; that he (Marlborough) had done him all the injustice he could when he was in power, and that now he would do him all the justice he could, which he thought he deserved; and my lord Wharton told my lord treasurer, that he played well at whist: what he could not make by tricks, he made up by knaves.

1712.

The birth day of the Queen, the Duke of Marlborough was in a chair in St. James's Park, with the curtains drawn: the mob, that believed it to be the Prince Eugene, huzza'd the chair; but the duke modestly drew back the curtains and put himself out, and with a sign shewed his dislike to the salutation. The mob, finding their mistake, and that it was he, cried out, "Stop thief," which was a thorough mortification to him. His daughters, that day, to shew their contempt of the court, were in wrapping-gowns at a window in St. James's to see the company pass, two of them, and the other two drove through the Pall-mall four times, in the worst mob-dress they could put themselves. The duke was in a black suit, that day, and his son-in-law, the duke of Montague, was at court in a plain, coarse, red coat, with a long shoulder-knot, in ridicule of the day; but the Queen had the satisfaction to see the most splendid court that ever was, and crowded more than ever by all the church, nobility and gentry. There was a short uproar. My lord Marlborough finds his levees much thinner than they were, and daily less and less. The people are disgusted at him. In a little time he will be odious to them. How they huzza the Duke of Ormond, who loves popularity too well. Prince Eugene wears the sword the Queen gave him ever since the birth-day; it is worth 6000*l.* He has had his answer from the third day he was here. The court wish him gone.

Swift's Journal.

Oct. 28.

. . . Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England (Lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. . . .

Jan. 6, 1712–13.

. . . The Duchess of Marlborough is leaving England, to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many bitter things against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him, except power. Night, MD. . . .

April 11.

I dined at lord-treasurer's, with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. . . . Lord-treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord-treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

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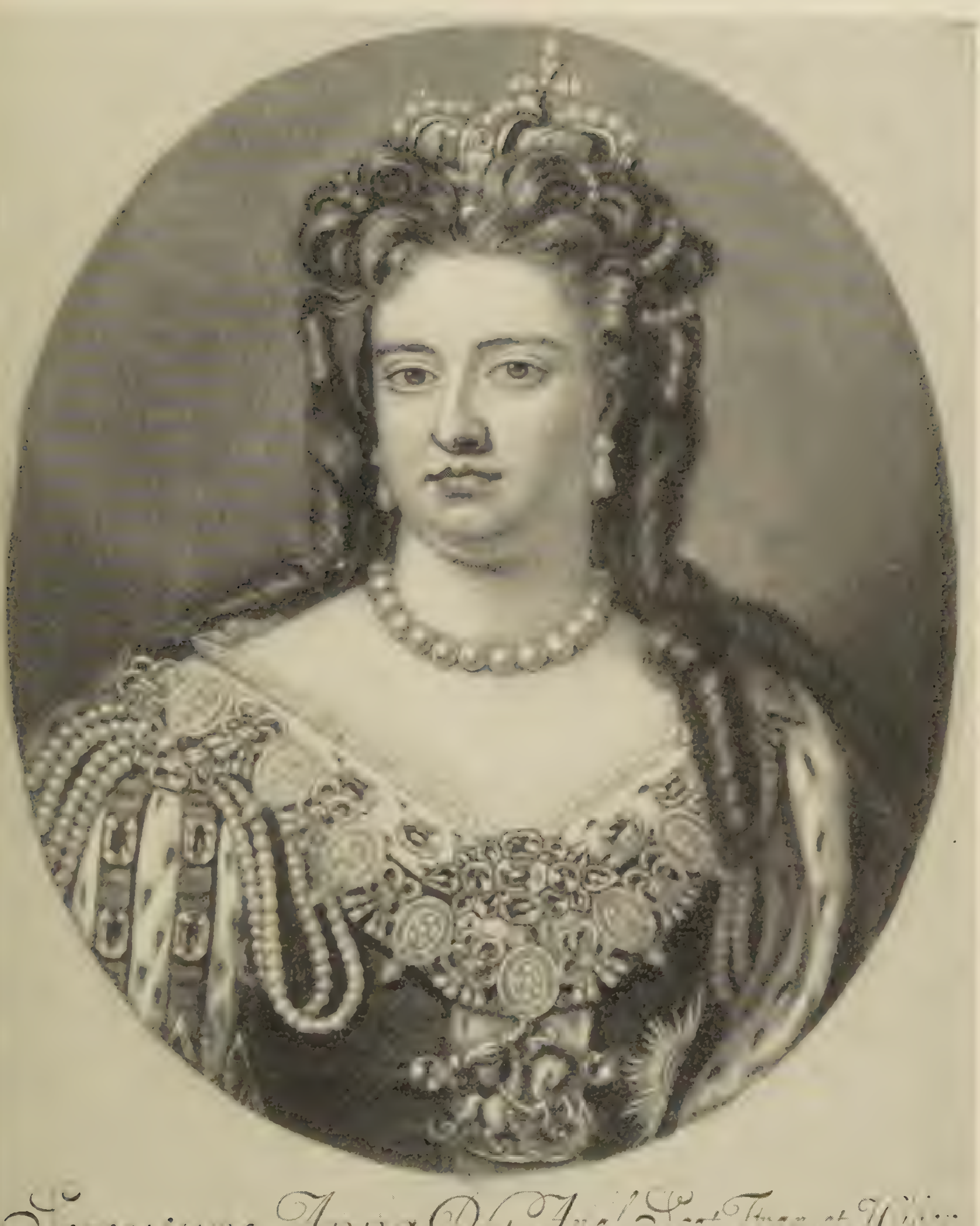
8. Characteristics of Queen Anne as drawn by the Duchess. (Correspondence, p. 119.)

Queen Anne had a person and appearance not at all ungraceful, till she grew exceeding gross and corpulent. There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul, and a cloudiness of disposition within. She seemed to inherit a good deal of her father's moroseness, which naturally produced in her the same sort of stubborn positiveness in many cases, both ordinary and extraordinary, as well as the same sort of bigotry in religion.

Her memory was exceeding great, almost to a wonder, and had these two peculiarities very remarkable in it, that she could, whenever she pleased, forget what others would have thought themselves obliged by truth and honour to remember, and remember all such things as others would think it an happiness to forget. Indeed she chose to retain in it very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles; so that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made the more empty and trifling by it, chiefly turning upon fashions and rules of precedence, or observations upon the weather, or some such poor topics, without any variety or entertainment. Upon which account it was a sort of unhappiness to her that she naturally loved to have a great crowd come to her; for when they were come to Court, she never cared to have them come in to her, nor to go out herself to them, having little to say to them, but that it was either hot or cold; and little to enquire of them, but how long they had been in town, or the like weighty matters. She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions, or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment, her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; and in weightier matters, she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her, to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment.

Her letters were very indifferent, both in sense and spelling, unless they were generally enlivened with a few passionate expressions, sometimes pretty



Serenissima Anna D.G. Angl. Scot. Fran. et Hiber.
Regina &c. Inaugurata XXIII° Die Aprilis Anno 1702.

G. Kneller Eques pinx.

I. Smith fe. et ex.

enough, but repeated over and over again, without the mixture of anything either of diversion or instruction.

Her civility and good manners in conversation (to which the education of great persons naturally leads) were general enough, till in her latter days her new friends untaught her these accomplishments and then her whole deportment was visibly changed to that degree, that when some things disagreeable to her own honour or passion have been laid before her, she would descend to the lowest and most shocking forms of contradiction; and what, in any of a meaner station, would have been esteemed the height of unpoliteness.

Her friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the Prince seemed, in the eye of the world, to be prodigiously great; and great as was the passion of her grief, her stomach was greater; for that very day he died she eat three very large and hearty meals, so that one would think that as other persons' grief takes away their appetites, her appetite took away her grief. Nor was it less remarkable where there was so great an appearance of love, the peculiar pleasure she took before his funeral in settling the order of it, and naming the persons that were to attend, and placing them according to their rank and to the rules of precedence, which was the entertainment she gave herself every day till that solemnity was over.

I know that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her.

9. Letter of the Duchess of Marlborough "to Mr. Cooke at the Bank."

April 6, 1742.

Sir: I have received a letter from Mr. Dodridge, a gentleman that I know not; but he seems to me to be a well-wisher to my family. He writes a good deal to me, and expresses satisfaction in the reading the book (a defence of herself written in 1742), which proves the falsities that have been spread by party against me; but wishes that I had added two things more to the clearing my character; which are as follows:—first, concerning the King of Prussia, that he had writ a book in which he imputes the ruin of Europe to have happened from a quarrel between Queen Anne and me about a pair of gloves. I did once hear there was such a book printed, and that his Majesty said, the Queen would have her gloves made before mine, which I would not suffer the glover to do. The other report, which he mentions, is, that her Majesty was reconciled to the Duke of Marlborough and me before her death. The letter does not mention what we did to compass this great favour; but it seems to think it was from doing some very infamous thing. As to this story, I can only answer that I never heard one word of it before; that the letter says, that we came into England, the end of July, 1714; the Queen died the 1st of August, and we did not come into England until after her death, and, as to the King of Prussia's history, I have heard it was some other person that wrote it for him, and called it the King of Prussia's. I will not pretend to say anything in contradiction to his parts if he did write it; but I think it is impossible for anybody to answer all the nonsense that has been laid to the charge of kings and ministers, and as to these two stories there is not the least foundation for either.

GROUP XXIV.

THE HANOVERIAN SUCCESSION.

1. Letters of Sophia of Osnabruck to her Brother, Charles Louis of the Palàtinate. *Translation.* (In Briefwechsel der Herzogin Sophie. Leipzig: Hirzel, 1885, p. 361, ff.)

Osnabruck, June 20, 1679.

When one begins to grow old it seems as if one always had to fight with some ill or other. If it had not been the fever it would have been something else—perhaps a leg-trouble like yours, or Prince Rupert's or the Abbess of Herford's. Such is the common fate of humanity, to see onesself decay while others are being born to supersede us, to whom, nevertheless, we grow so strongly attached that we must see them comfortably established before quitting them.

Ernest Augustus [her husband], who often has bad turns has taken into his head that he might die before his brothers [John Frederick of Hanover and George William of Celle] and leave no fit provision for his children. The Celle people have now long been offering him 50,000 *écus* in sovereignty and 100,000 down if he will consent to the marriage of my eldest son [the future George I.] with the daughter of George William [Sophie Dorothea]. The marriage is repugnant to the boy, as is the d'Olbreuse connection to us, though Miss Hyde was of no better family; besides which the girl has been twice legitimatized: these considerations make it only right that they should raise the amount. What would you think of 80,000 *écus* a year in sovereignty to Ernest Augustus; ought he to contaminate his ancestors for that, and is it paying them well enough? And they offer that the whole army [of Celle] shall swear allegiance to Ernest Augustus, that no officer shall be put in the fortresses who has not taken oath to him, and the whole land shall do him homage and obey him only, even should sons be born to George William. [The latter had married far beneath him, after having been affianced to Sophia herself and having promised all his lands to Ernest Augustus if he would become his substitute.—Ed.] All this wont make it any more pleasant to me to be brother and boon companion to a *scoupette.*

Osnabruck, Nov. 9, 1679.

. . . I have spoken to Mr. Coppensten (an official of Charles Louis) concerning the proposition that has been made to us from Celle. It is a very bitter pill to swallow but if they have gilded it with 100,000 *écus* yearly, in sovereignty, we will close our eyes and take it. The example of the Prince of Orange makes it easier to bear and Ernest Augustus says "the Lord is calling him." My six sons are growing up, he himself is in bad health and would like to see them well established and secure of the succession so as to have his mind at rest. As to me I find the matter very disagreeable.

Osnabruck, Nov. 30, 1679.

Your approbation concerning the "ancestors" is of no small importance; *kacken gat vor all* and eat one must, even if the rest has to come after. Nevertheless it is a disagreeable matter, although there is a precedent in the marriage of the prince of Orange whose wife is of no better birth nor descended from a more chaste mother. Besides she only brings him a kingdom in prospect, whereas here we ask like Jodelet: "Is it cash down?" And if it is not, that is, if we are not well assured of what we are to receive, there will be no marriage.

Hanover, March 15, 1680.

[Ernest Augustus has succeeded to the duchy of Hanover, by the death of his brother, John Frederick.—Ed.]

Behold us arrived in our princely palace where it smokes so in every room that we weep for the defunct without any difficulty and much to our own discomfort. We have such a crowd of retainers that it can be compared in a small way to what I saw at Fontainbleu. If John Frederick gave 90,000 thalers in wages, Ernest Augustus will doubtless have to give more than a hundred thousand; and, as he looks at this *cortége* he can say to himself: a pretty bill I shall have to pay. When we go up or down one of the steps, which are not broad enough to let a hen pass in comfort we have to wait an hour before they all file by. The old squires whose wages were a pair of boots and a dinner of *stockfisch* did just as good service and were better suited to our palace of wood. Those were times when the princes sat quietly round a table weaving nets, with their servants standing in a row behind them, while the goblet of Broihan wine, of which a cask stood ready in the room, went the rounds from the prince to the last of his gentlemen who, with a deep bow, brought it back to the prince again. That is the way they passed their days in perfect comfort. At present Ernest Augustus finds himself so overwhelmed with matters to attend to that he often wishes John Frederick were not dead. All the same if he were to come back he would act like Pickelhering,—without comparing them — when he cries out "mein Mouder, mein Mouder!" whose ghost he sees appearing. I wish the defunct might see all the ceremonies with which he is to be put in the ground: it would be perfect paradise for him. The catafalque where the Bishop and the capuchins are to play their last role cannot be ready in four weeks. Meanwhile the dowager is travelling and they would like to have everything ready before she arrives. . . .

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2. Extract from Burnet.

1689.

. . . There was a bill of great importance sent up by the commons to the lords, that was not finished this session. It was a bill declaring the rights and liberties of England, and the succession to the crown, as had been agreed by both houses of parliament, to the king and queen and their issue, and after them, to the princess Anne and her issue, and after these, to the king and his issue. A clause was inserted, disabling all papists from succeeding to the crown, to which the lords added, *or such as should marry papists*. . . . The king ordered me to propose the naming the duchess of Hanover, and her posterity, next in the succession. He signified his pleasure in this also to the ministers. But he ordered me to begin the motion in the house, because I had already set it on foot. And the duke of Hanover had now other thoughts of the matter, and was separating himself from the interests of France. The lords agreed to the proposition without any opposition. So it was sent down to the commons. There were great debates there upon it. . . . The bill fell for that time: but it was resolved to take it up at the opening of the next session. And the king thought it was not then convenient to renew the motion of the duchess of Hanover, of which he ordered me to write her a particular account. It was fit once to have the bill passed, that enacted the perpetual exclusion of all papists: for that, upon the matter, brought the succession to their door. And if any in the line, before her, should pretend to change, as it was not very likely to happen, so it would not be easily believed. So it was resolved to carry this matter no further at this time. The bill passed without any opposition in the beginning of the next session; which I mention here, that I might end this matter all at once.

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3. Correspondence of Leibnitz and the Electress Sophia. (Leibnitz, Werke, Vol. VIII.)

Leibnitz to the Electress.

April 28, 1699.

. . . He, (a Mr. Hakeman) seeks the privilege of being presented to your Electoral Highness. He can tell you particulars about the Duke of Gloucester, and I find him well-informed; he has also seen the cleverest people in England. He says that the English are thinking and talking a great deal about the person and posterity of your Electoral Highness in the matter of the succession, informing themselves carefully about our court; also that several bishops asked him for a copy of an extract from a letter I had written him in which I had noted how much your Electoral Highness loved the English and how you were for a reasonable freedom of thought both in ecclesiastical and civil matters. And he will be able to say still more. . . .

The Electress to Leibnitz.

Herrenhausen, Aug. 18, 1700.

. . . They say that the Duke of Celle will go to Loo, where he can console the King for the loss of the Duke of Gloucester, who decamped three days after they had celebrated his birthday. I hope that the pleasures of Lietzenburg will succeed better and have better results. . . . If I were younger I might be flattered at the idea of a crown, but at present, if I had the choice, I should prefer increasing my years to increasing my glory.

Stepney, an English Friend, to the Electress.

London, Sept. 11–21, 1700.

. . . It is to your Electoral Highness, then, that we must look for the assurance of our repose and safety, and would to Heaven, Madame, that I could take off twenty years of my own life and make you a present of them. . . .

Electress Sophia to Stepney.

(Without date.)

Sir: I have read with much pleasure the book and your letter; I would the arguments were as probable of the one as the other is obliging towards me, and that I might live long enough to requite by services the affection which you show me, without derrogating a moment from your years, with which you seem to me to be inclined to be too liberal. Certainly amiability could not go further. . . .

Were I thirty years younger I should have a good enough opinion of my blood and my religion to imagine they would think of me in England. But as there is little chance of my surviving two persons much younger, although in poorer health than myself, it is to be feared that after my death they will regard my sons as strangers, the elder, indeed, being much more inclined to play the sovereign than the poor prince of Wales [the Pretender], who is too young to profit by the example of the King of France, and who would be likely to be so glad at recovering what the King his father inconsiderately lost that they might do whatever they pleased with him. But Prevention does everything in England, and to keep to what you say about it, without starting in to discuss it by letter I would say that my daughter has dragged me here, where she has been taking the waters for three weeks and that we start Monday to go by way of Brussels to Holland, where

GODEFROI GUILLAUME LEIBNITZ
Juillet 1646 mort le 14 Novembre 1716
Il fut dans l'Univers connu par ses Ouvrages,
Et dans son Païs même, il se fit respecter;
Il instruisit les Rois, il éclaira les Sages,
Plus sage qu'eux il sut douter.
VOLTAIRE.

A Lausanne et Geneve chez MARC MICHEL BOUSQUET & Compe. 1745.

we shall have the honor of seeing the King.

I am neither so philosophical nor so giddy as you might think not to like to hear this matter of a crown discussed, and to reflect on your sound arguments on the subject. It seems to me that in England there are so many factions one can be sure of nothing. That does not keep me from feeling very much obliged to those who show attachment to me and my descendants, and as regards you in particular I shall remember it all my life. . . .

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4. *Unsigned and undated Letter, in English, to the Electress Sophia.*

Madam: I have of late forborn importuning you by my letters, being rather desirous to show my zeal by services than by words. To-morrow comes on the grand debate which is to decide the point of succession whereon depend the hopes of all honest men. I am not of the parliament, but have had a greater opportunity (than if I had been in the House) to promote, as far as a private man can do, the interest of Your Electoral Highness and your family, being equally acquainted with both parties, and having thereby a singular occasion of discovering their different designs and inclinations. That Your Highness may perceive I am no stranger to them, I beg leave to represent you the method wherein I believe the House will proceed.

The party which has been known by the name of Whigs (not to mention particular names) will propose the question as follows:—

"it is the opinion of this committy
"that for the peace and happiness of
"England and for the security of the
"protestant religion it is absolutely
"necessary that a *further declar-*
"*ation* of the Limitation and suc-
"cession of the Crown of England
"be made *in the Protestant Line*
"after the King and the Princess
"and the failure of the Heirs of their
"Bodies respectively.

The words: "Further declaration in the protestant line" will furnish some matter of dispute, and the Tories will raise objections. But if they continue violent, the Whigs will propose an hampering question to this effect: "that for the quieting the minds of His Majesty's protestant subjects and the better ascertaining the succession of the Crown pursuant to an Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the subjects and settling the succession of the Crown, provision be made by express words for excluding any child or pretended child of the late King James, other than the Princess Anne of Denmark."— This will certainly be carried by a majority, for whatever people may be in their hearts, few will appear so open at this time as to declare for St. Germains, which those do in effect who dissent from the question as it is here stated.

A weak effort will be made in favour of the person of prince George, supposing he should survive the Princess of Denmark. Your Electoral Highness will easily imagine that this motion proceeds from creatures of the Marlborough family. But their interest is not of any weight, besides the pretension is groundless. But from that error we shall be led into the right channel, and come into the direct protestant Line, beginning from your Electoral Highness as the root, then to the Elector and the Electoral prince. This I am as morally assured of, as it is possible to be in a matter of this nature, which depends on the humours and wills of 513 members. It is our happiness that the major part of them are honest and true to the interest of their country, and those that are otherwise, will only discover their ill-will.

I forbear mentioning the other princes of Your Highness' family. The two who are at Vienna seem to obstruct (at least for the present) a further entail upon a suggestion which, I am persuaded, is very malicious, as if they were not firm to the protestant religion, which is the foundation of this debate. This is an unhappy accident, but what I have already mentioned, is a sufficient provision for the present and will be matter of comfort to all good men.

The contents of this letter are of so delicate a nature at this conjuncture and till the parliament has actually declared their opinion, that I beg leave to conceal my name: my hand and heart have the honour to be known to your Electoral Highness, and no man living can be with more zeal and veneration, Madam, Your Electoral Highness' most humble and most obedient servant.

Stepney to Leibnitz.

Vienna, May 1, 1701.

. . . The matter of which your letter treats [the vote of parliament], was concluded exactly the day that I left London, and in the way which I supposed it would in the second letter which I had the honour of writing to the Electress on this subject. I have just been congratulating her with all my heart; for besides the advantage which will accrue to her house through this declaration of Parliament, I look upon it as the best step which our nation could take to secure our religion and our quiet, in spite of the anger which the Duke of Savoy and others may feel; for it is beyond all doubt that a disposition made by a King full of life and good sense, with the consent of the States of the realm, is a hundred times more valid than that which has just been made by a Prince weak in every respect and a cabal of interested people.

The English nation was so well disposed to the succession, at the King's recommendation, that there was no need of pamphlets to prepare men's minds, or of men of talent to conduct the affair; otherwise I am persuaded that they could not have chosen for that service a person more capable than yourself. . . . Since the affair has gone off so well, we have all the better reason to be satisfied.

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5. Extract from Burnet.

1705.

. . . The most important debates that were in this session began in the house of lords; the queen being present at them all. The lord Haversham . . . said we had declared a successor to the crown who was at a great distance from us, while the pretender was much nearer, and Scotland was armed and ready to receive him, and seemed resolved not to have the same successor for whom England had declared: these were threatening dangers that hung over us, and might be near us. He concluded, that he did not see how they could be prevented, and the nation made safe, by any other way, but by inviting the next successor to come and live among us. . . . It appeared, through our whole history, that whosoever came first into England had always carried it: the pretending successor might be in England within three days, whereas it might be three weeks before the declared successor could come: from thence it was inferred, that the danger was apparent and dreadful, if the successor should not be brought over: if King Charles had been in Spain when the late king died, probably that would have prevented all this war in which we were now engaged. . . .

The queen heard the debate, and seemed amazed at the behaviour of some, who, when they had credit with her, and apprehended that such a motion might be made by the whigs, had possessed her with deep prejudices against it: for they made her apprehend, that when the next successor should be brought over, she herself would be so eclipsed by it, that she would be much in the successor's power, and reign only at her or his courtesy: yet these very persons, having now lost their interest in her, and their posts, were driving on that very motion, which they had made her apprehend was the most fatal thing that could befall. This the Duchess of Marlborough told me, but she named no person. . . .

Some indigent persons, and others employed by the tories, had studied to infuse jealousies of the queen and her ministers into the old electress. She was then seventy-five; but had still so much vivacity, that as she was the most knowing, and the most entertaining woman of the age, so she seemed willing to change her scene, and to come and shine among us here in England; they prevailed with her to write a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, intimating her readiness to come over, if the queen and parliament should desire it; this was made public by the intriguing persons in that court.

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6. Letter of the Electress Sophia to the Archbishop of Canterbury. *Translation.*

Herrenhausen, Nov. 5, 1705.

My Lord: . . . I thank Heaven that I am in good health and that I live here in peace and quiet, so that I have no reason to wish for a different kind of life, so far as I personally am concerned.

However I am ready to do anything that my friends desire of me in case Parliament should think it necessary for me to cross the water. In that case I trust such measures could be taken that my arrival would in no way be unpleasant for the Queen, whom I shall never cease to honor, and that I am eager for the favour of which she has given me so many proofs by what she has done for me in England and Scotland, you yourself can best bear witness; and it is with much pleasure that I learn that her Majesty has ordered my name to be inserted in the prayers in the churches.

. . . .

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7. Letter of Leibnitz to the Rheingravine, Lady of the Household of the Electress.

Wolfenbuttel, Sept. 1, 1712.

Madame: I take the liberty of sending your Excellency the enclosed English memorandum to be communicated to the Electress as a mark of my devotion. It is sent me by a former German acquaintance who resides in England and has been drawn up, he says, by a lawyer of skill and reputation, who, with his friends is very loyal to the House of Hanover. His name is Roger Acherly Esquire. . . .

Memoir.

Sept. 1, 1712.

That in regard the Queen of Great Britain has solemnly declared from the Throne: that the securing the succession to that House lyes nearest her Heart, and that she has taken care, that the Person who pretends to disturb it, be removed out of the French Dominions: Now in regard these expressions are general:

Let it be insisted on at the General Treaty of Peace (*Utrecht*) *on the part of the House of Hanover: That the successor, or one or more of that House, may have a House and a Revenue assigned to them in England, and may have an Attorney General and other Officers assigned to them to take care of their Affairs, as the first Princes of the Blood.*

This will try those Ministers who advised the Queen to make that speech, whether they really meant anything for the Good of the House of Hanover or not.

If the British Plenipotentiaries oppose such a reasonable Article,

Then the House of Hanover may take their measures. If it be reasonable to insist that the Pretender should be removed out of the Dominions of the Enemy (France), it is as reasonable to insist that the Rightfull Successor should have a Room and be within the Dominions he is entitled to.

The presence of the next Successor would encourage and inspirit his Friends and discourage his Enemies. Possession in this case is of inestimable advantage. The refusal of such a Reasonable Demand would give the successor a very good colour to complaine and would load his enemies with obloquy, as secretly endeavouring to deprive him.

Leibnitz to the Electress Sophia.

(Undated.)

. . . They keep saying that the Queen of Great Britain is dead. I shall not believe it until she is buried. It would be a queer idea of the good God to give her your Electoral Highness as successor. Altogether, Madame, God's goodness towards you is so great that one need not give up hoping. Your Electoral Highness and I (if I may dare to include myself) will wait very patiently for what He has decreed about it. Unless one of those gentlemen of the British ministry writes to your Electoral Highness I will not believe that the Queen is so far gone.

The Electress Sophia to Leibnitz.

Hanover, April 27, 1713.

. . . Poor Dr. Hutton had so often preached to me that the Queen could not live. She is well, while he is already in the other world. I believe I remain so long in this one because I keep my mind so tranquil. I have lost so many children from my sight, yet their loss touches me as little as could well be the case. I have also to console myself for the fact that the one who is living (George I.) can not bear the sight of me any more and wishes to live as if he were dead to me. The worst of it is that I think he is in the hands of the Devil who does wicked things with him, while the others are with the good God.

The Electress Sophia to Leibnitz.

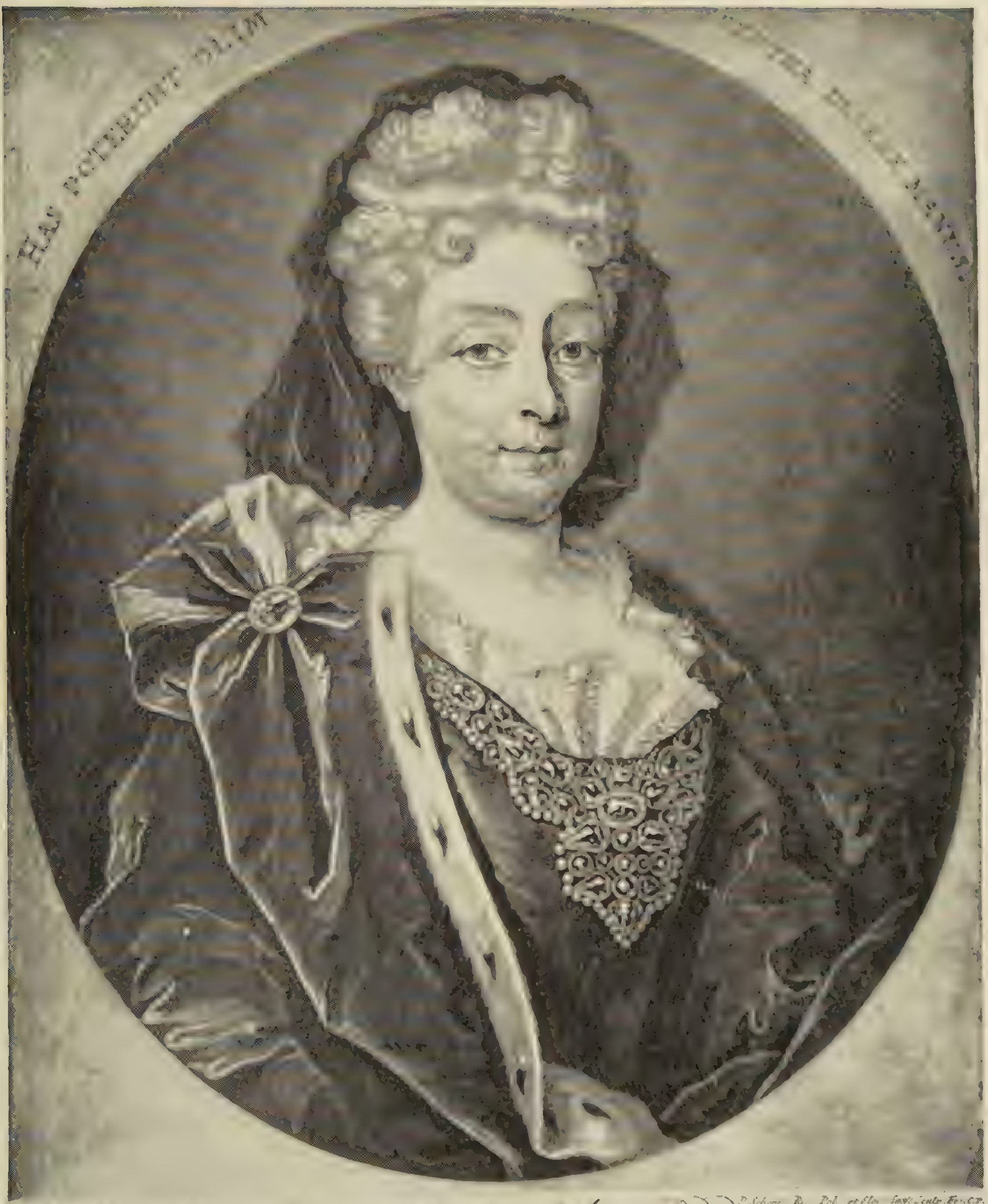
Hanover, Dec. 27, 1713.

You may be sure, Sir, that of all the letters this festal time has procured me yours has been the most welcome. You do well to begin your good wishes with the throne of England, for in truth they are there most needed, and in spite of all the fine things your newspapers tell you, it seems to me every thing is going from bad to worse. As for me, I am a woman and love to flatter myself and I hope that the worst of matters will turn out to the advantage of the family. I accept your comparison with Queen Elizabeth, although it does me too much honor, as of good augury. Her right was disputed by a jealous and ill-humored sister and she was never sure of it until she came to the throne.

The Electress Sophia to Leibnitz.

Hanover, Feb. 29, 1714.

. . . The romance of the Princess Eleanor has at last ended with marriage and will have a fine place, as he tells me, in the Duke of Brunswick's novel, at which he is still working so as to finish it before his death. As for mine, it would be more glorious if, according to your wishes, my bones might be interred at Westminster. . . . All this talk of the succession vexes and annoys me. So many books are written for or against that I dont take the trouble to look at them. . . .



[illegible] Brunsvicensis,
[illegible] Britanniarum Regina

P. Schenck Reg. Pol. et Elec. Sax. Sculp. Fec. C.P. 1716.

Viro Nobiliſsimo **IOANNI WALRAVEN**, Sereniſsimi Electoris Brunſvicenſis et Luneburgenſis Conſiliario Ejusque Reſidenti Amſtelaedami DD

PETRUS SCHENCK, Sculp. Reg. Pol. &c. 1716.

March 7.

. . . Queen Anne is splendidly well. She will have to hurry up and die if I am to be queen as you desire.

Leibnitz to the Electress Sophia.

April 7, 1714.

. . . If Mr. Harley is delayed by the weight of the chests of silver he is bringing to enable your Electoral Highness to have a fine English court, as they say he is in the papers, we will pardon him his slowness. . . . If he merely comes to preach to us that the Protestant succession is in no danger he might have kept his arguments for the Coffee-houses of London.

The Electress to Leibnitz.

Hanover, May 20th, 1714.

. . . Mr. Harley's mission consisted only in letters of the Queen and my Lord of Oxford who say very positively that her Majesty is altogether in favor of furthering the Protestant religion by the succession in our house—this in the most explicit terms that could be employed. Nevertheless the people thought Harley had come to invite me to go to England; of which indeed there was not the least mention. . . . I did however, order Baron Schütz to ask the chancellor if the Electoral Prince [later George II] as Duke of Cambridge ought not to have a writ of summons to parliament. The Chancellor . . . sent the writ to Schütz. But afterwards the Queen had Cotterel forbid him the Court. . . . Mr. Harley offered me a pension from the Queen, which I was honest enough to refuse, saying that I desired one by the good pleasure of her Majesty and the parliament, as heir presumptive of the throne, in imitation of her Majesty, who did the same when she was offered one by King William. . . . The Queen seems to be pretty well, and, according to the Flemish proverb "creaking carts go far." As to me, I consider myself in much greater danger, being past 83, although feeling splendidly for that.

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9. Letter of Queen Anne to the Elector of Hanover (George I.). (In Macpherson's Original Papers. London, 1775. Vol. II. p. 621.)

May 19–30, 1714.

As the rumour increases, that my cousin, the Electoral Prince, has resolved to come over to settle, in my life time, in my dominions I do not choose to delay a moment to write to you about this, and to communicate to you my sentiments, upon a subject of this importance.

I then freely own to you, that I cannot imagine, that a prince who possesses the knowledge and penetration of your Electoral Highness, can ever contribute to such an attempt; and that I believe you are too just to allow, that any infringement shall be made on my sovereignty which you would not choose should be made on your own. I am firmly persuaded that you would not suffer the smallest diminution of your authority. I am no less delicate in that respect; and I am determined to oppose a project so contrary to my royal authority, however fatal the consequences may be.

Your Electoral Highness is too just to refuse to bear me witness, that I gave, on all occasions, proofs of my desire that your family should succeed to my crowns, which I always recommend to my people as the most solid support of their religion and their laws. I employ all my attentions that nothing should efface those impressions from the hearts of my subjects: but it is not possible to derogate from the dignity and prerogatives of the prince who wears the crown, without making a dangerous breach on the rights of the successors; therefore, I doubt not, but with your usual wisdom, you will prevent the taking such a step; and that you will give me an opportunity of renewing to you, assurances of the most sincere friendship with which I am, etc.

Dean Swift to the Earl of Peterborough.

(Swift's Works. Sir Walter Scott's Edition. Vol. XVI. p. 109.)

London, May 18, 1714.

. . . I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: "That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight." . . . The queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm; and when it is over, we act as if she were immortal. . . . It is impossible to tell you whether the Prince of Hanover intends to come over or not. I should think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise. . . . This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee-house chat.

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10. Letters of Mr. Molyneux, an Envoy, to Lord Marlborough. (In Coxe: Marlborough, Vol. VI. p. 281.)

Hanover, Thursday, June 7, 1714.

I am directed by the electress to send your grace the inclosed, which arrived in Hanover, by express, on Tuesday, but were not delivered till yesterday at noon. I have not time, or I had translated the queen's for you; but my lord will explain them to you, and let you know that there is no hand villainous enough to write them, but that one from whence they come. This court is so openly honest in their proceedings, that they would be glad to disperse these letters among their friends in England; whereas their correspondence is so false and hidden, as that the express declared, till the moment the letters were read, that they were to invite the prince over, and I would lay my life the ministers declare the same in London.

Hanover, June 10, 1714.

The last post I finished my letters about six in the evening. Not an hour after the post went, I went directly afterwards to Herrenhausen, the country house of the court, and there the first thing I heard was, that the good old electress was just dying in one of the public walks. I ran up there and found her just expiring in the arms of the poor electoral princess, and amidst the tears of a great many of her servants, who endeavoured in vain to help her. I can give you no account of her illness, but that I believe the chagrin of those villainous letters I sent you last post has been in a great measure the cause of it. The Rheingravine, who has been with her these fifteen years, has told me she never knew any thing make so deep an impression on her as the affair of the prince's journey, which, I am sure, she had to the last degree at heart; and she has done me the honour to tell me so twenty times. In the midst of this concern those letters arrived, and those I verily believe have broke her heart, and brought her with sorrow to the grave. The letters were delivered on Wednesday at noon. That evening when I came to court, she was at cards, but was so full of these letters, that she got up and ordered me to follow her into the garden, where she gave them to me to read, and walked, and spoke a great deal in relation to them. I believe she walked three hours that night. The next morning, which was Thursday, I heard she was out of order; and on going immediately to court, she ordered me to be called into her bedchamber.

She gave me the letters I sent you to copy; she bid me send them next post, and bring them afterwards to her to court. That was on Friday. In the morning on Friday, they told me she was very well, but seemed very chagrined. She was dressed, and dined with the elector as usual. About four she did me the honour to send me to town, for some other copies of the same letters, and then she was still perfectly well. She worked and talked very heartily in the Orangerie. After that, and about six, she went out to walk in the gardens, and was still very well. A shower of rain came, and as she was walking pretty fast, to get to shelter, they told her she walked a little too fast. She answered, "I believe I do," and dropped down in saying those words, which were her last. They raised her up, chaffed her with spirits, tried to bleed her; but it was all in vain, and when I came up to her, she was as dead as if she had been four days so. No princess ever died more regretted, and I infinitely pity those servants, that have known her a long time, when I that have had the honour to be known to her but a month, can scarce refrain from tears in relating this.

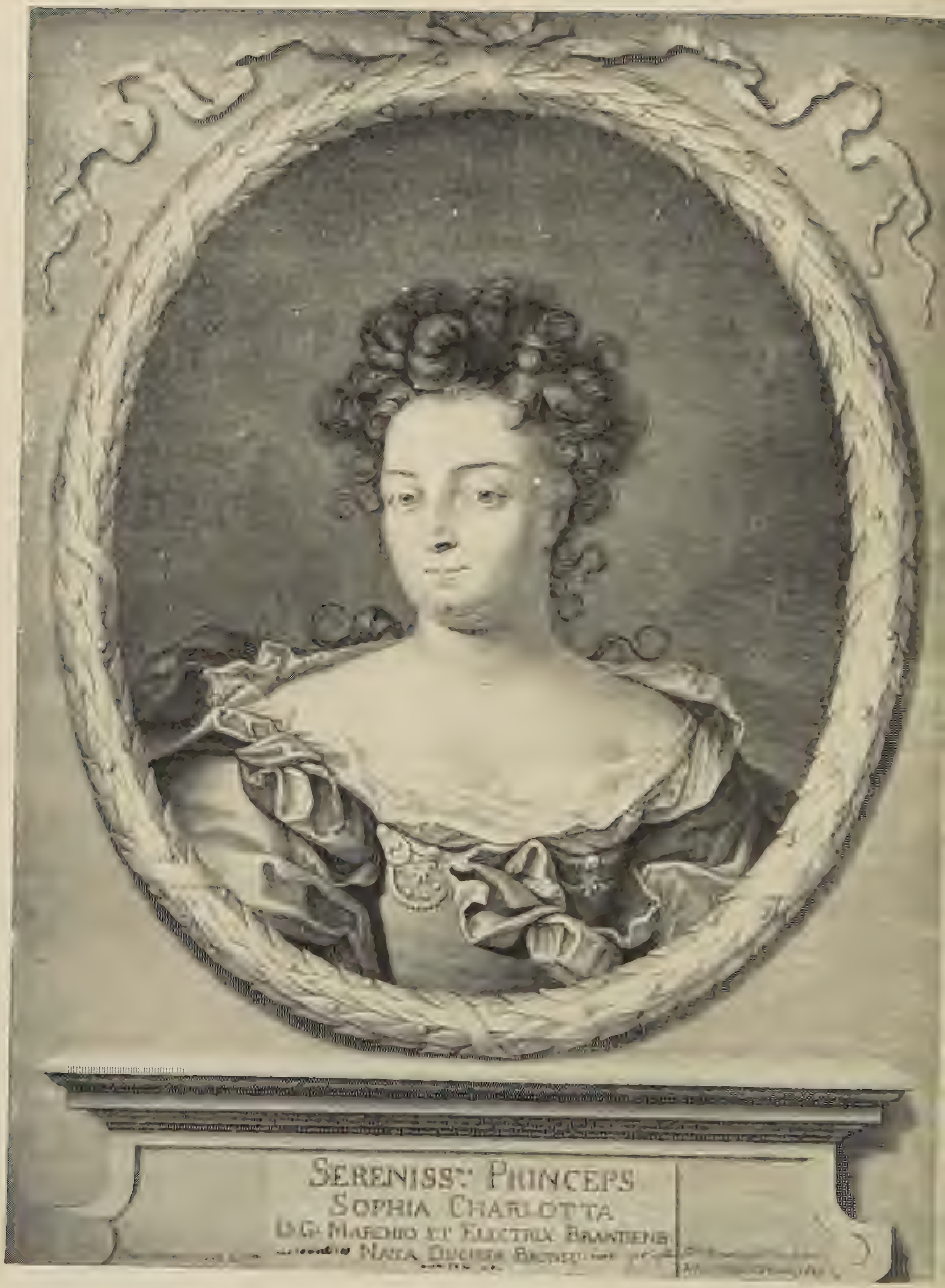
GROUP XXV.

GEORGE I. AND THE PRINCESS OF AHLDEN.

1. An Account of the Divorce of George of Hanover from Sophia Dorothea of Celle. Published in 1695. (In Historische Zeitschrift, Vol. 48, p. 232.) *Translated.*

[The emendations in italics were made by Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, and the well-known Leibnitz. It must be remembered that they were both warm friends of the House of Hanover. The whole matter of Königsmark's disappearance is shrouded in mystery. The guilt of the Princess is an open question. This account is the least distorted and the most moderate of any that has come down to us. The details that ordinarily pass current to-day *are taken from a novel* written by the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. The "Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea" are an arrant forgery.—Ed.]

When the Duchess of Celle [Eleonora D'Olbreuse] was called plain Madame de Harburg they had thought of marrying her daughter to young Count Königsmark, inasmuch as they had loved each other from childhood. *(The late Countess Königsmark when she was at Hamburg had taken steps in this matter with regard to the Count's older brother who died in the Morea; but they were only children then and they would not hear of the proposition at Celle.)* But Chancellor Schutz, for his own private advantage, furthered that of Madame of Celle to the extent of having her daughter declared countess *(princess, rather)* and engaged to the young prince of Wolfenbuttel who was killed before Philipsburg. The prince of Nassau, governor of Friesland, then tried to get her by the intrigues of a certain Villiers, and the mother entered into it to some extent. But the Duke of Hanover [Ernest Augustus] being informed of it and fearing that the rich dowry which the duke of Celle [George William] meant to give his daughter might escape him, made up his mind at last to the marriage he had long scorned, and one fine day the duchess of Hanover [Sophia] went to the duke of Celle, who was still in bed to declare this resolution to him and to demand his daughter in marriage for her son [George I.] (*A falsehood. The electress of Brunswick had nothing to do with this marriage, of which she did not approve.*) The affair was soon settled, and one of the conditions of the match was that there should henceforward be the right of primogeniture. [Hanover and Celle were to form one duchy, which should not be subdivided among the heirs.—Ed.] Thus the marriage was consummated rather from motives of interest than from affection. (*Falsehood. The prince really loved his wife.*) [But consult Sophia's own letters!—Ed.] But this constraint was soon thrown aside; they began to show coldness to the princess and soon treated her with indignity. The prince considered her his inferior, and being quick-tempered did not keep his hands off her. The guards noticed it, and they say he even drew his sword. They reproached the princess with her birth; she complained of it to her father and mother. But the mother could only urge her to be patient, and the father said a woman ought to adapt herself to the disposition of her husband. (*As many falsehoods as there are words. They treated her with all the regard imaginable* [Oh no, they did not!—Ed.] *the electoral prince took good care not to beat her. Those who believe or write such things do not in the least know the prince, or rather do not know the way in which persons of this quality live. The most that could have happened is that when the princess had committed many improper actions the prince may have said a few sharp words to her. It is true she sometimes complained to her father and mother, heaping up falsehoods, for there was much malice in her nature. Moreover they would never have believed her so guilty at Celle if her letters had not been produced.*) In the meanwhile Count Königsmark came to take service in Hanover and the old feeling of tenderness revived. He ruined himself in balls and gifts that he might find opportunities to speak to the princess but was chiefly able to recover his place in her affections because the princess was not happy. It happened in the interval that the intrigues of the princes Maximilian and Charles [George's younger brothers] were discovered and that the idea was conceived, for the better establishing of the primogeniture, of having the ninth electorate founded. The endeavor was dashed at Augsburg by the opposition of the duke of Celle. They then set to work to win him over. M. Grote had in vain endeavoured to make this duke abdicate, but at any rate they gained his consent to the electorate. [It was established in 1692.—Ed.] (*Falsehood. They took good care not to make any such proposition to the Duke of Celle.*) During this time they were quite amiable to the princess in order not to vex her father. But once having gained the investiture with the electorate they went back to their old manner of treatment. Countess Platen [Mistress of Ernest Augustus] had shown great attentions to Königsmark, to bring him to marry her daughter, but when she saw she was being looked upon as a dupe she set to work to revenge herself. In order to foster the bad state of affairs between the prince and the princess she made use of one of her own relatives (Schwarz), that she might be head of a dynasty of ministers. But the prince's love was not as constant as his father's; he soon tired of this painted beauty, and sought other objects, even married women, with whom he did not stand badly. The princess was irritated at it more and more and complained in vain to her father. She also had a falling out


SERENISS.MA PRINCEPS
SOPHIA CHARLOTTA
D.G. MARCHIO ET ELECTRIX BRANDENB.
NATA DUCISSA BRUNSV.

with the Electress of Brandenburg [Sophie Charlotte, her sister-in-law], because one day the princess said to the Electress: Madame, you are unusually beautiful to-day; the Electress replied that she had her ordinary color and that she did not paint like many other people; whereupon the princess, who was piqued, having provoked her into washing, the Electress, greatly annoyed took occasion to harm her enemy by telling the prince her brother a thousand tales that she had heard; this, although he knew only too much already, helped to goad him on still more. (*This story is a pure invention. It is true the Electress and the princess had not seen each other for two years or more, but that was for another reason. When the opera house seemed to be on fire, Count Königsmark cried eagerly, save the electoral princess; and as, in the confusion, the gentleman in waiting could not at first be found, the count, mistaking the electress for the princess in the darkness gave her his hand to take her out of the crush. But having perceived his error he quitted her brusquely to run to the princess, and the electress, since the others had seen that the count was taking care of her, was left alone until Prince Maximilian, perceiving it, extricated her from the crowd. The electress having rallied her a little on it, the princess was mortally offended.*) Meanwhile the count, seeing that they were being watched more than usual, resolved to leave and to take service with the elector of Saxony. But at Dresden he was foolish enough to speak of things about which he might better have kept quiet. One of the elector's councillors, fearing lest this count should establish himself at Dresden, betrayed him and everything was made known at Hanover. Whereupon it was resolved to get rid of the count, who never meant to return there but only to leave with a good grace. Meanwhile the measures were taken; Countess Platen undertook to carry them out (*falsehood*); Italians were not lacking at Hanover. (*The elector of Brunswick had enough faithful servitors in his own land, not to need Italians)*, and the count disappeared the day before the one fixed for his departure. If one undertook to report all the rumors on this subject one could fill a volume. The most frequent one is that he was despatched very quickly. His servants suspected nothing at first and his secretary was imprudent enough not to put away his papers; he even went at last to enquire what he should do about them. (*Some have accused him of dealings with the count's enemies, but that is not apparent.)* Under pretext that they were state papers in which they were interested, they went there and found only too much. There was a packet of all the letters the countess (*sic*) had written him for a long time back. The princess was taken to Ahlden and then to Lauenau. Meanwhile in order to appease the duke of Celle and make him approve the steps taken, they showed him the letters, some of which spoke ill enough of himself. There was one where the princess, displeased at having complained in vain to her father of the love affairs of her husband says: this old dotard, because he has been a rake all his life, thinks that no one could live without being one. (*The terms used were a little different. It seems she laughed at the goodness and credulity of the duke her father. He is in his dotage, she said, which is a sign that he will still live a long time.)* Finally the duke of Celle lent his hand to the divorce. They had long cherished this plan, but out of consideration for the duke of Celle had been obliged to keep it secret; now they considered the conjuncture favorable for bringing it forward. They formed a council composed of clergy and seculars from the courts of Hanover and Celle. There the matter was gone into. The council tried at first to patch up matters; the prince, knowing that the princess would not return to him, offered to receive her back. (*Madame* [*Elizabeth Charlotte*] *remarks on this that there are no signs that the electoral prince would have been willing to receive her back. She says the princess was crazy enough to tie up if she refused to return and made such propositions, which are indeed fictitious; all the more since she ought to think of her much inferior birth and to consider it a great honor even to be endured after those other galanteries that made her conduct suspected — as when formerly at Celle she almost forced young Haxthausen to receive her letters, which proved the ruin of this young man at that court, not to speak of her passion for the Rheingraf nor the liberties she took at Venice of which certain Frenchmen, like the marquis de la Sève, I think, Blanchefort and others told stories at the court of France.*) The princess would not listen to it [the idea of returning to her husband] except on condition that the count be liberated, thus to justify her innocence, that the countess Platen should be sent away, and that her husband should treat her better. She was refused these conditions. And thereupon the council pronounced sentence of divorce on the basis of desertion, with the clause that the prince might marry again; but as the laws forbid it to the guilty party they put it into these same terms. They simply let it go by default. The princess's advocate acted throughout the whole trial like a simpleton or a rogue. He had no plea to urge against the sentence except that of supplication with which he began. (*What other means could he use, since in this matter appeals to tribunals of the empire are not in order?*) The princess was taken back to Ahlden where she will pass her time none too pleasantly.

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2. Protocol of Report of Celle Ministers. (Historische Zeitschrift, Vol. 48, p. 43.)

Aug. 5, 1694.

Report of what passed at Ahlden. Object of the journey had been to lay before the princess the true state of affairs—that everything had been completely laid bare and that there was no need of denial or hesitation; to tell her just what was to be made public on our parts, and just how she would have to conduct herself when the question of divorce came up. She testified to the completest repentance in the world; condemned herself, indeed, recognizing that she had merited all that had happened to her and more too; asked for pardon, placing great confidence in the generosity of the Elector; seemed to have a dread of the electoral prince. She wished to deny having come to actual crime; recognized that the appearances were such that any one must condemn her, and that therefore in this regard her innocence could serve only for her own internal satisfaction. . . . She would consent to the separation, saw that it could not well be otherwise; was of opinion that the scanty friendship, or rather aversion the prince had felt for her for years had brought her to this unhappy condition; had not thought she could ever right herself again in his eyes; adding that before his journey to Berlin he had said:

"This constraint is too much; on my return I shall write to your father and demand a separation." With such previous intentions it was easy to imagine, now that this misfortune had come, what he would do. Let them tell her how to act and she would obey. She considered it a great blessing that God through this misfortune would withdraw her from a world to which she had entirely given herself up, and would give her an opportunity to think on God and her salvation; that she would hope to prove an example of piety, even as she had hitherto of scandal.

[She was kept in confinement more than thirty years and never allowed to see either of her children, George II, or Sophia Dorothea, wife of Frederick William I.—Ed.]

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3. General Stanhope to the Emperor of the Romans, Charles VI. (Leibnitz, Werke, Vol. IX. p. 504.) *Translation.* London, July 30th–August 10, 1714.

[Less than two months after the death of the Electress Sophia.—Ed.]

Sire: I think I can with certainty at this present moment send word to your Imperial and Christian Majesty that the Queen is in the last agonies. After having felt unwell for two days she was seized with an attack of apoplexy, which lasted two hours, during which she was bereft of all sensation. She recovered a little about eleven o'clock and the council which had assembled profited by this interval of health to gain the Queen's consent to nominate the Duke of Shrewsbury as Grand Treasurer, in place of the five commissioners who had been spoken of and who were to have been subordinated to Lord Bolingbroke as prime minister. The council continues in session and gives all the orders necessary to maintain the public tranquility and enable Monseigneur the Elector (George I.) to take sure possession. At three o'clock this afternoon the four physicians declared to the council that the remedies they had essayed, two very violent emetics, had had no effect and according to the precepts of their art she could not live twelve hours. This sudden and unexpected accident is like a thunderbolt for the Jacobite party which has taken no measures in advance for the success of their project; and I can assure your Imperial and Christian Majesty, that if the physicians have guessed rightly, Monseigneur the Elector of Hanover will be proclaimed King and will take possession of the kingdom as peacefully as any of his predecessors have done. It is true that if the illness should drag along, even if only for a few weeks, we might be seriously embarrassed; but all who have seen the Queen and spoken to the physicians are perfectly in accord that to-morrow will see the end of matters. I considered, Sire, that it was my duty to communicate to your Imperial and Christian Majesty all that I could learn in so delicate a conjuncture. I hope that I am saying nothing new when I assure you that all honorable people here are just as outraged at the perfidy of the last ministry towards your Majesty as any Austrian or Spaniard could be and that they will contribute their utmost, when an occasion shall present itsself to atone for this national infamy (the peace of Utrecht). And I flatter myself, Sire, that I have not been mistaken so often as I have said to our friends of the good party that your Imperial and Christian Majesty would always consider it your interest to keep England free, to uphold the rights there of the House of Brunswick, and to protect us in case of need against the common enemy. God grant that this good understanding, which had engendered such glorious successes, may be continually renewed. Meanwhile I humbly beg your Majesty to believe, that I am and ever will be, Sire, your Imperial and Christian Majesty's very humble, very obedient and very devoted servant.

4. Letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to her Husband. (Works, Vol. I. p. 244.)

[York.] 1714.

I went with my cousin to-day to see the king proclaimed, which was done; the archbishop walking next the lord mayor, and all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people than I believed to be in York, vast acclamations and the appearance of a general satisfaction; the Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets and burned; ringing of bells, bonfires and illuminations, the mob crying liberty and property, and long live King George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all the Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession.

5. Lord Chesterfield's character of George I. (Works, London, 1845, Vol. II. p. 432.)

George the First was an honest, dull, German gentleman, as unfit as unwilling to act the part of a King, which is to shine and to oppress. Lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual. He was coolly intrepid, and indolently benevolent. He was diffident of his own parts, which made him speak little in public, and prefer in his social, which were his favourite, hours the company of wags and buffoons. Even . . . the Duchess of Kendal, with whom he passed most of his time, and who had all influence over him, was very little above an idiot.

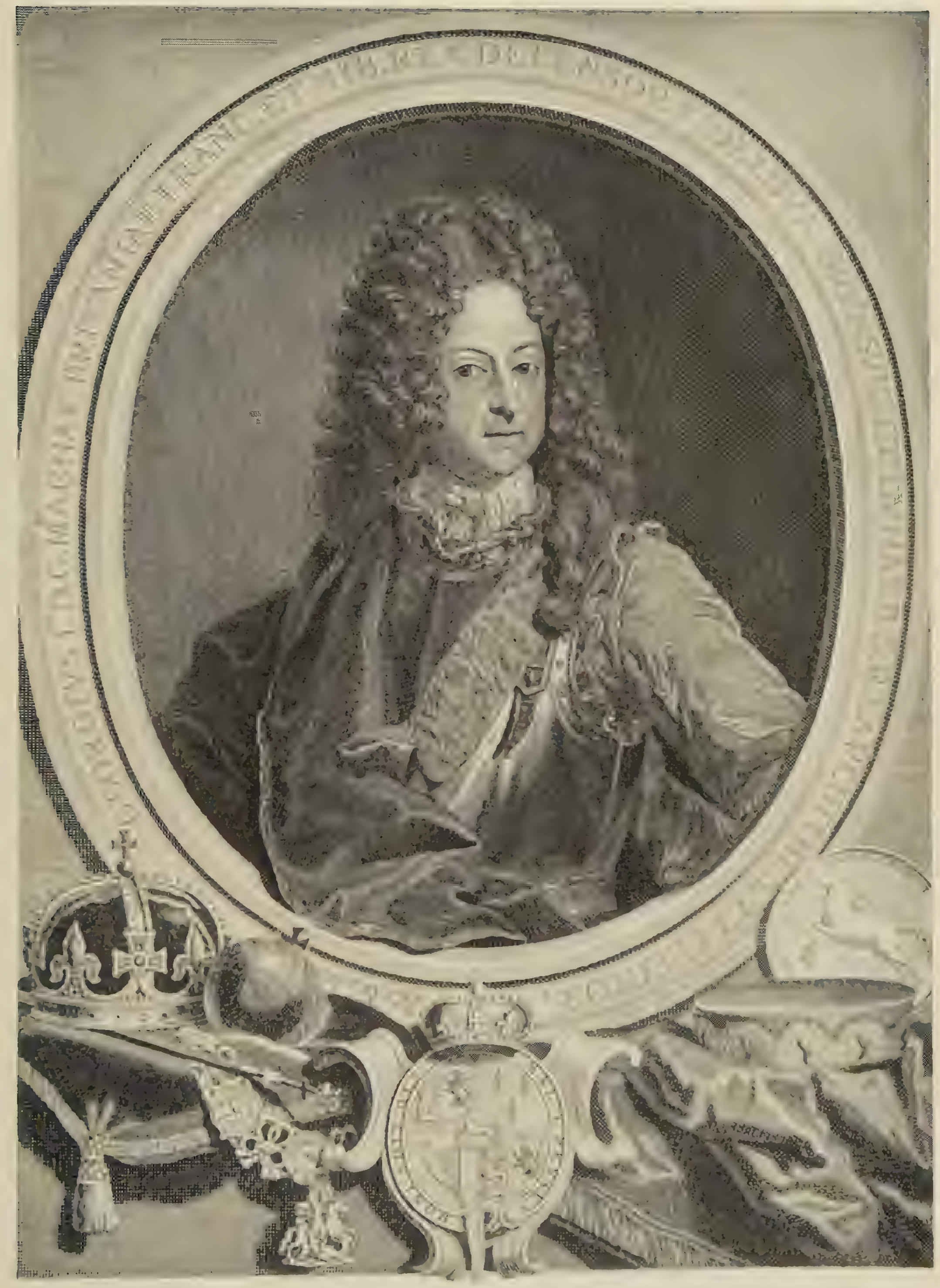
Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it. His views and affections were singly confined to the narrow compass of his Electorate; England was too big for him. If he had nothing great as a King, he had nothing bad as a man; and if he does not adorn, at least he will not stain, the annals of this country. In private life he would have been loved and esteemed as a good citizen, a good friend, and a good neighbour. Happy were it for Europe, happy for the world, if there were not greater kings in it!

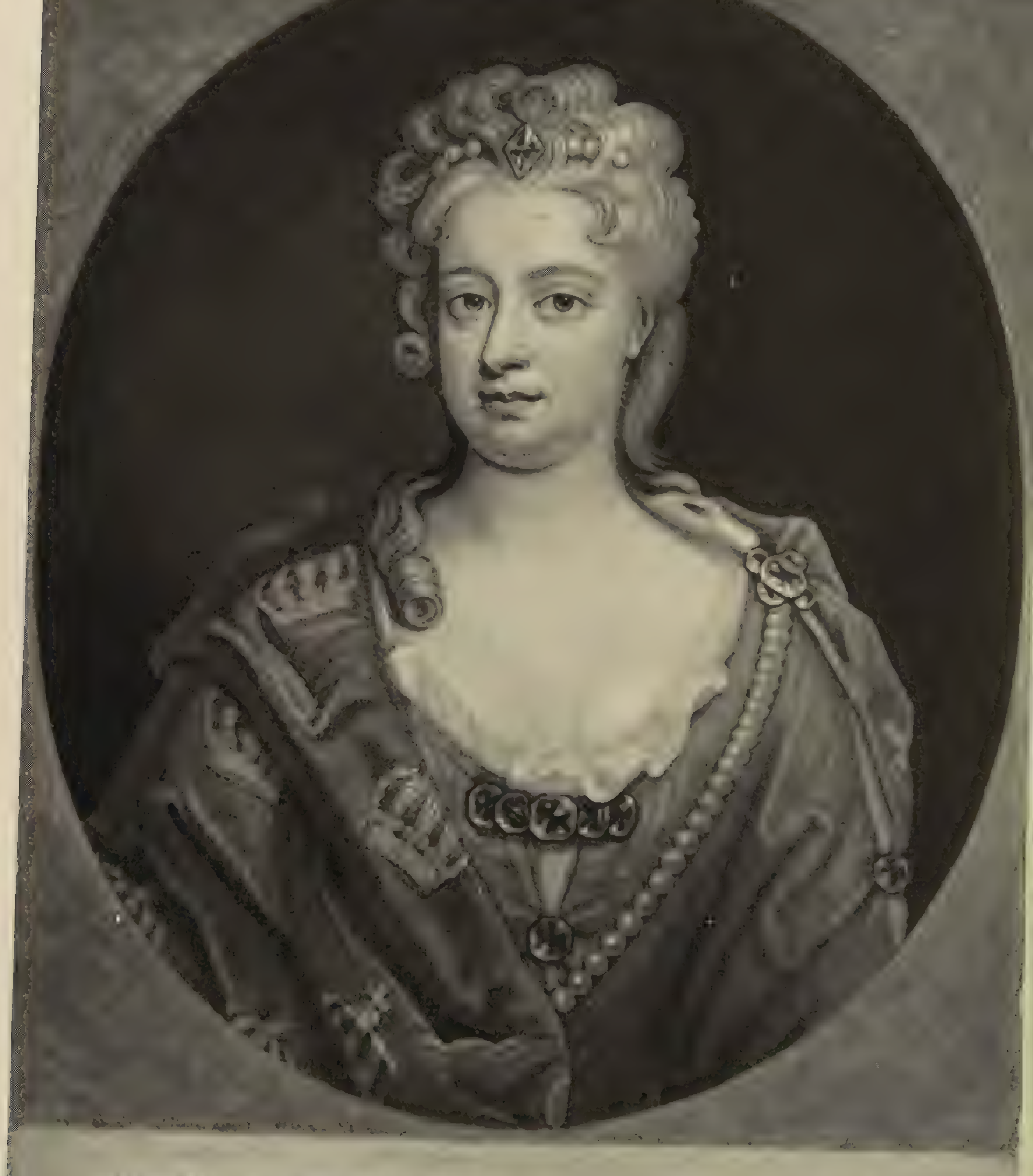
6. Letters of Count Broglio to the King of France. (In Belsham, History of Great Brittain, London, 1805. Vol. III. Appendix, p. 539.)

July 6, 1724.

As the duchess of Kendal seemed to express a desire to see me often, I have been very attentive to her, being convinced that it is highly essential to the advancement of your majesty's service to be on good terms with her; for she is closely united to the three ministers who now govern, and these ministers are in strict union together, and are, as far as I can judge, well inclined. They visit me very frequently both together and singly, and I behave to them in the same manner. . . . Lord Townshend and Mr. Walpole have been lately indisposed, but they are now quite recovered. It is much to be wished that they should remain in power. . . . They possess an unbounded influence over the King and the duchess of Kendal; they enjoy the whole power of government, and the entire confidence of the King.

The prince of Wales endeavours to obtain information of what passes from


D.G. MAG. BRI. FRAN. ET HIB. REX



SOPHIA DOROTHEA, BORUSSORUM REGINA,
GEORGII, Magnæ Britanniæ Regis, Unica Filia &c.

[illegible] Pinx. [illegible] Sold by J. Smith [illegible]

persons who are attached to him, but he learns nothing either from the king, the duchess, or the ministers. The king goes every afternoon at five o'clock to the duchess, the ministers occasionally attend, and it is there that affairs which require secresy are treated. . . .

July 10.

The more I consider state affairs, the more I am convinced that the government is entirely in the hands of Mr. Walpole, lord Townshend, and the duke of Newcastle, who are on the best terms with the duchess of Kendal. The king visits her every afternoon from five to eight; and it is there that she endeavours to penetrate the sentiments of his Britannic majesty. . . . I am convinced that she may be advantageously employed in promoting your majesty's service, and that it will be necessary to employ her: though I would not trust her farther than is absolutely necessary. . . .

It is much to be wished, for the maintenance of the union between your majesty and the king of England, that no misfortune may happen to Mr. Walpole, he being absolutely the helm of government. The king cannot do without him, on account of his great influence in the house of commons, where he depends entirely upon him in every respect. He is a man of great abilities, and very enterprising. The house places a most unreserved confidence in him, and he has the address to persuade them that the national honour is dearer to him than all the wealth in the world. He is very ably seconded by Townshend, who is a man of great capacity, and with whom he is in perfect harmony. The duke of Newcastle, who is indebted to him for his situation, submits to his judgment in everything; so that the king experiences no contradiction to his wishes, but leaving the internal government entirely to Walpole, is more engaged with the German ministers, in regulating the affairs of Hanover, than occupied with those of England. It is to be observed, that Mr. Walpole adjusted the quarrel between the king and the prince of Wales. . . . For some years past the king has not spoke a word to the prince, nor the prince to him. The princess of Wales sometimes in public attacks the king in conversation; he answers her; but some who are well apprized that his majesty likes her no better than the prince, have assured me, that he only speaks to her on these occasions for the sake of decorum. . . . The king has no predilection for the English nation, and never receives in private any English of either sex. None even of his principal officers are admitted to his chamber in a morning to dress him, nor in the evening to undress him. These offices are performed by the Turks who are his valet-de-chambres, and who give him every thing he wants in private. He rather considers England as a temporary possession, to be made the most of while it lasts, than as a perpetual inheritance to himself and family. He will have no disputes with the parliament, but commits the entire transaction of that business to Walpole. . . .

[Green says: "under the two sovereigns who followed Anne the power of the Crown lay absolutely dormant. They were strangers, to whom loyalty in its personal sense was impossible; and their character as nearly approached insignificance as it is possible for human character to approach it."—Ed.]

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7. Appendix to Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II., Vol. III.

I learned from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk . . . the fact mentioned in text, of George the First burning his wife's testament. That Princess, the Electress of Hanover, liked the famous Count Konigsmark, while her husband was at the army. The old Elector, father of George the First, ordered him away. The Electress, then Hereditary Princess, was persuaded to let him kiss her hand before his departure. She saw him in bed—he retired, and was never heard of more. When George the Second went first to Hanover after his father's death, and made some alterations in the palace, the body of Konigsmark was found under the floor of the chamber next to the Electress's chamber. He had been strangled immediately on leaving her, by the old Elector's order, and buried under the floor. This fact *Queen Caroline related to my father*, Sir Robert Walpole. George the Second told it to his wife. . . . The Electress was separated from George I. on that amour, and was called Duchess of Halle (?); and he married the Duchess of Kendal with his left hand. . . .

George II. who hated his father and was very fond of his mother, meant, if she had survived her husband, to bring her over, and declare her Queen Dowager. Lady Suffolk told me, that the morning after the news of the death of George I. arrived, when she went, as Woman of the Bedchamber, to the new Queen, she found a whole and half-length portraits of the Electress hung up in the apartment; George II. had had them locked up, but had not dared to produce them. Princess Amelie has the half-length at her house in Cavendish-square. George I. told the Duchess of Kendal, that if he could, he would appear to her after his death. Soon after that event, a large bird, I forget of what sort, flew into her window. She believed it was the King's soul, and took the utmost care of it. George II. was not less credulous; he believed in vampires.

GROUP XXVI.

KING GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

1. Extracts from Lord Hervey's Memoirs. (London: Murray, 1848.)

In October (1727) the ceremony of the Coronation was performed with all the pomp and magnificence that could be contrived; the present King differing so much from the last, that all the pageantry and splendour, badges and trappings of royalty, were as pleasing to the son as they were irksome to the father. The dress of the Queen on this occasion was as fine as the accumulated riches of the City and suburbs could make it; for besides her own jewels (which were a great number and very valuable) she had on her head and on her shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewelers at the other; so that the appearance and the truth of her finery was a mixture of magnificence and meanness not unlike the *éclat* of royalty in many other particulars when it comes to be nicely examined and traced to what money hires or flattery lends. . . .

Her (the Queen's) predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides herself could have had patience to support, or resolution to

GEORGE II

By the Grace of God, &c. [illegible]

[illegible]

adhere to. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it. . . . She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it. . . . Her every thought, word and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled, as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent then in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her. . . .

The day [29th October, 1734] before the birthday the Court removed from Kensington to London; and the Queen, who had long been out of order with a cough and a little lurking fever, notwithstanding she had been twice blooded, grew every hour worse and worse: however, the King lugged her the night she came from Kensington, the first of Farinelli's performances, to the opera, and made her the next day go through all the tiresome ceremonies of drawing-rooms and balls, the fatigues of heats and crowds, and every other disagreeable appurtenance to the celebration of a birthday. There was a strange affectation of an incapacity of being sick that ran through the whole Royal Family, which they carried so far that no one of them was more willing to own any other of the family ill than to acknowledge themselves to be so. . . .

1734.

Sir Robert Walpole [the prime-minister] used always to go into Norfolk twice in a year, for ten days in summer and twenty in November, and generally set out for his second expedition the day after the King's birthday: he was to do so now, and therefore to take his leave this evening of the Queen. . . . "You know, Madam," said he, "I can do nothing without you; whatever my industry and watchfulness for your interest and welfare suggest, it is you must execute: you, Madam, are the sole mover of this Court; whenever your hand stops, everything must stand still, and, whenever that spring is changed, the whole system and every inferior wheel must be changed too. If I can boast of any success in carrying on the King's affairs, it is a success, I am very free to own, I never could have had but by the mediation of your Majesty . . . so much so that I not only never did do anything without you, but I know I never could; and if this country have the misfortune to lose your Majesty, I should find it as impossible, divested of your assistance, to persuade the King into any measure he did not like, as, whilst we have the happiness of possessing your Majesty, any minister would find it to persuade him into a step which you did not approve." . . .

Lord Hervey told Sir Robert Walpole that he feared the King had overheard everything that had passed this evening between him and the Queen. Sir Robert started at this, and said, "*If he has, it is impossible he can ever forgive me. . . . For God's sake find out whether it was so or not, and let me know before I set out to-morrow morning for Norfolk.*" . . .

Lord Hervey was not a little pleased to find his conjectures had been false, and quickly made Sir Robert Walpole easy by a short note to tell him what the case had been. . . .

1735.

One trouble arose on the King's going to Hanover which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the declining power of the Queen, and the growing interest of this new favourite. . . .

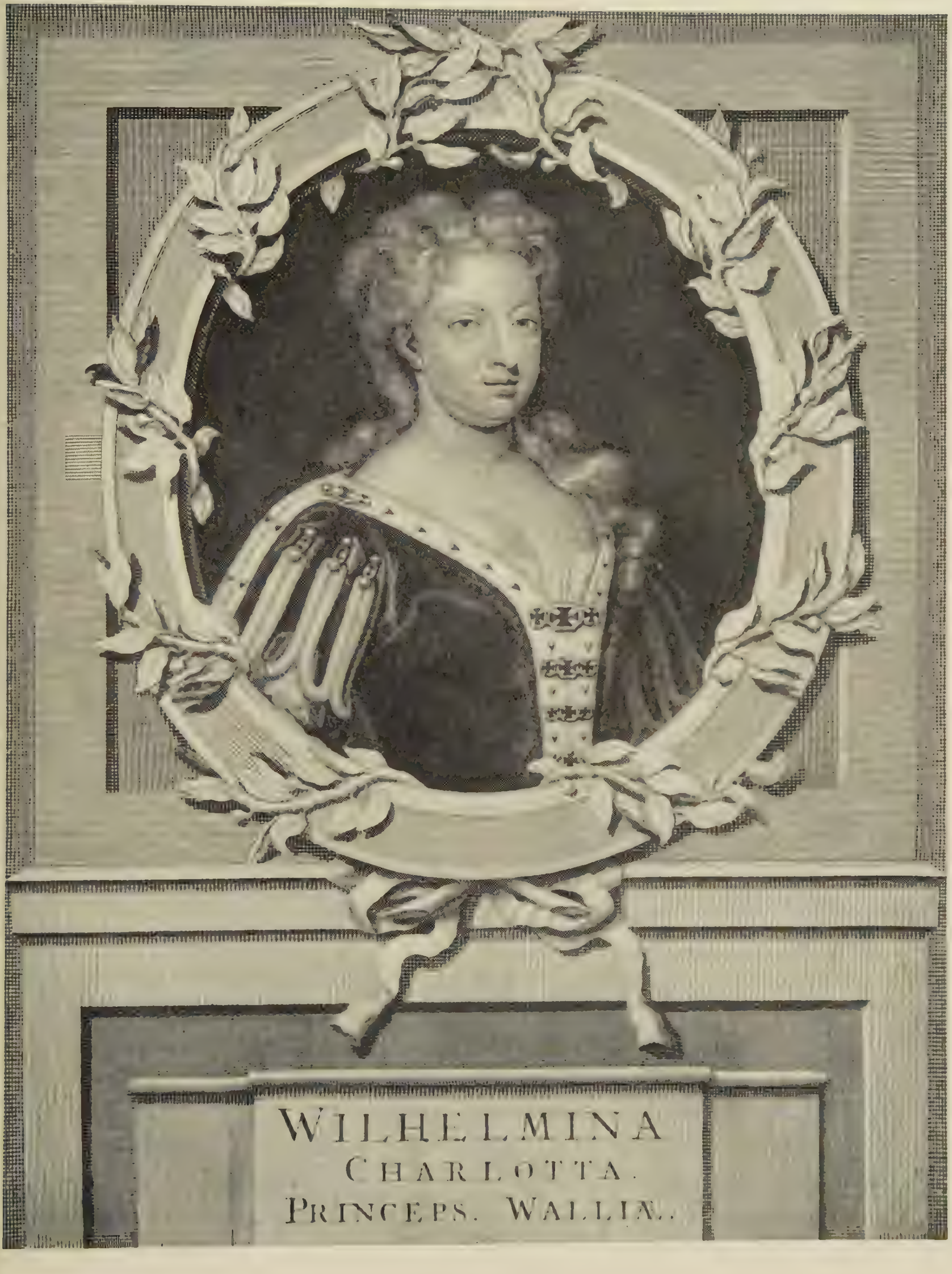
It is certain, too, that, from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as of every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles distance. . . .

By unreasonably hurrying himself to arrive in England, though he was as unreasonably sorry to return thither at all, he (the King) had made himself extremely ill; for whilst he travelled in this violent manner, day and night, and almost without any rest, only for the pleasure of bragging how quick he moved, he had so heated his blood that he was feverish for several days after he returned. . . .

This disorder was kept a great secret to all the Court, but the consequences of it were no secret. Everybody shared the warm and frequent sallies of his abominable temper, and everybody imputed them to what was the joint though not the sole cause of these eruptions, which was the affliction he felt for the change of a German life to an English one. . . .

After this last journey, Hanover had so completed the conquest of his affections that there was nothing English ever commended in his presence that he did not always show, or pretend to show was surpassed by something of the same kind in Germany. No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a desert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself . . . whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection. . . .

In truth he hated the English, looked upon them all as king-killers and republicans, grudged them their riches as well as their liberty, thought them all overpaid, and said to Lady Sundon one day as she was waiting at dinner, just after he had returned from Germany, that he was forced to distribute his favours here very differently from the manner in which he bestowed them at Hanover; that there he rewarded people for doing their duty and serving



QUEEN CAROLINE.

him well, but that here he was obliged to enrich people for being rascals, and buy them not to cut his throat.

The Queen did not always think in a different style of the English, though she kept her thoughts more to herself than the King. . . . The love of rule, the thirst of dominion and the jealousy of prerogative were so strongly implanted in her—the German and the Queen so rooted in her mind—that the King himself had not more at heart all the trappings and pageantry of sovereignty than she the essential parts of it. . . .

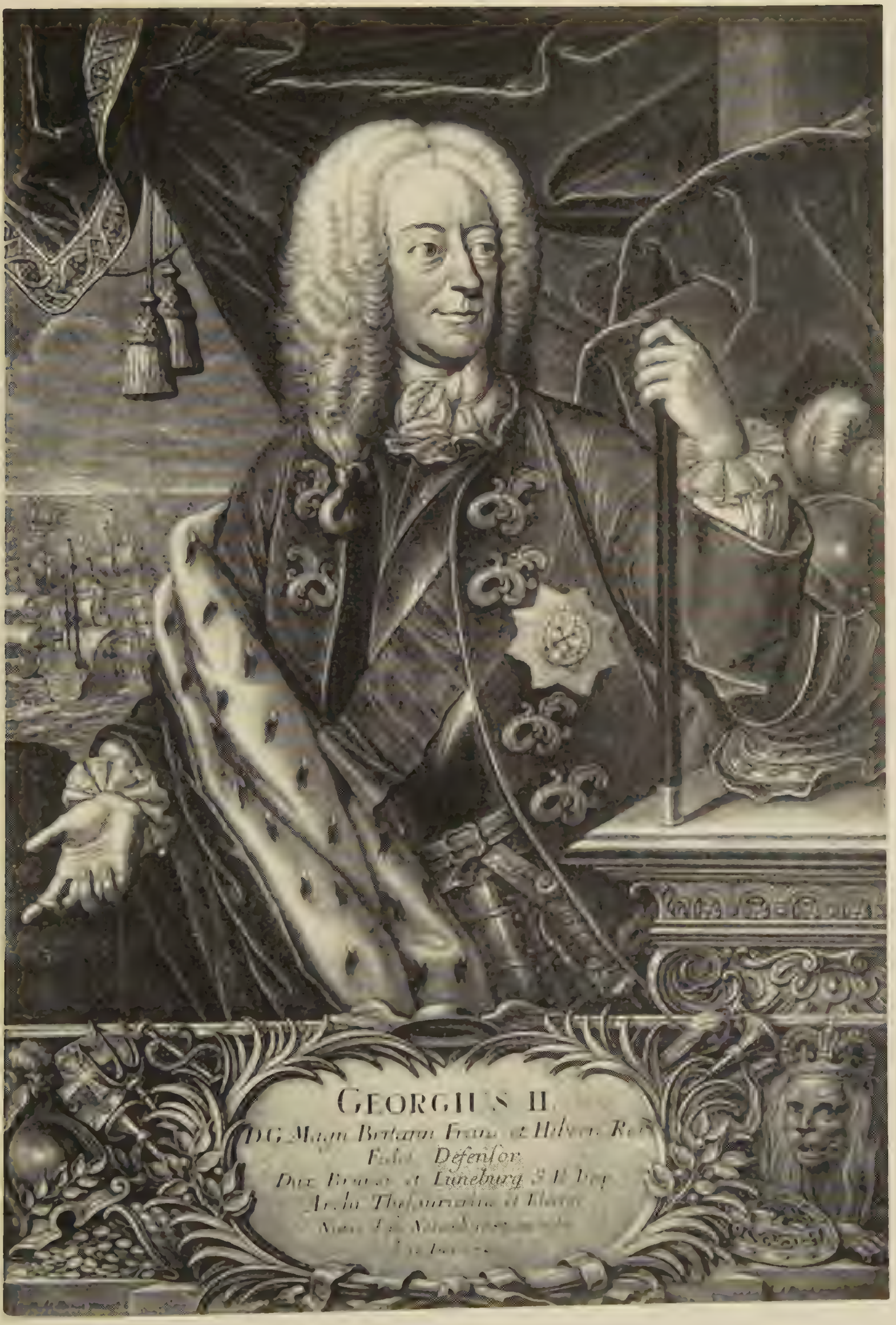
1736.

In the mean time the people of all ranks grew every day more discontented at the King's stay in Germany. The people belonging to the Court were uneasy at it, as it made the Court so much more unpopular. . . . The tradesmen were all uneasy, as they thought the King's absence prevented people coming to town, and particularly for the birthday. . . . The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those who, if he had heard all this, would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. . . . To this familiar manner of talking were added several little ingenious manuscripts: pasquinades were stuck up in several quarters of the town. . . . On St. James's gate this advertisement was pasted:—"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N. B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a Crown." . . .

The Queen, at St. James's passed her common evenings just as she had done at Kensington: that is, in her private apartment at quadrille with her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Schutz, and Lady Charlotte de Roussie; whilst the Princess Caroline, Miss Dives (one of her maids of honour) and Lord Hervey played pools at cribbage; and the Duke, Princess Emily, and the rest of the chance-comers of the family played at basset. Mondays and Fridays, however, there were public drawing-rooms in the great apartments, in the same manner as when the King used to be in London. This Friday . . . there was a public drawing-room as usual, to which neither the Prince nor Princess came; the Prince [Frederick, the heir apparent had quarrelled bitterly with his parents] made no excuse, the Princess pleaded a cold, but the only marks of it that appeared was a black-hood. . . . The Queen asked Lord Hervey if he had heard any of the particulars of yesterday's feast in Pall-Mall. . . . Lord Hervey said the Prince's speech in the morning was the most ingratiating piece of popularity that ever was composed. . . . ——, says the Queen, "popularity always makes me sick; but Fritz's popularity makes me vomit. I hear that yesterday, on his side of the house, they talked of the king's being cast away with the same *sang-froid* as you would talk of a coach being overturned; and that my good son strutted about as if he had been already King. Did you mind the air with which he came into my drawing-room in the morning? . . . I swear his behaviour shocked me so prodigiously, that I could hardly bring myself to speak to him." . . . "You do not imagine, I believe, now [said Lord Hervey] that the Prince has all that horror of being King, which you then supposed." "Oh," replied the Queen, "he is such an ass that one cannot tell what he thinks: and yet he is not so great a fool as you take him for, neither." . . . The Princess Caroline, who loved her mother and disliked her brother in equal and extreme degrees, was in much the same state of mind as the Queen. . . . They neither of them made much ceremony of wishing a hundred times a day that the Prince might fall down dead of an apoplexy—the Queen cursing the hour of his birth, and the Princess Caroline declaring she grudged him every hour he continued to breathe; and reproaching Lord Hervey with his weakness for having ever loved him, . . . as well as being so great a dupe as to believe the nauseous beast (those were her words) cared for anybody but his own nauseous self. . . .

Soon after . . . some of the Prince's letters were likewise printed. Those that had the greatest air of submission were picked out on this occasion in order to move the compassion of the public. . . . This and other circumstances made the King and Queen determine to have all the original letters and messages printed that had passed by the first night. . . . Lord Hervey the Queen desired might translate them. . . . The King and Queen were full as well pleased with giving Lord Hervey this commission to call their son a liar in print, as he was to receive it, and charged him not to embellish the fool's letters in the translation, or to mend the spelling in the original. Lord Hervey took occasion upon this subject, among many others things, to say, he did not believe there ever was a father and son so thoroughly unlike in every particular as the King and Prince, and enumerated several points in which they differed, as little to the advantage of the Prince as to the dispraise or displeasure of the King. . . . "My dear Lord," replied the Queen, "I will give it you under my hand, if you are in any fear of my relapsing, that my dear first-born is the greatest ass and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish he was out of it." . . .

On Wednesday, the 9th of November (1737), the Queen was taken ill in the morning at her new Library in St. James's Park; she called her complaint the cholic, her stomach and bowels giving her great pain. She came home, took Daffy's Elixir by Dr. Tesier's, the German and house-physician's advice; but was in such great pain . . . that she went to bed. However, when the clock struck two, and the King proposed sending Lord Grantham to dismiss the company, and declare there would be no drawing-room, she, according to the custom of the family, not caring to own, or at least to have it generally known, how ill she was, told the King she was much better—that she would get up and see the company as usual. As soon as she came into the drawing-room she came up to Lord Hervey and said, "Is it not intolerable at my age to be plagued with a new distemper? Here is this nasty cholic that I had at Hampton Court come again." . . . Lord Hervey asked her what she had taken, and when she told him, he replied, "For God's sake, Madam, go to your own room; what have you to do here?" . . . At last the King went away, telling the Queen as he went by, that she had overlooked the Duchess of Norfolk. The Queen made her excuse for having done so to the Duchess of Norfolk, the last person she ever spoke


GEORGIUS II.
D.G. Magn. Britann. Franc. et Hiber. Rex
Fidei Defenſor
Dux Brunsv. et Luneburg S.R. Imp.
Archi Theſaurarius et Elector

(See page 253.)

to in public, and then retired, going immediately into bed, where she grew worse every moment. . . . Lord Hervey speaking to the King, who was now returned from Princess Emily's apartment, and began to be alarmed, Dr. Broxholme was immediately sent for by Lord Hervey. When he came, Tesier and he agreed to give the Queen immediately some snake-root with Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial. . . . Soon after the snake-root and Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial arrived from the apothecary's; it was taken and thrown up about an hour after. All these strong things, twice Daffy's Elixir, mint-water, usquebaugh, snake-root, and Sir Walter Raleigh's Cordial, had, without easing the Queen's pain, so increased her fever, that the doctors ordered Ranby to bleed her twelve ounces immediately. . . .

Her vomiting was suspended for a few hours this morning. . . . On this amendment, as everybody called it, but few really thought it, the King resolved to have a levee, and that the Princess Emily should see the company at the usual hour of the Queen's going into her drawing-room; and to show what odd and inconsistent particulars we are all composed of, this being the day the Foreign Ministers came to Court, the King, in the midst of all his real and great concern for the Queen, sent to his pages to bid them be sure to have his last new ruffles sewed on upon the shirt he was to put on that day at his public dressing. Such sort of particulars will seem very trifling to those who do not think, like me, that trifling circumstances often let one more into people's tempers and characters than those parts of their conduct that are of greater importance, from which one frequently knows no more of their natural turn of mind than one does of their natural gait whilst they are dancing. . . .

This night two more physicians were called in, Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Hulst, who ordered blisters and aperients: these came up, like every other thing, soon after she had swallowed it, and the blisters, though a remedy to which the King and Queen had often declared themselves very averse, were put upon her legs. . . . At six o'clock on Friday morning the Queen was again blooded. . . .

When Ranby returned he brought one Shipton with him, a City surgeon. . . . By this time, too, Busier arrived, and these three attended her constantly. After they had examined the Queen, they all told the King she was in the utmost danger. Busier proposed making an operation with the knife to enable them to replace the protrusion, which Ranby opposed as full of immediate danger and thinking that the tumour might be reduced by less violent means. . . . About four o'clock on Sunday morning the 13th, the Queen complaining that her wound was extremely painful, and desiring to have it dressed, Ranby and Shipton were called in to her, and upon opening the wound declared it had already begun to mortify. . . .

It is not necessary to examine whether the Queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the King, in case she died, should marry again:—It is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes, and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: *Non, j'aurai des maitresses*. . . . To which the Queen made no other reply than "*ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche* *pas.*" I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true. . . .

On Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, the surgeons, upon opening the Queen's wound, found the mortification was not spread; and upon cutting off what was already mortified, declared she might recover. This appeared so inconsistent with their declarations some hours before, and in my opinion showed so much ignorance, that if a life of this consequence, committed to the care of four of the best physicians and three of the best surgeons in England, received no better assistance from their skill, how natural it is to deplore the situation of those whose safety depends on the sagacity of these professions, and how reasonable to despise those who put their trust in such aids! Not that I am so unjust to surgery as to put that science upon the same foot with physic; and for my own part I firmly believe there was not the least mortification begun, when they ignorantly pronounced there was. . . .

The King had been particularly anxious this whole day from what the Queen had said with regard to her dying of a Wednesday, which could not be much wondered at, since a mind much less addicted to superstitions than his Majesty's might have been a little affected. . . . Could it then be surprising that a man who believed in ghosts and witches should not be proof? . . .

During this time the King talked perpetually to Lord Hervey . . . of the Queen's good qualities. . . . He said she was the best wife, the best mother, the best companion, the best friend, and the best woman that ever was born; . . . that he had never seen her out of humour in his life, that he had passed more hours with her than he believed any other two people in the world had ever passed together, and that he had never been tired in her company one minute. . . .

These were the terms in which he was forever now talking of the Queen, and in which he likewise talked to her; and yet so unaccountable were the sudden sallies of his temper, and so little was he able or willing to command them, that in the midst of all this flow of tenderness he hardly ever went into her room that he did not, even in this moving situation, snub her for something or other she said or did. When her constant uneasiness, from the sickness in her stomach and the soreness of her wound, would make her shift her posture every minute, he would say to her, "How the devil should you sleep, when you will never lie still a moment?" . . . When the King came into her room in the morning, as she lay with her eyes fixed at a point in the air . . . the King with a loud and quick voice said to her, "*Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce-que vous regardez? Comment peut-on fixer ses yeux comme ça? Vos yeux ressemblent à ceux d'un veau à qui on vient de couper la gorge!*" . . .

About ten o'clock on Sunday night—the King being in bed and asleep on the floor at the feet of the Queen's bed, and the Princess Emily in a couch-bed in a corner of the room—the Queen began to rattle in her throat; and Mrs. Purcel giving the alarm that she was expiring, all in the room started up. Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died, was, "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." . . .

The King kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the Queen's apartment. . . . The grief he felt for the Queen, as it was universally known and showed a tenderness of which the world thought him before utterly in-

Louis Quinze Roy de France
et de Navarre

(See page 253.)

capable, made him for some time more popular and better spoken of than he had ever been before this incident, or than I believe he ever will be again. He was thoroughly unaffected on this occasion, and by being so (as odd as it may seem to say this) perplexed those who were about him.

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2. Lord Chesterfield's character of Queen Caroline. (Works, Vol. II. p. 437.)

Queen Caroline had lively, pretty parts, a quick conception, and some degree of female knowledge; and would have been an agreeable woman in social, if she had not aimed at being a great one in public life. . . .

Cunning and perfidy were the means she made use of in business, as all women do, for want of better. She showed her art most in her management of the King, whom she governed absolutely, by a seeming complaisance and obedience to all his humours; she even favoured and promoted his gallanteries. She had a dangerous ambition, for it was attended with courage, and, if she had lived much longer, might have proved fatal either to herself or the constitution. . . .

Upon the whole, the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people; but the *Queen* was neither esteemed, beloved nor trusted, by anybody but the King.

A Ballad of the Day. (From Morris: Early Hanoverians, p. 82.)

You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

3. Lord Chesterfield's Character of George II. (Works, Vol. II. p. 434.)

. . . Everything in his composition was little; and he had all the weaknesses of a little mind, without any of the virtues, or even the vices, of a great one. He loved to act the King, but mistook the part; and the Royal dignity shrunk into the Electoral pride. He was educated upon that scale, and never enlarged its dimensions with his dominions. As Elector of Hanover he thought himself great; as King of Great Britain only rich. Avarice, the meanest of all passions, was his ruling one; and I never knew him deviate into any generous action. . . .

In Council he was excessively timorous, and thought by many to be so in person; but of this I can say nothing on my own knowledge. In his dress and in his conversation he affected the hero so much, that from thence only many called his courage in question. . . .

Little things, as he has often told me himself, affected him more than great ones; and this was so true, that I have often seen him put so much out of humour at his private levée, by a mistake or blunder of a *valet de chambre*, that the gaping crowd admitted to his public levée have, from his looks and silence, concluded that he had just received some dreadful news. Tacitus would always have been deceived by him. . . .

He well knew that he was governed by the Queen, while she lived; and that she was governed by Sir Robert Walpole: but he kept that secret inviolably, and flattered himself that nobody had discovered it. . . .

He was very well-bred; but it was in a stiff and formal manner, and produced in others that restraint which they saw he was under himself. . . . He died unlamented, though not unpraised because he was dead.

Upon the whole, he was rather a weak than a bad man or King. His government was mild as to prerogative, but burthensome as to taxes. . . . I have dwelt the longer upon this character, because I was so long and so well acquainted with it; for above thirty years I was always near his person, and had constant opportunities of observing him, both in his Regal robes and in his undress. I have accompanied him in his pleasures, and been employed in his business. I have, by turns, been as well and as ill with him as any man in England. Impartial and unprejudiced, I have drawn this character from the life, and after a forty years sitting.

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4. Extract from Mrs. Calderwood's Account of her Journey into England. (In Coltness Collection, Maitland Club, 1842, p. 118.)

1756.

. . . I went one morning to the Park in hopes to see the Duke review a troop of the Horse Guards, but he was not there; but the Guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller were with me; they were afraid to push near for the croud, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly, and one of them asked me where I would be, would I have my toes trode off? "Is your toes trode off?" said I. "No," said he. "Then give me your place and I'll take care of my toes." "But they are going to fire," said he. "Then its time for you to march off," said I, "for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well." On which he sneaked off and gave me his place. . . .

I paid some visits, and went to see Greenwich Hospitall, which is a ridiculous fine thing. The view is very pretty, which you see just as well in a rary-show glass. No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in. The only fine houses I went to see more were the King's at Kensingtoun, and the Jew's I wrote you of. The palace looks better within than without, and there is some very fine marbles, pictures and mirrors in it. But I could not see the private apartment of the old goodman, which they say is a great curiosity. There are a small bed with silk curtains, two sattin quilts and no blanket, a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk nightgown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and is upp severall hours before he calls anybody. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits.

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5. Lord Waldegrave's character of George II. (Memoirs, London, 1821, p. 4.)

1758.

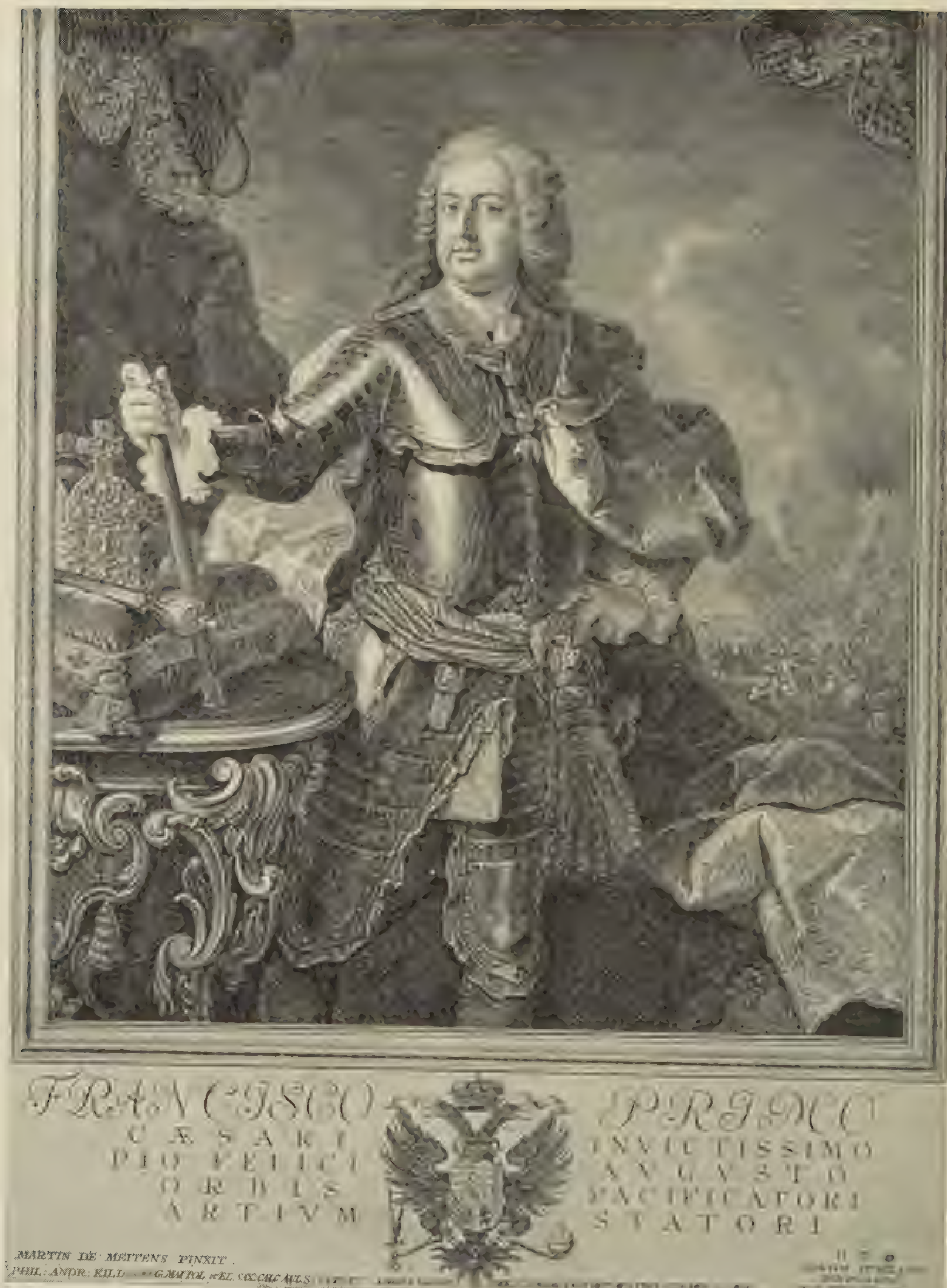
The King is in his 75th year; but temperance and an excellent constitution have hitherto preserved him from many of the infirmities of old age. . . .

He has as much personal bravery as any man, though his political courage seems somewhat problematical: however, it is a fault on the right side; for had he always been as firm and undaunted in the closet as he shewed himself at Oudenarde and Dettingen, he might not have proved quite so good a king in this limited monarchy.

In the drawing-room, he is gracious and polite to the ladies, and remarkably cheerful and familiar with those who are handsome, or with the few of his

Fridericus Magnus.

Rex Borussiæ, Elector Brandenb. &c. [illegible]


FRANCISCO PRIMO
CÆSARI INVICTISSIMO
PIO FELICI AVGVSTO
ORBIS PACIFICATORI
ARTIVM STATORI
MARTIN DE MEITENS PINXIT.
PHIL: ANDR: KILI... G.MAI POL. et EL. SAX. CHALC AVL. S

(See page 253.)

old acquaintance who were beauties in his younger days. . . .

His servants are never disturbed with any unnecessary waiting; for he is regular in all his motions to the greatest exactness, except on particular occasions, when he outruns his own orders, and expects those who are to attend him before the time of his appointment. . . .

EDITORIAL.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

[" It is a turning point in our national history, as it is a turning point in the history of the world," writes Green referring to the Seven Years' War. It made England mistress of North America and potential ruler over India. It was the starting point for a period of unparalleled wealth and prosperity.

So complicated a subject lends itself so little to our system of illustrating events by contemporary narratives that we must pass it over with a few brief remarks.

In 1740 Frederick the Great, succeeding to the Prussian throne, wrote to Voltaire: " The time has come for an entire change in the old political system, the stone has again broken loose which once descended on the four-metalled image of Nebuchadnezzar and destroyed it utterly." He inaugurated the change by descending himself on the Austrian province of Silesia. It was, indeed, as he said himself "the boldest, most rapid and grandest undertaking in which a prince of his house had ever been engaged." Grimly the young Queen, Maria Theresa, fought for her rights; with small support from her husband, who was such a nonentity that she listened at the door when he held interviews, ready to interrupt if he seemed about to commit himself, she held the enemy at bay as long as she could. In England, indeed, she found an ally willing at least to pour streams of gold into her lap. Frederick the Great seemed cut out by nature to be the hereditary enemy of the House of Hanover: " We must clip this prince's wings," said George II to the Polish-Saxon envoy; " he is too dangerous for both of us."

Frederick for his part, after the battle of Mollwitz, had no lack of friends and was able to carry out a threat he had once made to the English envoy, Guy Dickens. " If the worst comes to the worst," he had said, " I shall join with France and beat and bite and devastate in all directions." It was as a part of this policy that in 1742 he put up his puppet Emperor, Charles Albert of Bavaria, who took the name of Charles VII. The French and the Prussians, indeed, did not pull well together; there was tardiness and unwillingness on the one hand, and something like treachery on the other. Frederick made his own peace, at Breslau, and left France to continue the struggle. The Duc de Noaille was defeated at Dettingen, in which battle George II took part, conducting himself with considerable bravery.

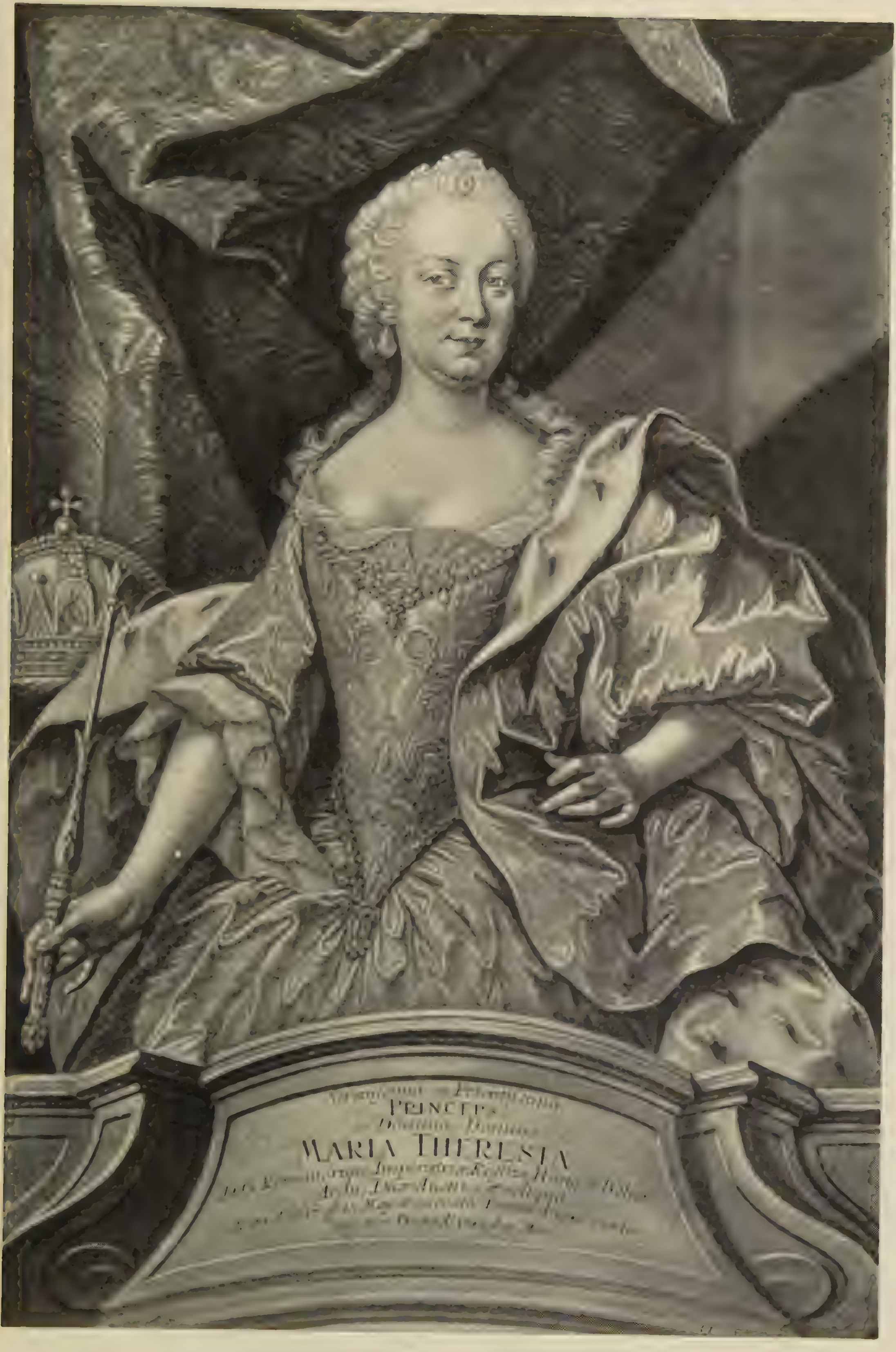
In 1744 Frederick re-entered the arena, partly through jealousy of England; he wished, he declared to Podewils, that the Devil would take his uncle George. He made a new treaty with Louis XV by which the prospective spoils were to be divided between himself, the Emperor and the French King; but again the old jealousies arose, and again Frederick, enabled by his brilliant victories of Hohenfriedberg, Sohr and Kesselsdorf to make advantageous terms for himself at Dresden, withdrew from the struggle. The French called him a "filigree king," a regular *fripon.* He retained Silesia, but Maria Theresa never really acquiesced in her fate. The interval of peace she employed in strengthening her resources. She intended to renew the contest with overwhelming numbers; immediately after the Peace of Dresden the Zarina, Elizabeth, had offered her 90,000 men; the King of France would be easy to win, Saxony and Sweden might already be counted upon. Prussia was to be suddenly attacked and utterly dismembered. Elizabeth of Russia hated Frederick with the implacable hatred of an utterly depraved woman. She knew what he thought of her drunken orgies and vulgar intrigues; officious tongues had retailed to her his scathing witticisms at her expense. She was more fierce in her desire to ruin him than Maria Theresa herself. As for France, she had remained outwardly on good terms with Frederick; indeed in 1753, when the defeat of George Washington at Fort Duquesne made certain the prospect of a long and bitter struggle with England, Frederick urged the French ambassador to invade Hanover. "That is the surest means of making this —— change his tune," he said, using an epithet so strong for George II that the envoy did not dare repeat it to his government. But suddenly his own tune changed; anxiety for the safety of his electorate induced George II to sign with him the Convention of Westminster. France and Austria then joined hands.

Frederick had secret agents who kept him informed of the plans of his adversaries; he had no intention of waiting to be attacked. "If this lady," he said to the English envoy, pointing at the same time to a portrait of Maria Theresa which hung on the wall, "if this lady wishes war, she shall have it quick." "Look into my face," he had said a moment before; "does my nose look like one that fingers can be wagged at? By God, I'll not stand it!"

On the actual operations of the war there is no need to dwell. Frederick fell upon Saxony, but the siege of Pirna cost him much invaluable time. England was hard pressed both in America and in India and could not at once come to his aid. The allies closed in around him. He won Prague but was disastrously defeated at Kolin, and obliged to abandon his plan of a Bohemian campaign. The Duke of Cumberland, who was finally put in command of a Hanoverian-Hessian force, ran into a *cul de sac* and was obliged to sign the convention of Kloster Severn. Frederick's fortunes sank lower and lower; he tried to bribe Madame de Pompadour to bring about a peace with France. Then the battle of Rossbach changed all; 20,000 Prussians put to flight more than twice that number of French; the battle of Leuthen, which soon followed, would alone, to quote Napoleon, have sufficed to make Frederick immortal.

England now awakened to her responsibilities; Pitt cried out in parliament, "I feel the most grateful sentiments of veneration and zeal for a Prince who stands the unshaken bulwark of Europe against the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind." Four million pounds was voted, and a really capable general, Ferdinand of Brunswick, was placed at the head of the Hanoverian army.

Year after year, with dwindling forces, Frederick and Ferdinand held their own. The latter's brilliant victory at Minden offset the former's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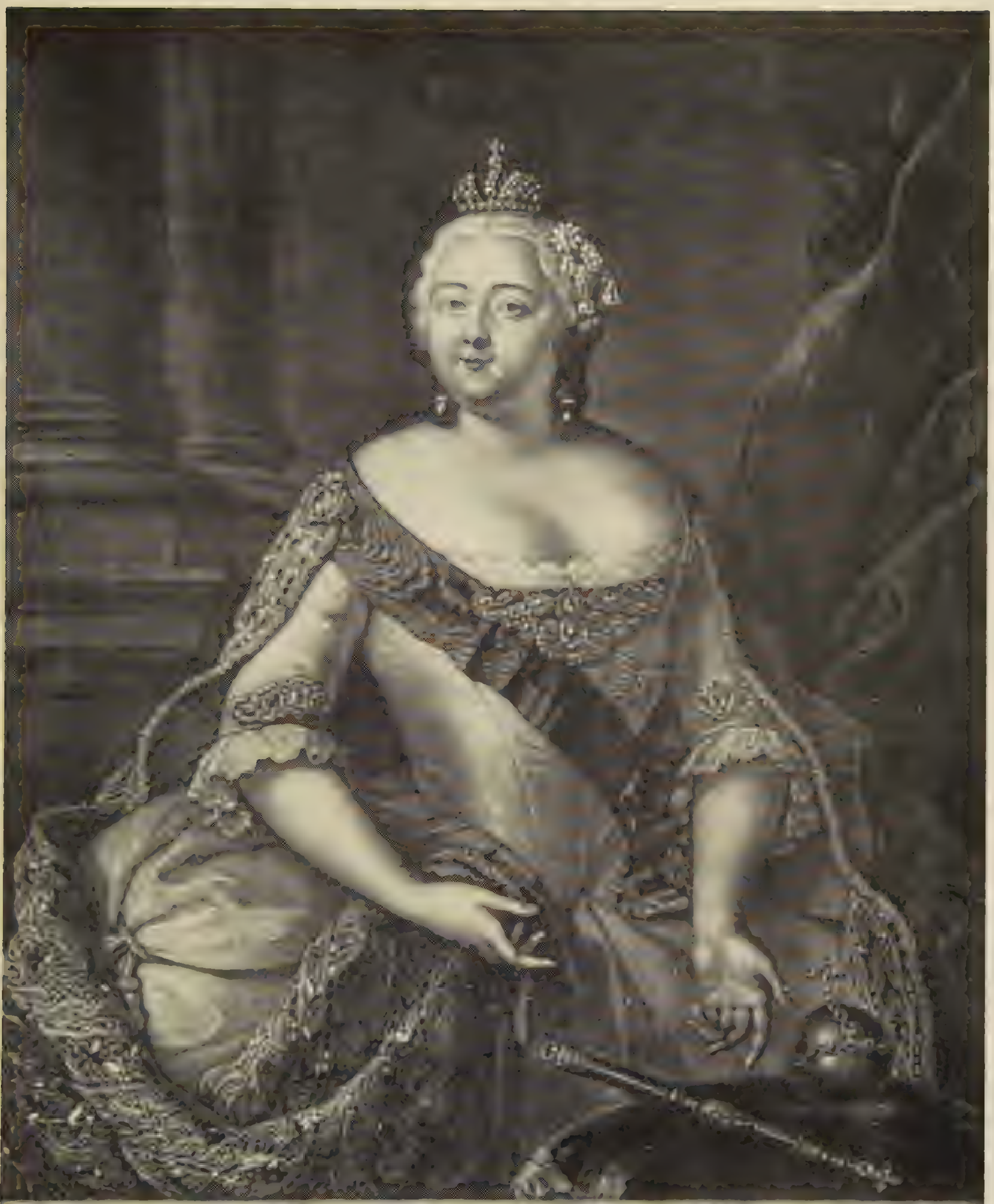


ЕЛИСАВЕТЪ I

Императрица и Самодержица Всероссийская

Elisabeth I

Russorum Imperatrix

crushing defeat by the Russians at Kunersdorf and the surrender of 12,000 men at Maxen. Liegnitz and Torgau helped still further to restore the balance; but even victories meant the loss of men whom it was impossible now to replace. Frederick's enemies could draw from a population numbering 60 million souls, Prussia could boast of but four million and a half. The French often outnumbered Ferdinand of Brunswick by two to one, while in 1761, Frederick could muster but 96,000 against three times as many of the Russians and Austrians.

In the midst of all this came the news from England that Pitt had fallen and been replaced by the pacific Bute, who did not renew the military convention with Prussia. The subsidies ceased; Frederick was coldly told to make peace even at the price of some of his provinces. Bute was ready for his own part to sacrifice almost any of his recent conquests; ready, too, to descend to almost any depths of political ignominy. Could disloyalty to a former ally have well gone further than the sending of an envoy to the Russian court to urge it to continue its armies in the field, lest Frederick, having free play against Maria Theresa, might push his advantage and thus prolong the struggle? It was the news of conduct like this that made England's own representative, Mitchell, cry out in agony, "I am tired of my accursed trade."

Frederick himself took matters more calmly. "The English thought," he wrote later, "that money did everything and that there was no money except in England." But he never forgave this base desertion; when England's war with her American colonies broke out, all his sympathies were with the latter, and on the Hessian soldiers who were bought to fight across the water he placed the same tax, when they crossed his domains, as on cattle going to slaughter. He was kept from despair now by the death of his arch enemy Elizabeth, whose successor Peter the Third had always looked on Frederick as a hero, and is even said to have sent him anonymous warnings. The very troops that had fought against him were made for a moment to fight on his side, and though the death of Peter soon necessitated their recall they were not again employed against him. The Peace of Hubertsburg finally put an end to the war, from which Frederick emerged neither richer nor poorer in land, but immeasurably higher in prestige. England received from the French, Canada and that part of the present United States which is east of the Mississipi.]

GROUP XXVII.

THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.

1. Extracts from Waldegrave's Memoirs. (London, 1821, p. 63.)

1756.

I had been appointed governor to the Prince of Wales towards the end of the year 1752, when Earl Harcourt resigned. . . . I found his Royal Highness uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery, and improved by the society of bed-chamber women, and pages of the back-stairs.

As a right system of education seemed quite impracticable, the best which could be hoped for was to give him true notions of common things; to instruct him by conversation, rather than by books; and sometimes, under the disguise of amusement, to entice him to the pursuit of more serious studies. . . .

1758.

The Prince of Wales is entering into his 21st year, and it would be unfair to decide upon his character in the early stages of life, when there is so much time for improvement.

His parts, though not excellent, will be found very tolerable, if ever they are properly exercised. He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear amiable. When he had a very scanty allowance, it was one of his favorite maxims that men should be just before they are generous: his income is now very considerably augmented, but his generosity has not increased in equal proportion. His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort; he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neighbour.

He has spirit, but not of the active kind; and does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy. He has great command of his passions, and will seldom do wrong, except when he mistakes wrong for right; but as often as this shall happen, it will be difficult to undeceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent, and has strong prejudices.

His want of application and aversion to business would be far less dangerous, was he eager in the pursuit of pleasure; for the transition from pleasure to business is both shorter and easier than from a state of total inaction.

He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper, which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of frequent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased, his anger does not break out with heat and violence; but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet; not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill humor. Even when the fit is ended, unfavorable symptoms very frequently return, which indicate that on certain occasions his Royal Highness has too correct a memory.

Though I have mentioned his good and bad qualities, without flattery, and without aggravation, allowances should still be made, on account of his youth, and his bad education. . . . The mother and the nursery always prevailed.

During the course of the last year, there has indeed, been some alteration; the authority of the nursery has gradually declined, and the Earl of Bute, by the assistance of the mother, has now the entire confidence. But whether this change will be greatly to his Royal Highness's advantage, is a nice question, which cannot hitherto be determined with any certainty.

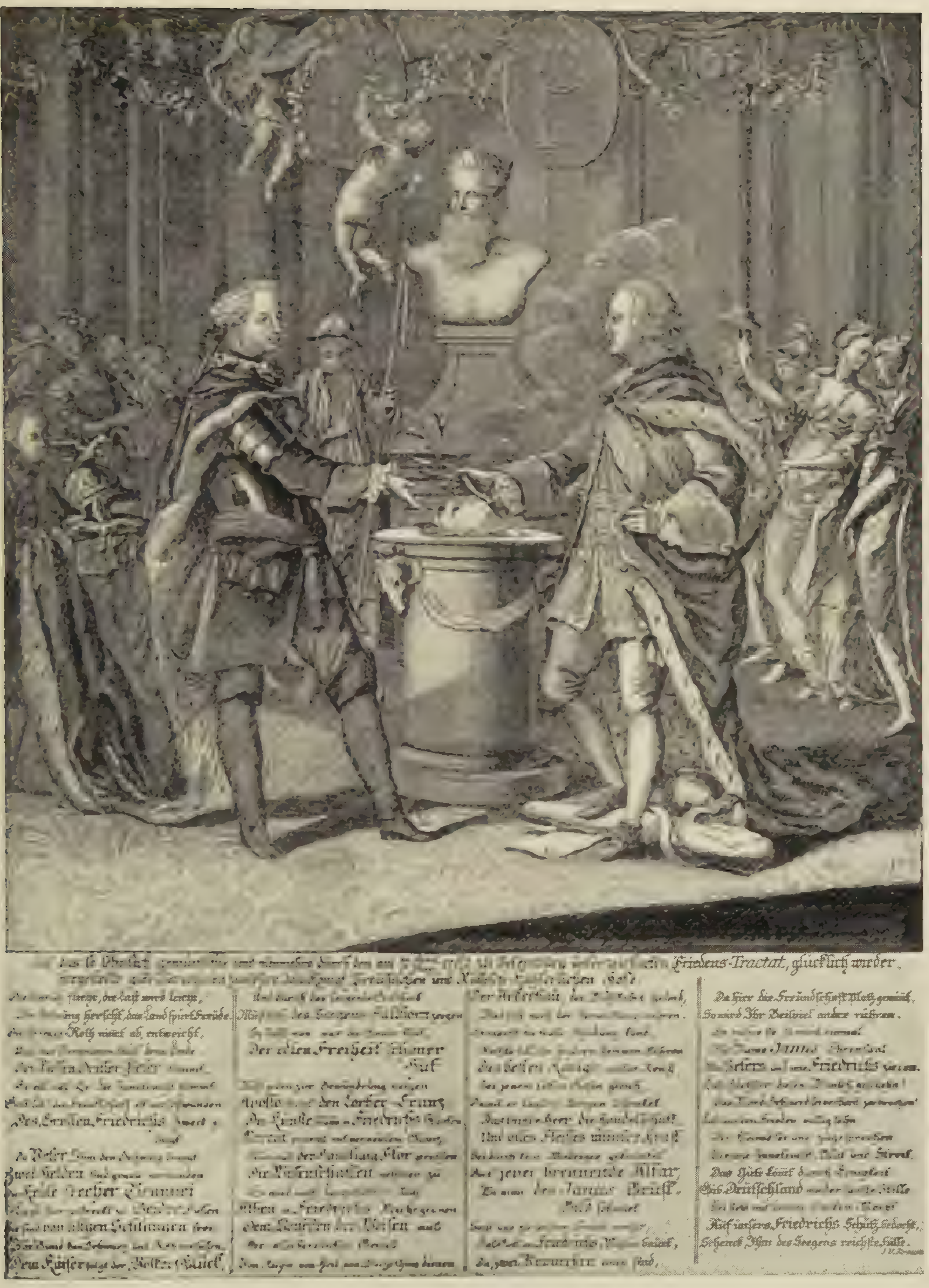
1755.

. . . He [Lord Bute] had been a lord of the bedchamber to the late prince [Frederick]; has a good person, fine legs, and a theatrical air of the greatest importance.

There is an extraordinary appearance of wisdom, both in his look and manner of speaking; for whether the subject be serious or trifling, he is equally pompous, slow, and sententious.

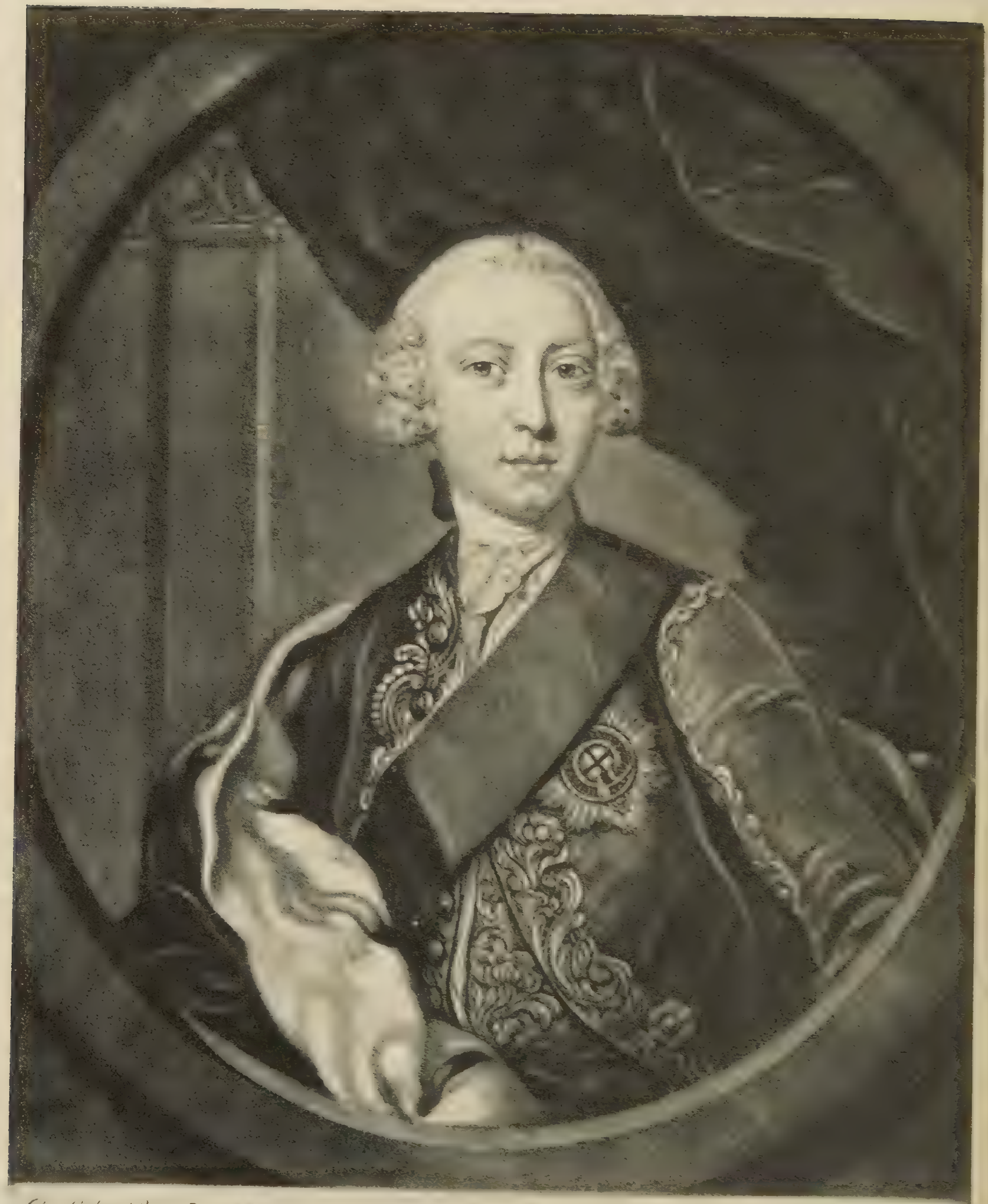
Not contented with being wise, he would be thought a polite scholar, and a man of great erudition: but has the misfortune never to succeed except with those who are exceeding ignorant: for his historical knowledge is chiefly taken from tragedies, wherein he is very deeply read; and his classical learning extends no farther than a French translation.

The late Prince of Wales, who was not overnice in the choice of ministers, used frequently to say that Bute was a



FREDERICK AND PETER MAKING PEACE.
Contemporary news leaf.

(See page 255.)



D. Lüders Pinx.t 1754 *J.s McArdell Fecit.*

His Royal Highneſs GEORGE *Prince of Wales, &c.*

Sold by J.s McArdell at the Golden Head in Covent Garden.

fine showy man, who would make an excellent ambassador in a court where there was no business. Such was his Royal Highness's opinion of the noble earl's political abilities; but the sagacity of the princess dowager has discovered other accomplishments, of which the prince her husband may not perhaps have been the most competent judge. . . .

1756.

. . . The Princess of Wales's unlimited confidence in the Earl of Bute has been already mentioned; and by the good offices of the mother, he also became the avowed favorite of the young prince, who was just entering into his nineteenth year, the time of his majority, in case the king had been dead.

2. Lord Chesterfield's Character of Lord Bute. Written in 1764. (In Works, Vol. II. p. 470.)

The Earl of Bute was of an ancient family in Scotland. . . . He married the daughter of Wortley Montague, by Lady Mary Pierrepont, eminent for her parts and her vices. . . . She proved an immense fortune by the death of her father and mother, who, disinheriting their son, left her five or six hundred thousand pounds. . . .

He [Lord Bute] came to town, five or six years before the death of the late Frederick Prince of Wales, to whom he wholly attached himself. He soon got to be at the head of the pleasures of that little, idle, frivolous and dissipated Court. He was the *Intendant* of balls, the *Coryphoeus* of plays, in which he acted himself, and so grew into a sort of favourite of that merry Prince. The Scandalous Chronicle says, that he was still a greater favourite of the Princess of Wales: I will not, nor cannot decide upon that fact. . . .

When Frederick Prince of Wales died, and the present King George the Third became immediate Heir to the Crown, Lord Bute very prudently attached himself wholly to him, not only with the approbation, but I believe, at the request, of the Princess Dowager. In this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine wishes. He entirely engrossed not only the affections, but even the senses of the young Prince, who seemed to have made a total surrender of them all to Lord Bute. In this interval, between the death of the Princess of Wales and the expected death of King George the Second, the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute agreed to keep the young Prince entirely to themselves; none but their immediate and lowest creatures were suffered to approach him except at his levees, where none are seen as they are; he saw nobody, and nobody saw him: Lord Bute, indeed, was with him alone some hours every day, to instruct him, as he pretended, in the art of Government; but whether or no any man labours to instruct and inform the Prince whom he means one day to govern is with me a very doubtful point.

At length the wished-for day came, and the death of King George the Second made room for King George the Third. He, like a new Sultan, was lugged out of the Seraglio by the Princess and Lord Bute, and placed upon the Throne. Here the new scene opened: Lord Bute arrived from the greatest favour to the highest power and took no care to dissemble or soften either, in the eyes of the public, who always look upon them with envy and malignity; but on the contrary, avowed them both openly. He interfered in everything, disposed of everything, and undertook everything, much too soon for his inexperience in business.

3. Lord Chesterfield's character of Pitt. Written in 1762. (In Works, Vol. II. p. 467.)

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities. In him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year. His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbad him the idle dissipations, of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure, which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. . . His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned with great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and over-bearing: qualities which too often accompany, but always clog great ones. . . .

He came young into Parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs. . . .

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George the Second, to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made Secretary of State; in this difficult and delicate situation. . . . he managed with such ability that, while he served the King more effectually . . . he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

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4. Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II. (London, 1847, p. 84.)

1758.

Pitt was now arrived at undisturbed possession of that influence in affairs at which his ambition had aimed, and which his presumption had made him flatter himself he could exert like those men of superior genius, whose talents have been called forth by some crisis to retrieve a sinking nation. He had said the last year to the Duke of Devonshire, "My Lord, I am sure I can save this country, and nobody else can." It were ingratitude to him to say that he did not give such a reverberation to our stagnating Councils, as exceedingly altered the appearance of our fortune. He warded off the evil hour that seemed approaching; he infused vigour into our arms; he taught the nation to speak again as England used to speak to Foreign Powers; and so far from dreading invasions from France, he affected to turn us into invaders.

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5. Extract from Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III. (London and New York, 1894.)

No British monarch has ascended the throne with so many advantages as George the Third. Being the first of his line born in England, the prejudice against his family as foreigners ceased in his person—Hanover was no longer the native soil of our Princes; consequently, attachment to the Electorate was not likely to govern our councils, as it had done in the last two reigns. This circumstance, too, of his birth, shifted the unpopularity of foreign extraction from the House of Brunswick to the Stuarts. In the flower and bloom of youth, George had a handsome, open, and honest countenance; and with the favour that attends the outward accomplishments of his age, he had none of the vices that fall under the censure of those who are past enjoying them themselves.

The moment of his accession was fortunate beyond example. . . . The administration was firm, in good harmony with one another, and headed by the most successful genius [Pitt] that ever presided over our councils. Conquests had crowned our arms with wonderful circumstances of glory and fortune; and the young King seemed to have the option of extending our victories and acquisitions, or of giving peace to the world, by finding himself in a situation so favourable, that neither his ambition nor moderation could have been equitably reprehended. . . .

A passionate, domineering woman, and a Favourite, without talents, soon drew a cloud over this shining prospect. . . . The measure of war was pushed, without even a desire that it should be successful; and . . . although successful, it was unnaturally checked by a peace, too precipitate, too indigested, and too shameful, to merit the coldest eulogy of moderation. . . .

In his first council the King named his brother the Duke of York, and Lord Bute, of the Cabinet. . . . The King's speech to his council afforded matter of remark, and gave early specimen of who was to be the confidential minister, and what measures were to be pursued: for it was drawn by Lord Bute. . . . It talked *of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining an honourable and lasting peace.* Thus was it delivered; but Mr. Pitt went to Lord Bute that evening, and, after an altercation of three hours, prevailed that in the printed copy the words should be changed to *an expensive but just and necessary war;* and that after the words *honourable peace* should be inserted, *in concert with our allies.* . . . It was two o'clock of the following afternoon before the King would yield to the alteration. . . .

Mr. Pitt was too quick-sighted not to perceive what would be the complexion of the new reign. His favourite war was already struck at. He himself had for some time been on the coldest terms with Lord Bute; for possession of power, and reversion of power could not fail to make two natures so haughty, incompatible. It was said, and I believe with truth, that an outset so unpromising to his darling measures made Mr. Pitt propose to the Duke of Newcastle a firm union against the Favourite. . . . Whether these two men, so powerful in Parliament and in the nation, could have balanced the headlong affection that attends every new young Prince, is uncertain,—I think they could. A war so triumphant had captivated the whole country. The Favourite was unknown, ungracious and a Scot: his connexion with the Princess, an object of scandal. . . . At least the union of Pitt and Newcastle would have checked the torrent, which soon carried everything in favour of Prerogative. Newcastle's time-serving undermined Mr. Pitt, was destructive to himself, threw away all the advantages of the war, and brought the country to the brink of ruin. . . .

As far as could be discerned of the King's natural disposition it was humane and benevolent. . . . Silence served him to bear with unwelcome ministers, or to part with them. His childhood was tinctured with obstinacy: it was adopted at the beginning of his reign, and called firmness, but did not prove to be his complexion. In truth, it would be difficult to draw his character in positive colours. He had neither passions nor activity. He resigned himself obsequiously to the government of his mother and Lord Bute: learned, and even entered with art into the lessons they inspired, but added nothing of his own. When the task was done, he relapsed into indifference and indolence till roused to the next day's part.

The indecent and injudicious precipitation with which the Favourite's faction hurried towards peace, justified any steadiness Mr. Pitt could exert to keep the balance where he had placed it, in our own hands. . . .

While the attention of mankind hung on the negotiation [with France, for peace], the King's messengers were suddenly sent forth to all privy Councillors to meet at one o'clock, at St. James's July 8th, on urgent and important business. The business itsself was an absolute secret. Everybody concluded that so solemn and unusual a summons of the Council was to give fuller sanction to peace. How great was the general surprise when they heard his Majesty had convened this assembly to notify his intended marriage with the princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz! A resolution taken and conducted with so much mystery, that till that hour perhaps not six men in England knew such a Princess existed. . . .

The King was fallen in love with Lady Sarah Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond; a very young lady of the most blooming beauty. . . . What concurred to make her formidable to the mother and favourite, was, her being under the tutorage of Mr. Fox, her eldest sister's husband; and in truth, she and her family spared no assiduity to fix the young monarch's heart. . . . The King's overtures were so encouraging, that Fox's views extended even to placing the young lady on the throne . . . he (Fox) left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay.

Such mutual propensity fixed the resolution of the Princess. One, Colonel Graeme, was despatched in the most private manner as a traveller, and vested with no character, to visit various little Protestant Courts, and make report of the qualifications of the several unmarried princesses. Beauty, and still less, talents, were not, it is likely, the first objects of his instructions. On the testimony of this man the golden apple was given to the Princess of Mecklenburg; and the marriage precipitately concluded. . . . So complete was the King's deference to the will of his mother, that he blindly accepted the bride she had chosen for him; though to the very day of the council, he carried on his courtship to Lady Sarah; and she did not doubt of receiving the crown from him, till she heard the public declaration of its being designed for another.

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6. Extract from the Stuart MSS. (In Jesse, Memoirs of Geo. III. Vol. I. p. 90.)

(*Account of Queen Charlotte by Sophia Stuart, daughter-in-law of Lord Bute.*)

In the latter years of Queen Charlotte's life, I used often to spend some days at the Castle, and in one of these visits heard her Majesty describe her own wedding. She described her life at Mecklenburg as one of extreme retirement. They dressed only *en robe de chambre* except on Sundays, on which day she put on her best gown, and after service, which was very long, took an airing in the coach and six, attended by guards and all the state she could muster. She had not "dined at table" at the period I am speaking of. One morning, her eldest brother, of whom she seems to have stood in great awe, came to her room in company with the Duchess, her mother. He told her to prepare her best clothes, for they were to have *grand couvert* to receive an ambassador from the King of England, and that she should for the first time dine with them. He added:—"You will sit next him at dinner: mind what you say, and *ne faites pas l'enfant*"—a favourite expression of his—"and try to amuse him, and show him that you are not a fool." She then asked her mother if she was to put on her blue tabby—"*et mes bijoux?*"— "*Mon enfant,*" said the Duchess, "*tu n'en as point.*" And the Queen produced her garnet ear-rings, which were strings of beads sown on a plate, about the size of a half-crown, and were then in fashion; but which, as she said, a housemaid of these days would despise. Thus attired, she followed her mother into the saloon, and Mr. Drummond was introduced to her. To her great surprise her brother led her out first, which she supposed he did because it was her first appearance. Mr. Drummond sat at her right hand. She asked him about his journey, and of England, and then added:—"*On me dit que votre Roi est très extrêmement beau et très-aimable,*" which seemed to raise a smile both in him and the Duke. A little frightened, she next added:—"*Apparemment vous êtes venu demander la Princesse de Prusse. On dit qu'elle est très-belle et qu'elle sera votre Reine?*" "*Je demande pardon à votre Altesse; je n'ai aucune commission pour cela.*" And the smiles were so striking that she had not courage to open her lips again. In a few minutes, however, the folding-doors flew open to the saloon, which she saw splendidly illuminated; and there appeared a table, two cushions, and everything prepared for a wedding. Her brother then gave her his hand; and, leading her in, used his favourite expression:—"*Allons, ne faites pas l'enfant—tu vas être Reine d'Angleterre.*" Mr. Drummond then advanced. They knelt down. The ceremony, whatever it was, proceeded. She was laid on the sofa, upon which he laid his foot; and they all embraced her, calling her, "*la Reine.*" Mr. Drummond then gave her a magnificent *écrin* of diamonds, one jewel of which was a little crown which I have often seen her wear. The evening passed in admiring the jewels and putting them on. She declared from that moment she saw and knew nothing, and was quite bewildered. Mr. Drummond pressed for departure. She begged for one week, that she might take leave of every person and spot, and particularly of her mother, of whom she was very fond. She told me that she ran about from morning till night visiting the poor, to whom, she said, a nosegay or a little fruit were more acceptable than food. And wherever she lived she had a garden made for this purpose. She kept poultry also for the same object. When the day for her departure came, she set out for the sea-coast accompanied by her mother, who consigned her to the hands of the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Effingham; she spoke of the agony of that parting, even after so many years, in a manner that showed what it must have been. Her mother was in bad health, but promised to come over in the Spring, which, however, she never lived to fulfil. . . . She was an excellent French scholar ; well read in her own language; wrote a very pretty hand; played on the guitar and piano, or rather spinette, having learned of Bach, and sung very sweetly and correctly. She also danced a very fine minuet, the dance of the day; had a lovely complexion, fine hair and teeth, and the neatest little *petite* figure, with a peculiar elegance.

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7. Extracts from Horace Walpole.

Some coquet attempts, which Lady Sarah [Lennox] afterwards made to recover his [George's] notice, and her stooping to bear the Queen's train as bridemaid, did her more prejudice than all that was invented against her. . . . In my opinion the King had thoughts of her as a wife, but wanted resolution to oppose his mother and Lord Bute. Fortunately, no doubt, in this instance; for the daughter of a subject, and the sister-in-law of so ambitious and exceptionable a man as Fox, would probably have been productive of most serious consequences. To avoid returning to this topic, I will only remember that, during the wedding service, on mention of Abraham and Sarah, the King could not conceal his confusion. And the day following, when every body was presented to the Queen, Lord Westmoreland, old and dimsighted, seeing Lady Sarah in the rich habit of bridemaid, mistook her for Queen, and was going to kneel and kiss her hand.

But while the arrival of the Queen was expected, and the approaching ceremonies of the wedding and coronation engrossed the attention of the public, affairs grew towards a serious crisis in the Cabinet. . . .

In the end of August, the council had ordered their ultimate concessions to be drawn and sent to France. Mr. Pitt made the draught and carried it to Council. The other ministers thought it spoke his sense, not theirs; or rather, contained more of an ultimatum than they were disposed to adhere to. In defence of his own inflexibility, Mr. Pitt spoke largely on the haughtiness of France.

Lord Hardwicke said he approved our not submitting to their haughtiness, and congratulated his country in not having been behind hand with them in that respect. Lord Granville took the draught and applauded it exceedingly; said it deserved to be inserted in the Acta Regia; but for his part he did not love fine letters on business. He thought even bad Latin preferable to good in negotiations.

These speeches raised Pitt's choler; and with reason. He had vindicated the honour of his country; and now was supporting it with a dignity it had never known since the days of Cromwell. He saw himself abandoned and ridiculed by his master's ministers; but he was not a man to recoil before such adversaries. If he had assumed an unwarrantable tone, his situation might well justify it. He broke out with great asperity, and told them dictatorially, they should not alter an iota of the letter. Rhodomontade had been too favourite a figure with Lord Granville to leave him the dupe of it in another man. . . . He neither admired Pitt's exalted diction, nor exalted views. . . .

The Duke of Bedford, whom the rest always summoned when they wanted to combat Pitt and did not dare, said, "he did not know why he was called to council, if he was not at liberty to debate; and since he was told they were not to be permitted to alter an iota, he would come thither no more,'' and retired. Some of the others were less stout. Lord Bute said little, but that he thought the King's honour was concerned in sticking to our own terms. . . . On the 25th, another council was held, to which, notwithstanding his declaration, the Duke of Bedford returned. . . . Pitt at this council was more temperate, and submitted to some small concessions.

On the 7th of September, the new Queen landed at Harwich. . . . Her temper appeared to be lively and her understanding sensible and quick. Great good-nature, set off by much grace in her manner, recommended all she said. Her person was small, and very lean, but well made. Her face pale and homely, her nose something flat, her mouth very large. Her hair was of a fine brown, and her countenance pleasing.

When first she saw the palace she trembled. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled. The Queen said, "You may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me.'' The King received her in the garden of St. James's; she would have kneeled, but he raised and embraced her, and led her to the Princess, where they and Lady Augusta dined together. Between nine and ten at night they went to chapel. The Duke of Cumberland gave her away, and after the ceremony they appeared for a few minutes in the drawing-room, and then went to supper. She played and sung, for music was her passion, but she loved other amusements too, and had been accustomed to them; but, excepting her music, all the rest were retrenched, nor was she ever suffered to play at cards, which she loved. While she was dressing, she was told the King liked some particular manner of dress. She said, "Let him dress himself; I shall dress as I please.'' They told her he liked early hours; she replied, she did not, and "*qu'elle ne voulait pas se coucher avec les poules.*'' A few weeks taught her how little power she had acquired with a Crown. The affection she conceived for the King softened the rigour of her captivity. Yet now and then a sigh stole out, and now and then she attempted, though in vain, to enlarge her restraint. . . .

. . . .

It was not without reason that the nation took an alarm, when almost all who conducted our affairs were determined to take none. Spain for some time had interposed officiously in behalf of France, which, said the Spaniards, was sufficiently humbled, and must not be ruined. It was known that they had furnished her with money; and, as if they sought an open breach with us, they demanded for all Spain the same privilege as Biscay and two other provinces enjoyed, of fishing on the coasts of Newfoundland. This was peremptorily refused; and had Mr. Pitt's influence been equal to his spirit, Lord Bristol had been immediately recalled from Madrid. . . . The King of Spain was possessed with a notion that his lights were equal to his grandeur. He listened, or thought he listened, to no advice: but if anything is more fatal to a nation than a foolish indolent prince, it is a foolish one that is active and obstinate. . . .

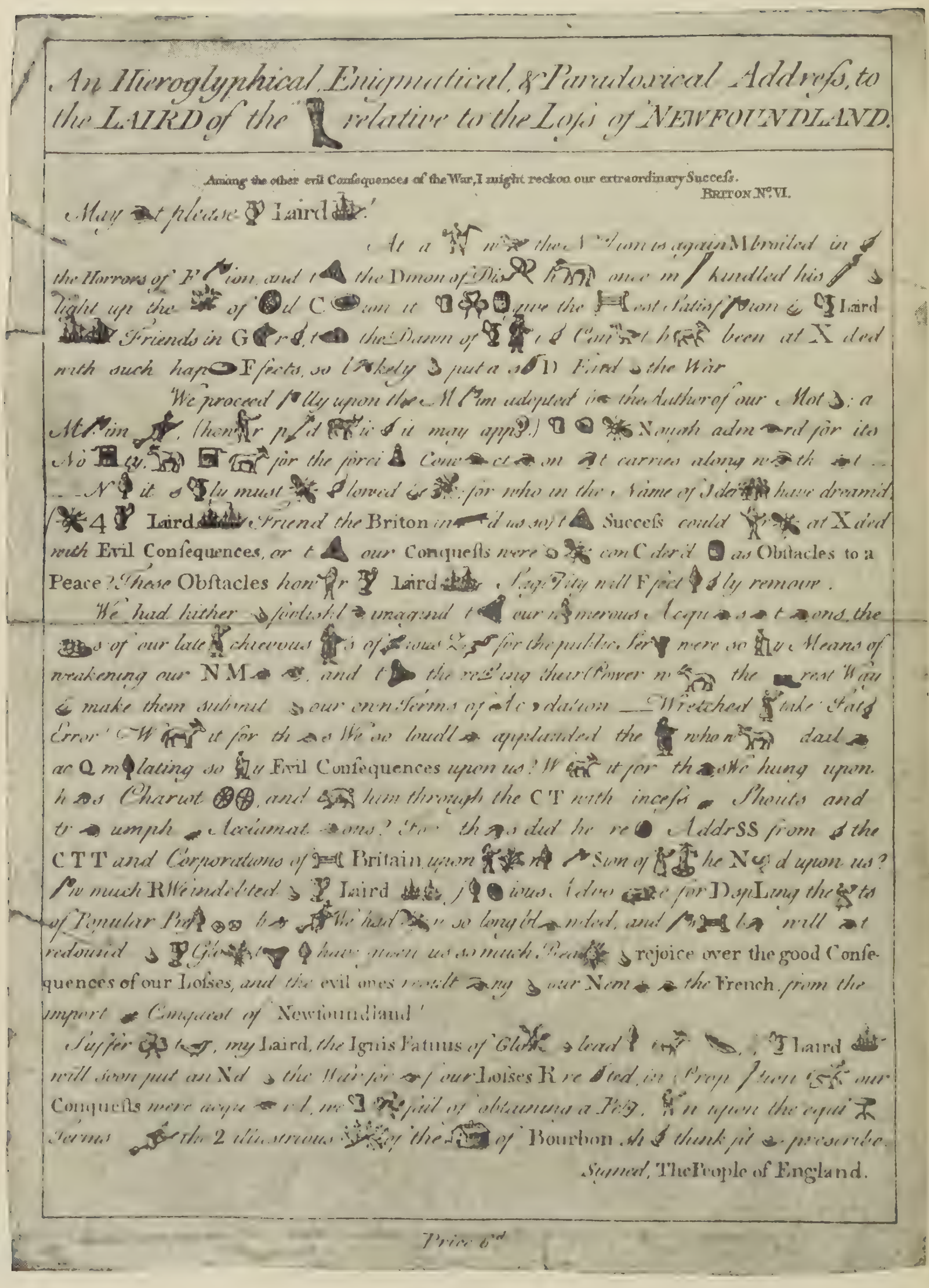
Mr. Pitt had fixed his resolution. It was by one bold stroke to assert the honour of his country, or to quit the rudder. He insisted that a fleet of twelve or fourteen men-of-war should be instantly sent to Cadiz; and that Lord Bristol should be ordered to demand a sight of the treaty between Spain and France; and if not accorded, to leave Madrid without delay. When Spain had given such indications of her partiality to France, nothing could be more justifiable than this measure. But Spain had not restrained herself within the bounds of favour. In the midst of the negotiation between us and France, to which Spain pretended to offer herself as guarantee, she had committed a most flagrant and unheard-of instance of taking part, nay, of adding herself as a party to the grievances complained of. Bussy [The French envoy], tolerated here as a negotiator, and without even a character from his own court, presented to Mr. Pitt a cavalier note in the name of Spain, demanding restitution of some prizes we had made on Spain during the war, satisfaction for the violation of their territory by the navy of England, liberty of fishery on Newfoundland, and destruction of our settlements on the Spanish territory, in the bay of Honduras. A power in amity with us, and affecting to act as mediator, selects our enemy's agent to convey their complaints!—what could surpass this insult?—the patience of our ministers under such indignity—not of Mr. Pitt. He replied with the majesty of the Crown he served,—the vengeance of that Crown slept in other hands.

His hands tied, the nation affronted, and duped by the partial breaking off of the treaty with France, no proper resentment permitted against Spain, Mr. Pitt found he could do no farther good. His character had been lost by acquiescence; and nothing could rouse the nation, but his quitting the sphere of business, where he was so treacherously controlled. He had desired to enter his protest in the council books against the temporising advice of his colleagues. He and Lord Temple delivered to the King their reasons and advice for a war with Spain; and October 2nd Mr. Pitt took leave of the Council, thanking the ministers of the late King for the support they had given to the war; and on the 5th he resigned the Seals. Lord Temple quitted on the 9th following.

It is difficult to say which exulted most on this occasion, France, Spain, or Lord Bute, for Mr. Pitt was the common enemy of all three. . . .

The nation was thunderstruck, alarmed, and indignant. The City of London proposed to address the King to know why Mr. Pitt was dismissed; but it being replied, that the King would tell them he had not dismissed Mr. Pitt, but had wished him to continue in employment, the motion dropped. Some proposed a general mourning; others, more reasonable, to thank Mr. Pitt for his services; but this too was damped; for the Favourite's agents were not idle, and insinuated that Mr. Pitt had acted with mischievous views; for they who were incapable of great views, were excellent in undermining. The King was advised to heap rewards on his late minister. The Princess pressed it eagerly. A peerage, a vast pension, the government of Canada (as a mark that it was not to be restored at the peace), were offered to him. He had the frailty to accept a peerage for his wife, and a pension of three thousand a year for three lives! . . .

The public, though staggered by the pension, did not abandon their idol. . . . On the 9th, the King and all the royal family dined in the city with the Lord Mayor. Thither, too, went Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in a chariot together,—a step justly censured, and very nearly productive of fatal consequences. To *them* all acclamations were addressed; and the distinctions paid in the Guildhall to Mr. Pitt, to the total neglect of the King, bestowed all the honour of triumph on the former.



An Hieroglyphical, Enigmatical, & Paradoxical Addreſs, to the LAIRD of the relative to the Loſs of NEWFOUNDLAND.

> Among the other evil Conſequences of the War, I might reckon our extraordinary Succeſs.
>
> BRITON Nº VI.

May t pleaſe Laird!

At a w the N ion is again Mbroiled in
the Horrors of F ion, and t the Dmon of Dis h once m kindled his
light up the of d C ion it give the ost Satisf ion Laird
Friends in G r t the Dawn of Con t h been at X ded
with such hap Ffects, so l kely put a D End the War

We proceed lly upon the M im adopted in the Author of our Mot : a
M im, (hen r p d it may app .) Nough adm rd for its
No ty. for the force Conn ct on t carries along w th t . .
. . N it ly must loved : for who in the Name of have dreamd
4 Laird Friend the Briton in d us so t Succeſs could at X ded
with Evil Conſequences, or t our Conqueſts were con C der d as Obſtacles to a
Peace? These Obſtacles hon r Laird will F pect ly remove.

We had hither foolish unagind t our n merous Acqu s t ons, the
s of our late chievous s of ous for the public Ser were so y Means of
weakening our N M , and t the re ing their Power w the rest Way
make them submit our own Terms of Ac dation — Wretched take Fat
Error! W it for th s We so loudl applauded the who w dail
ac Q m lating so y Evil Conſequences upon us! W it for th We hung upon
h s Chariot , and him through the C T with incess Shouts and
tr umph Acclamat ons? For th s did he re AddrSS from the
C T T and Corporations of Britain, upon Son of he N d upon us?
w much R We indebted Laird , ious Ad e for D spLing the ts
of Popular Pr b We had so long d nded, and b will t
redound Gl have given us so much Rea rejoice over the good Conſe-
quences of our Loſses, and the evil ones reſult ing our Nem the French, from the
import Conquest of Newfoundland!

Suffer , my Laird, the Ignis Fatuus of Glo lead , Laird
will soon put an Nd the War for our Loſses R re ted, in Prop tion our
Conqueſts were acqu r d, we pail of obtaining a Pe . n upon the equi
Terms the 2 illustrious of the of Bourbon sh think fit prescribe.

Signed, The People of England.

Price 6ᵈ

Little was wanting to turn the pageant into a tragedy. Riots ensued, and many persons were insulted.

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8. An Hieroglyphical, Enigmatical, and Paradoxical address, to the Laird of the Bute relative to the Loss of Newfoundland. (See opposite page!)

Among the other evil Consequences of the War, I might reckon our extraordinary Success.—*Briton, No. VI.*

May it please your Lairdship! At a time when the Nation is again embroiled in all the Horrors of Faction, and that the Demon of Discord has once more kindled his torch to light up the flames of civil Sedition, it can not but give the greatest Satisfaction to your Lairdship's Friends in General that the Dawn of your ministerial Conduct has been attended with such happy effects, so likely to put a speedy End to the War.

We proceed wholly upon the Maxim adopted by the Author of our Motto; a Maxim which, (however paradoxical it may appear,) can [not? scarcely?] be enough admired for its novelty, as well as for the forcible conviction it carries along with it:—New it surely must be allowed to be; for who in the name of wonder, would have dream'd, (before your Lairdship's Friend the Briton informed us so) that success could ever be attended with Evil Consequences, or that our Conquests were to be considered but as Obstacles to a Peace? These Obstacles however your Lairdship's Sagacity will effectually remove.

We had hitherto foolishly imagin'd, that our numerous Acquisitions, the fruits of our late mischievous Minister's officious Zeal for the public Service, were so many Means of weakening our Enemies, and that the reducing their Power was the surest Way to make them submit to our own Terms of Accommodation.—Wretched Mistake! Fatal Error! Was it for this We so loudly applauded the minister who was daily accumulating so many Evil Consequences upon us? Was it for this We hung upon his Chariot Wheels and bore him through the City with incessant Shouts and triumphant Acclamations? For this did he receive Addresses from all the Cities and Corporations of Great Britain, upon every new Accession of Misfortune he entailed upon us? How much are we indebted to your Lairdship's judicious Advocate, for dispelling the mists of Popular Prejudice by which we had been so long blinded, and how greatly will it redound to your glory that you have given us so much Reason to rejoice over the good Consequences of our Losses, and the evil ones resulting to our Enemies the French, from the important Conquest of Newfoundland!

Suffer not then, my Laird, the Ignis Fatuus of Glory to lead you astray, and your Lairdship will soon put an end to the War: for if our Losses are repeated, in Proportion as our Conquests were acquir'd, we can not fail of obtaining a Peace, even upon the equitable Terms which the two illustrious Branches of the House of Bourbon shall think fit to prescribe.

Signed, THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.
Price 6d.

GROUP XXVIII.

WILLIAM PITT AND THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. Extracts from Pitt's Speeches. (In Life of Pitt. London, 1810.)

May 27, 1774.

My Lords: . . . If we take a transient view of those motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the western world, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will naturally subside. There was no corner of the world into which men of their free and enterprising spirit would not fly with alacrity, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical principles, which prevailed at that period in their native country. And shall we wonder, my Lords, if the descendants of such illustrious characters spurn, with contempt, the hand of unconstitutional power, that would snatch from them such dear-bought privileges as they now contend for? Had the British Colonies been planted by any other kingdom than our own, the inhabitants would have carried with them the chains of slavery, and spirit of despotism; but as they are, they ought to be remembered as great instances to instruct the world, what great exertions mankind will naturally make, when they are left to the free exercise of their own powers. And, my Lords, notwithstanding my intention to give my hearty negative to the question now before you [a bill for quartering soldiers in America], I cannot help condemming, in the severest manner, the late turbulent and unwarrantable conduct of the Americans in some instances, particularly in the late riots of Boston. But, my Lords, the mode which has been pursued to bring them back to a sense of their duty to their parent state has been diametrically opposite to the fundamental principles of sound policy. . . . By blocking up the harbour of Boston, you have involved the innocent trader in the same punishment with the guilty profligates who destroyed your merchandize; and instead of making a well-concerted effort to secure the real offenders, you clap a military and naval extinguisher over their harbour. . . .

My Lords, this country is little obliged to the framers and promoters of this tea-tax. The Americans had almost forgot, in their excess of gratitude for the repeal of the stamp act, any interest but that of the mother country; there seemed an emulation among the different provinces, who should be most dutiful and forward in their expressions of loyalty. . . . But the moment they perceived your intention was renewed to tax them, under a pretence of serving the East India Company, their resentment got the ascendant of their moderation, and hurried them into actions contrary to law, which, in their cooler hours, they would have thought on with horror; for I sincerely believe, the destroying of the tea was the effect of despair.

But my Lords, from the complexion of the whole of the proceedings, I think that administration has purposely irritated them into those violent acts, for which they now so severely smart; purposely to be revenged on them for the victory they gained by the repeal of the stamp act. . . . For what other motive could induce them to dress taxation, that father of American sedition, in the robes of an East India Director, but to break in upon that mutual peace and harmony. . . .

My Lords, I am an old man, and would advise the noble Lords in office to adopt a more gentle mode of governing America; for the day is not far distant, when America may vie with these kingdoms, not only in arms, but in arts also. It is an established fact, that the principal towns in America are learned and polite, and understand the constitution of the empire as well as the noble Lords who are now in office; and consequently they will have a watchful eye over their liberties, to prevent the least encroachment on their hereditary rights. . . .

This, my Lords, though no new doctrine, has always been my received and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it to my grave, *that this country had no right under heaven to tax America.* It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy. . . . Such proceedings will never meet their wished-for success; and, instead of adding to their miseries, as the bill now before you most undoubtedly does, adopt some lenient measures, which may lure them to their duty; proceed like a kind and affectionate parent over a child whom he tenderly loves; and, instead of those harsh and severe proceedings pass an amnesty on all their youthful errors; clasp them once more in your fond and affectionate arms; and I will venture to affirm you will find them children worthy of their sire. . . .

Nov. 29, 1774.

I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis; an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity: for my own part, I will not desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business, from the first to the last; unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention; I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded Ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their important danger. . . .

I contend not for indulgence, but justice to America; and I shall ever contend, that the Americans justly owe obedience to us in a limited degree, . . . but let the line be skillfully drawn. . . . Let the sacredness of their property remain inviolate; let it be taxable only by their own consent, given in their provincial assemblies, else *it will cease to be property.* . . .

Adopt, then, the grace, while you have the opportunity of reconcilement; or at least prepare the way.—Allay the ferment prevailing in America, by removing the obnoxious hostile cause [the troops]—obnoxious and unserviceable; for their merit can be only inaction: "Non dimicare et vincere," their victory can never be by exertions. Their force would be most disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts:—three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts [?] by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny.—And is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the affliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond the accounts of history, or description of poetry? . . . I remember some years ago, when the repeal of the stamp act was in agitation, conversing in a friendly confidence with a person of undoubted respect and authenticity [Franklin] . . . and he assured me: . . . That you might destroy their towns, and cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but that they were prepared to despise your power, and would not lament their loss, whilst they have—what, my Lords?—their *woods* and their *liberty*. . . . The spirit which now resists your taxation in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship-money, in England: the same spirit which called all England *on its legs*, and by the Bill of Rights vindicated the English constitution: the same spirit which established the great fundamental, essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.*

This glorious spirit of Whiggism animates three millions in America; who prefer poverty with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. . . . As an American I would recognize to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation: as an Englishman by birth and principle, I would recognize to the Americans their supreme unalienable right in their property; a right which they are justified in the defence of to the last extremity. To maintain this principle is the common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this. "'Tis liberty to liberty engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immoveably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature—immutable, eternal—fixed as the firmament of heaven. . . .

When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation—and it has been my favourite study—I have read Thucidydes, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental *nation*, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be *forced ultimately to retract;* let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts: *they must be repealed—you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them; I stake my reputation on it:—I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.* . . .

May 13, 1777.

. . . If an end is not put to this war, there is an end to this country. I do not trust my judgment in my present state of health; this is the judgment of my better days; the result of forty years attention to America. They are rebels: but what are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unquestionable rights! . . . America has carried you through former wars, and will now carry you to your death, if you don't take things in time. . . . You have been three years teaching them the art of war. They are apt scholars, and I will venture to tell your Lordships, that the American gentry will make officers enough fit to command the troops of all the European powers. . . . You have said, lay down your arms, and she has given you the Spartan answer, "Come take."

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2. Speech from the throne of George III., Nov. 18, 1777. (In Thackeray's Life of Pitt, Vol. II. p. 322.)

It is a great satisfaction to me that I can have recourse to the wisdom and support of my parliament in this conjuncture, when the continuance of the rebellion in North America demands our most serious attention. The powers you have entrusted me with, for the suppression of this revolt, have been faithfully exerted. . . . I am persuaded you will see the necessity of preparing for such further operations as the contingencies of the war, and the obstinacy of the rebels may render expedient. . . . And I still hope, that the deluded and unhappy multitude will return to their allegiance; and that the remembrance of what they once enjoyed, the regret for what they have lost, and the feelings of what they now suffer under the arbitrary tyranny of their leaders, will rekindle in their hearts a spirit of loyalty to their Sovereign, and of attachment to their mother-country; and that they will enable me, with the concurrence and support of my Parliament, to accomplish what I shall consider as the greatest happiness of my life, and the greatest glory of my reign, the restoration of peace, order, and confidence to my American Colonies.

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3. Speech of Lord Chatham on the subject of an address in answer to the Speech from the Throne.

I rise, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. . . . I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify, the monstrous measures that have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and darkness that envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors. . . . *But yesterday*, *and* England *might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence.* I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring; but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity, are sacrificed. France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? . . .

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known: no man thinks more highly of them than I do: I love and honor the English troops: I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an* impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say, you CANNOT conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general

(Amherst), now a noble Lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force (Burgoyne's army), the best appointed army that ever took the field commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines; *he was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible.—You may swell every expence, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German Prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign Prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never. . . .

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment: unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character—it is a violation of the constitution—I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes, that the strength and character of our armies are thus impaired: infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine—familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, "that make ambition virtue!" What makes ambition virtue?—the sense of honor. . . . In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling. . . .

Lord Suffolk (*defending the employment of the Indians in the war and contending, that, besides its policy and necessity it was allowable also on principle*): "it is perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and Nature put into our hands.*" Pitt (*suddenly rising*): "I am astonished, shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country:—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are

THE TEA-TAX TEMPEST, A. D. 1778. (Bourgoyne's surrender.)

called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That God and Nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.—What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife —to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting and eating; literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles. Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity. . . . From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor [Admiral Howard] of this noble Lord [Suffolk] frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds*, I say, *of savage war!* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. . . . I again implore these holy prelates of our religion, to do away with these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin. My Lords, I am old and weak and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

(Pitts amendment was rejected by a large majority.)

Extract from Seward's Anecdotes. (Vol. II. p. 383. London, 1804.)

Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, lapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity: he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his feet with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards Heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house"—a prophecy too fatally fulfilled!

The purport of his speech is well-known. The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting: if any one had dropped an handkerchief, the noise would have been heard.

At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever: oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American War; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evils which he had prophecied in consequence of them; adding at the end of each, "and so it proved!"

In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions. "Of a Spanish invasion, of a French invasion, of a Dutch invasion, many noble Lords may have read in history; and some Lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may, perhaps, remember a Scotch invasion."

While the Duke of Richmond was speaking he looked at him with attention and composure; but when he rose up to answer, his strength failed him and he fell backwards. He was instantly supported by those who were near him, and every one pressed round him with anxious solicitude. His youngest son, the Honorable James Pitt (since dead), was particularly anxious and clever in assisting his venerable father, though the youth was not more than 17 or 18 years of age.

Lord Chatham was carried to Mr. Sergent's house, in Downing-Street, where he was accommodated with every kind and friendly attention, both at this time and on a preceding day, when he had attended the House of Lords, some weeks before. From thence he was carried home to Hayes, and put to bed. He never rose again! Therefore his death may be properly said to have happened in the House of Lords, in the discharge of his great political duty: a duty, which he came in a dying state, to perform!

Such was the glorious end of this Great Man!

GROUP XXIX.

GEORGE III. AND HIS HEIR APPARENT.

1. Extract from the Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne. (Edited by McCullagh Torrens. Vol. I. p. 156.)

Lord Essex used to tell how George III, about to mount his horse for a morning ride, noticed that the heir apparent, whom he desired to accompany him and who stood uncovered by his side, wore a wig, and he asked sharply why he did so; the Prince replied "that he found himself subject to take cold, and that he had been advised by his physician to take this precaution." His Majesty turned to the lord-in-waiting and said, "A lie ever ready when it's wanted." . . .

When Regent he [George IV] once called on Lady Spencer to ask her to do him a great service. He wished her to choose a person of attainments and accomplishments to be governess to the Princess Charlotte. Above all things, he desired that the lady should teach his daughter always to tell the truth.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

[illegible]

Lady Spencer betrayed by the expression of her features what was passing in her mind. On which his Royal Highness observed, "You know I don't speak the truth, and my brothers don't, and I find it a great defect, from which I would have my daughter free. We have always been brought up badly, the Queen having taught us to equivocate; and I want you to help me in the matter."

Letter of Major-General Grenville to Earl Cornwallis. (Cornwallis Correspondence. London, 1859. Vol. I. p. 348.)

Dec. 20, 1787.

We are totally guided by——[the Prince of Wales], and thoroughly initiated into all the extravagancies and debaucheries of this most *virtuous* metropolis. Our visits to Windsor are less frequent, and I am afraid will at last be totally given up . . . I flatter myself still . . . [that] we shall perceive before *it is too late*, that we are losing ourselves in the eyes of the world, and throwing away the finest game that ever man had presented to him.

Extract from Mrs. Papendiek's Journals. (London, 1887. Vol. I. p. 256.)

1781.

. . . At the end of this session, the Prince of Wales solicited that the sum stipulated for the repairs of Carlton House should be paid to him, and the answer was that it was ready and would be given to the commissioners, on proving their accounts. This his Royal Highness would not listen to; it was represented that the screen alone had cost more than the Crown had allowed for the whole, and he wished to have the disposal of any money he could lay his hands on. . . . Of these and many other extravagances, was the King aware, and as the Crown would not pay his debts, the Prince threw up his establishment, declared himself a bankrupt, and all the appointments null and void. [His debts, a little later, amounted to more than 600,000*l.*—Ed.]

General Grant to Earl Cornwallis. (Cornwallis Correspondence. London, 1859.)

April 6, 1788.

. . . At the Irish Club we have been honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, who are reciprocally obliged to one another; the Prince has taught the Duke to *drink* in the most liberal and copious way, and the Duke in return has been equally successful in teaching his brother to lose his money at all sorts of play—Quinze, Hazard, etc. . . . These play parties have chiefly taken place at a new Club, formed this winter by the Prince of Wales in opposition to Brookes's, because Tarleton and Jack Payne, proposed by his Royal Highness, were black-balled. The Club by way of distinction, as there are so many of them in St. James's Street, passes under the name of the Dover House.

Letter of the Duke of Dorset to Mr. Eden (Auckland Correspondence 1,393), Oct. 6, 1786.

. . . I never saw the King in such spirits,—they rise in proportion to the stocks, which are beyond the sanguine expectations of everybody. The Heir apparent is still at Brighton and drives the whole world away.

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Jan. 18, 1788.

. . . The King walks twelve miles in his way from Windsor to London, which is more than the Prince of Wales can do *à l'heure qu'il est.* So there is but little chance for the X's. Adieu.

Nov. 14, 1788.

Dear Eden: All sorts of news are drowned in the great event of the

King's illness. . . . Every day seems to produce worse symptoms, both of his life and his reason; and it seems among the physicians a general opinion, that if the King does not die, there is very little probability of his recovering his senses. It is reported, but how far that report is to be depended on I can not tell, that ministers will endeavour to appoint a Regency, the Prince, of course, to be Regent, but that he is to be saddled with a Council. . . .

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2. Extracts from the Diary of Madame d'Arblay. (London, 1842, Vol. IV. p. 273.)

Saturday, Oct. 25—Nov. 1.

I had a sort of conference with his Majesty, or rather I was the object to whom he spoke, with a manner so uncommon, that a high fever alone could account for it; a rapidity, a hoarseness of voice, a volubility, an earnestness—a vehemence, rather—it startled me inexpressibly. . . . The Queen is evidently in great uneasiness. . . . During the reading this morning, twice, at pathetic passages, my poor Queen shed tears. "How nervous I am!" she cried; "I am quite a fool! Don't you think so?" "No, ma'am!" was all that I dared answer. . . .

Nov. 5th.

O dreadful day! My very heart has so sickened in looking over my memorandums, that I was forced to go to other employment. I will not, however, omit its narration. . . .

O my dear friends, what a history! The King at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears. No one knew what was to follow. . . .

At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture. . . . We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She sent for Sir George [Baker]—he would not speak alone. . . . At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching. The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him.

He came not.

All astonished and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on enquiries. She returned, and said Dr. Warren was gone. "Run, stop him!" was the Queen's next order. . . . Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales.

I think a deeper blow I have never witnessed. Already to become but second, even for the King! The tears were now wiped; indignation arose, with pain. . . .

Nov. 7.

. . . While I was yet with my poor Royal Sufferer this morning the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologised for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had been indeed most affectingly dreadful. The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned [of anxious watchers]; amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there. . . . Sir George Baker . . . attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman—that he wondered he had ever followed his advice,

Georg PRINZ REGENT

for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous. . . . Mr. Fairly . . . came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried "Who are you?" "I am Mr. Fairly, sir," he answered, "and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir: it is necessary to your life." And then he was so surprised, that he let himself be drawn along just like a child; and so they got him to bed.

Letter of J. W. Payne to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (In Moore's Sheridan, p. 355.)

. . . I find that the present distemper has been very palpable for some time past. . . . the two days (viz: yesterday se'ennight and the Monday following) that he was five hours each on horseback, he was in a confirmed frenzy. On the Monday at his return he burst out into tears to the Duke of York, and said, "He wished to God he might die, for he was going to be mad." . . . The Doctors told Pitt . . . that they were perfectly ready to declare now, for the furtherance of public business, that he is now insane.

Letter of Lord Bulkeley to the Marquis of Buckingham. (In Buckingham Papers. London, 1853, p. 444.)

Nov. 11, 1788.

. . . We have been at Windsor the last three mornings, and sorry am I to tell you that poor Rex's state seems worse than a thousand deaths; for unless God interposes by some miracle, there is every appearance of his living with the loss of his intellects. . . . I saw the General, who was exceedingly guarded, as they all are who really love poor Rex. . . . The Queen sees nobody but Lady Constance, Lady Charlotte Finch, Miss Burney, and her two sons, who, I am afraid, do not announce the state of the King's health with that caution and delicacy which should be observed to the wife and the mother, and it is to them only that she looks up. . . .

The stocks are already fallen 2 per cent, and the alarms of the people of London are very little flattering to the Prince.

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3. Extract from Lady Harcourt's Diary. (In Jesse, Memoirs of the Reign of George III.)

1788.

. . . The unhappy patient upon whom this, the most terrible visitation of Heaven, has fallen, was no longer dealt with as a human being. His body was immediately enclosed in a machine, which left it no liberty of motion. He was sometimes chained to a staple. He was frequently beaten and starved, and, at the best, he was kept in subjection by menacing and violent language. The history of the King's illness showed that the most exalted station did not wholly exempt the sufferer from this stupid and inhuman usage. The King's disorder manifested itsself principally in unceasing talk, but no disposition to violence was exhibited. Yet he was subjected constantly to the severe discipline of the straight waistcoat; he was secluded from the Queen and his family; he was denied the use of a knife and fork, of scissors, or any instrument with which he might inflict bodily injury. Such petty vexatious treatment could not fail to aggravate a disorder, the leading symptom of which was nervous irritability, caused by over application, extreme abstemiousness, and domestic anxiety. It would have been well if the errors of the physicians had been confined to ignorance. But their negligence was still more reprehensible. While the poor maniac was deprived of those tender offices which his wife and daughters might have rendered, he was abandoned to the care of low mercenaries, and so little discrimination was observed in the choice of his attendants, that the charge of his person devolved chiefly on a German page named Ernst, who was utterly unworthy to be trusted with the care of the humblest of his fellow creatures. This man, who had been raised by the patronage of His Majesty, repaid the kindness of his royal master with the most brutal ingratitude. He went so far as to strike the helpless King; and on one occasion, when his Majesty wished to protract his exercise in the gardens at Kew, Ernst seized him in his arms, carried him into a chamber, and throwing him violently on a sofa, exclaimed in an insolent manner to the attendants, "There is your King for you."

[Lady Harcourt was a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and gives the King himself as voucher for some of these details—not altogether a safe source of information. We know however that the page Ernst had a violent temper; Mrs. Papendiek speaks of him as being in "one of his bad humours." That the physicians who were first called in used a restrictive policy, which Dr. Willis at once reversed, is also certain. Medical methods were still very barbarous. Lady Harcourt's testimony can not be entirely thrown aside. It is to her that we owe certain other shocking details—as, for instance, the fact that at Brookes's, the fashionable club for card-playing, it was usual for the Prince's followers to say "I play the lunatic," meaning the King. —Ed.]

Extract from Twiss's Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon. (London, 1844. Vol. I. p. 230.)

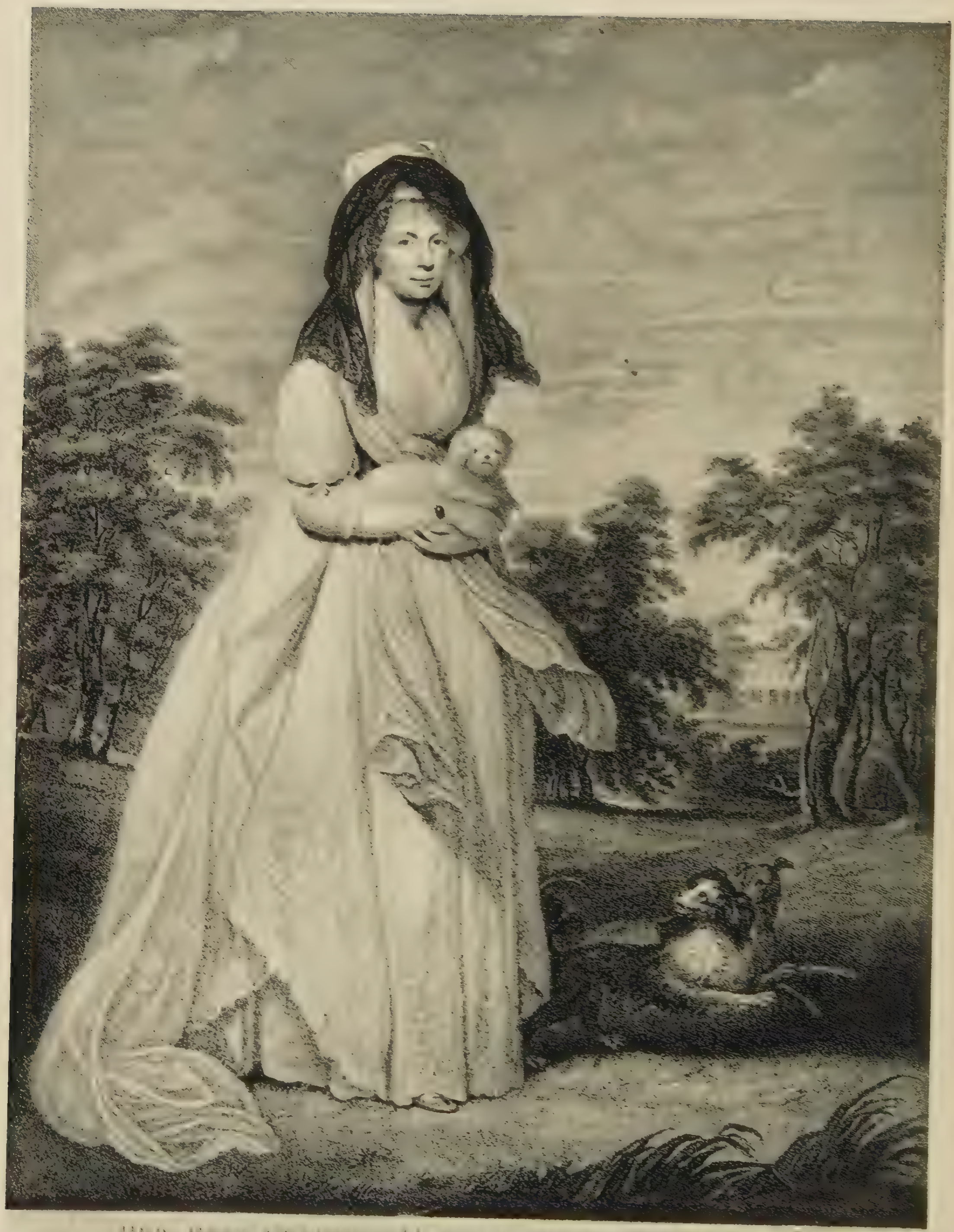
The King, during one of his illnesses, complained to Lord Eldon, who related the story to Mr. Farrar, that a man in the employ of some of his physicians, had knocked him down. "When I got up again," added the King, "I said my foot had slipped, and ascribed my fall to that; it would not do for me to admit that the King had been knocked down by any one."

Mr. W. W. Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham.

Dec. 7, 1788.

. . . I have just seen a man who saw a note of Willis's dated late last night, in which he says that he is confident the King would do very well. . . . It is quite ridiculous to see how angry the Opposition are at the report of the physicians. . . . The behaviour of the two princes is such as to shock every man's feelings. What do you think of the Duke of York's having a meeting of the Opposition at his house on Thursday, before the House of Lords met, and then going down there to hear the examinations [of the physicians] read? After that, they closed the day by both going in the evening to Brooks's. The truth is, that the Duke is entirely in his brother's hands, and that the latter is taking inconceivable pains to keep him so. . . . There seems great reason to believe that the Prince of Wales is inclined to go to all the lengths to which that party are pushing him. . . .

In the midst of all this confusion, and while his sons and brothers are struggling to gain entire possession of his authority, the King may recover his reason. What a scene will present itsself to him! and how devoutly must he pray, if he is wise, to lose again all power of recollection or reflection.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE

Dec. 21.

You will see in the Opposition papers that they are beginning to abuse the Queen in the most open and scandalous manner. . . .

If we were together, I could tell you some particulars of the Prince of Wales's behaviour towards the King and her, within these few days, that would make your blood run cold; but I dare not commit them to paper, because of my informant.

Lord Bulkeley to Marquis of Buckingham.

No date.

The Princes go on in their usual style, both keeping open houses, and employing every means in their power to gain proselytes. . . . The Duke of York never misses a night at Brookes's, where the hawks pluck his feathers unmercifully, and have reduced him to the vowels I. O. U. The Prince likewise attends very often, and has taken kindly to play.

4. Mrs. Papendiek's Journals.

The King was allowed pens, ink and paper, and wrote down, as a sort of journal, every occurrence that took place, and every conversation, as correctly as could be.

Twice only was the King shaved between November and some time in January. My father, though principal barber, the title of his 300*l.* a year place, was too nervous to undertake it. Mr. Papendiek, however, was ready. He begged the Queen to have Palmer, the razor-maker, down, that there might be no flaw or hitch in the instruments, and the razor well sharpened. This was done, and Mr. Papendiek succeeded in clearing the two cheeks at one sitting, which, with the King's talking in between, was nearly a two hours' job. The Queen, out of sight of the King, sat patiently to see it done, which was achieved without one drop of blood. The condition of the Queen was pitiable in the extreme. The first days of her terrible grief she passed almost entirely with her hands and arms stretched across a table before her, with her head resting upon them, and she took nothing to eat or drink except once or twice a little barley water. . . . Mr. Papendiek told me afterwards that the silence and gloom within the walls of the Lodge was something terrible. . . .

The conduct of the Prince of Wales was, during this season of affliction, very heartless. . . . At first the Queen could not make up her mind to see him. . . . When he began to enter upon political conversation, her Majesty said that the equerries and Miss Goldsworthy must be called to answer the Prince, who, after being most severe, and knocking his stick several times upon the floor, while condemning the whole of what had been done, bowed and retired without kissing the Queen's hand according to the usual custom. . . .

His Majesty used to inquire who called, and on wishing to be told if Lord North had ever been, was answered in the affirmative. Then the King said, "He might have recollected me sooner. However, he, poor fellow, has lost his sight, and I my mind. Yet we meant well to the Americans; just to punish them with a few bloody noses, and then to make bows for the mutual happiness of the two countries. But want of principle got into the army. . . . We lost America. Tell him not to call again; I shall never see him."

5. Extracts from the Auckland Correspondence.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Dec. 12, 1788.

. . . Dr. Willis, who seems now to have the principal management of the King, is a clergyman, and keeps a mad-house in Lincolnshire. He is considered by some as not much better than a mountebank, and not far different from some of those that are confined in his house. . . .

Pitt is playing the game without temper or judgment; and his declaration in Parliament the day before yesterday, that the Prince of Wales had no better right or claim to the Regency than any other subject, gives as much offence and alarm as Fox's assertion, that he was of right entitled to it.

17th Dec.

. . . Pitt's mountebank speeches suit the nonsense of many, however they may be execrated and disliked by others. . . . His plan is to maintain the present household unalterable, and to prevent the creation of peers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

. . . Since Dr. Willis of Lincolnshire, has been called in, our hope has been more firm and constant, and at this moment stands very high. He has had great experience in this malady for eight and twenty years, and great success. . . . The doctor says confidently that in such a case in common life, he should promise himself a perfect cure in a very short time—a few weeks—that he does promise it himself in this case, though aware that it has difficulties in the way which common cases have not. . . . Will the new regent be soon named? I think yes. Will he change the Government directly? Will the country bear this? Will the King's recovery be hazarded, should he in the commencement of it find great changes? These are very serious speculations on which I don't venture to give an opinion. It is an awful moment, my dear friend. May it please God to conduct us safely through it!

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Nov. 22, 1788.

. . . For obvious reasons it is the policy of those attached to Administration to represent the King's state better than it is. . . . There is a difference of opinion as to his health, and one part of the public believes his constitution broken up, while another part flatters itsself that the illness is the effect of fever. . . . Cabal flourishes. The Prince gains much credit by his conduct at Windsor. The poor King's illness is not melancholy or mischievous; at times it is rather gay. Yesterday se'ennight he talked incessantly for sixteen hours, to divert him from which, they endeavoured to turn him to writing: at last he began to compose notes on Don Quixote. He fancies London is drowned and orders his yacht to go there. He took Sir George Baker's wig, flung it in his face, threw him on his back, and told him he might stargaze. Sir George is rather afraid of him. In one of his soliloquies he said, "I hate nobody, why should anybody hate me?" recollecting a little he added, "I beg pardon, I do hate the Marquis of Buckingham." The Queen has not seen the King since the first days of the disorder, except once, which produced an affecting scene. He contrived to steal out of his room in search of her, supposing she and his children were stolen from him. She lay in a near room. He got to her bed-side, drew the curtain, and exclaimed, "She is there," seemingly satisfied. He was without difficulty conducted to his apartment.

Sir John Eden to Mr. Eden.

Dec. 11, 1788.

. . . I this day heard from a stranger that symptoms of this disorder appeared in 1782; if so, I should imagine occasioned by the American War. . . . We

PITT.

shall soon be in a complete ferment. Mr. Fox yesterday advanced some doctrine which Mr. Pitt construed little short of treason. This brought on acrimony from Fox, a rejoinder from Pitt, and a severe speech from Burke, who termed Pitt a competitor for the Regency. The House of Lords are this day on the same business, the report of the physicians. Many people seem to think the minister [Pitt] means to have a committee of Regency, himself the chief (*King William the Fourth*), but I am not of this opinion; however he seems to have spoken so freely of the Prince of Wales as to indicate a design of retiring if the Prince becomes Regent.

Captain Sidney Smith, *R. N.*, *to Mr. Eden.*

Dec. 30, 1788.

. . . The "opposition" physicians about his Majesty (and however odd it may sound such there have been) say everything they can to invalidate the daily testimonies of the others, so between both, the public are strangely divided in doubts, hopes, and fears. . . . The poor Queen is, as may be supposed, worn to a skeleton. . . . I shall . . . take my leave of this subject by satisfying a query that must arise in your mind, viz. whether the Prince will take the Regency; with restrictions it is supposed he will, lest the Queen should, as the Parliament, having established their right and overset the injudicious claim made by his friends in favour of his right, might and would offer it to her Majesty, and she has no reason to be delicate with regard to his Royal Highness from his treatment of her.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Jan 16th, 1789.

. . . It is a strange subject for party to exist upon, and disgraceful to the country that it should be so; but so it is, and many pronounce Warren a party man in his accounts of a deep dye, while Willis is supposed to delude himself by his ambition to recover the patient.

Lord Sheffield to Mr. Eden.

Jan 14, 1789.

. . . My last account of the King is that he had had but five hours' sleep in three nights and days, and that he has been extremely furious. His pulse was at 120 on Sunday night, when Pepys ordered a draft, which Willis would not give him. On Monday morning his pulse was at 108: in this situation Willis had ordered the carriage to take him out, because he promised him an airing the day before, and he never broke his promise; however, Warren and Pepys thought Willis's promise of less consequence than the King's life, and kept him at home.

Miss Sayer to Madame Huber.

Jan. 29, 1789.

. . . What you will not see [in the papers] is the strange supper of which I am going to tell you, and which Lady Mount Edgcumbe had from the Duchess of Gordon herself, who, being entirely for Mr. Pett, is vastly teased by the princes, whom she never fails to answer extremely well. A few days ago Mrs. Richard Walpole gave a supper to the two princes, Mrs. Fitzherbert [the heir apparent's wife.—Ed.], Colonel Fullarton . . . and a few others; the Duchess of Gordon the only Pittite. The Prince says: "What a fine fellow my brother York is! he never forsakes me. The other day, when we went to look for the King's money, jewels, etc., at Kew, as we opened the drawers, my mother looked very uneasy, and grew angry. Says York to her, "Madam, I believe you are as much deranged as the King." . . . The Duchess of Gordon (for which you will like her though a Scotchwoman) declared if they began to abuse the Queen she would leave the room.

Extract from Lady Harcourt's Diary. (Massey's England, Vol. III. p. 389.)

Jack Payne, the Prince's secretary and confidential man, one day uttered some ribaldry about the Queen in the presence of the Duchess of Gordon: "You little, insignificant, good-for-nothing, upstart, pert, chattering puppy," said her Grace, "how dare you name your royal master's royal mother in that style?"

Mr. Huber to Mr. Eden.

Feb. 3rd, 1789.

. . . The resolutions of the Commons of Wednesday the 28th are: "That a committee be appointed to communicate to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales the resolutions which the Houses of Lords and Commons have agreed to for providing the means of supplying the defect in the personal exercise of the royal authority, under such regulations as the present circumstances may require. . . ." The Prince is highly offended at all these restrictions *sine qua non.*

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6. Diary of Madame d'Arblay.

Kew Palace, Feb. 2.

What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life. . . .

I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John [Willis], I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought It was the person of his Majesty.

Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney!"

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal. . . . The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears:—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Dr. Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so run during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out "Stop! stop! stop!" . . . I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants had not reached me, "Dr. Willis begs you to stop!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" I answered, still flying on, when he called out "You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run."

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. . . .

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out "Why did you run away?"

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper, to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered; I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me [but enough of Miss Burney's exaggerated emotions.—Ed.]

The Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Eden.

Feb. 13, 1789.

. . . I saw Mr. Pitt while I was out; he was just come from Kew, and brought from thence everything that can encourage hope [of the King's recovery]. Few opposition people were at the House, and those few languid, like men with whom hope deferred has made the heart sick. Sheridan and Co. may at all events urge to get possession for the sake of rank, let the possession be ever so short; but it is too shocking to suppose the Prince will submit to this.

Feb. 20.

. . . The Regency Bill was yesterday put off, and the House adjourned till Tuesday, it being the opinion of all lawyers that in the King's present state the great seal could not be put to a bill to transfer the regal powers.

Madame Huber to Mrs. Eden.

Feb. 21.

. . . Even Dr. Warren said at Kew the other day, that the amendment was great: he [the King] has written several letters to London, and has settled some accounts with perfect recollection and coolness, and is constantly serene, cheerful and composed. Mr. Burke is almost mad, and will be quite so, no doubt, if the King recovers, though he has already renounced his intention of disputing that point, whenever it is asserted. "They may (says he) bring back a King subdued and quieted by coercion." Being called to order, he complained of interruption. Mr. Pitt answered him most completely with such cold contempt, informing him that he never wished to do away with the impression his speeches made on the house. After this great violence in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke found wrote with chalk the next morning, "Very irritable in the evening, no sleep all night, and very unquiet this morning." The Prince, being very drunk the other night, promised a regiment to Captain Macdonald, who has not the smallest pretentions to one; but he keeps him to his promise. A person who *saw* the King says, though thin, he is not so thin as he has been, looks fresh and healthy, and much handsomer from not being so weatherbeaten. Somebody, a few days ago, attempted to talk politics to him, but he said, "None yet; my head is not strong enough for that subject."

All the ladies may burn their Regency caps, of which, no doubt, you have an account. . . . The cheapest . . . costs seven guineas. . . .

Some better news of our excellent King; there seems now to be no doubt of his perfect recovery. . . . I would give a great deal to be witness of the joy in England on this happy event.

The Queen surely will think there can never be enough done for Dr. Willis, and I hope he will experience the gratitude of a generous nation in its most powerful esteem.

Lord Hawkesbury to Earl Cornwallis.

Jan. 6, 1789.

. . . The personal exercise of the Royal Authority is at an end. To supply this the Prince is to be appointed Regent, under such restrictions as do not allow him to do anything which the King will not be able to undo, if he should ever be able to resume his government; and the Queen is to have the care of the King's person and the management of his household. These questions we are warmly to discuss in the two Houses in the course of the next ten days. The Queen supports the King's Ministers and servants; and the Prince and the Duke of York cleave to Opposition; and as soon as the Regency is formed, we shall certainly be all dismissed, and the system of the Government will be changed.

Lord Sydney to Earl Cornwallis.

Feb. 21, 1789.

. . . The Chancellor was yesterday with H. M., and for the first time talked to him upon business, and opened to him, in part, the measures which had been taken during his confinement. I understand that H. M. was by no means the worse for this conversation. Dr. Willis, who attends him, says that, were he a private man, he should advise his following now his his usual occupation. . . . But, God knows, H. M. will have a severe trial when he is informed of all that has passed during the unhappy interval. Every possible care will no doubt be taken to prepare him. You will hear from other hands, probably, that the P. of W. has got complete possession of the D. of Y., and they had meditated such changes in the state and in the army as would have grieved him exceedingly. No scruple has been made of declaring that a general swoop of all places would be made, if the Regency were to last only a day. . . .

Our own domestic scene has been an interesting one. We have seen no times when it has been so necessary to separate parties in private company. The acrimony is beyond anything you can conceive. The ladies are as usual at the head of all animosity, and are distinguished by caps, ribands, and other such ensigns of party. They have driven old Queensbury out of England by calling him a Rat for deserting his master to hobble after a young Prince. . . . I will not dwell upon this filthy subject even to state the filthiest conduct of North, who is led down to the House to act under Sheridan to joke upon the King's misfortunes. Thank God, the country in all parts and both houses of Parliament have nobly stood by the King. More affection and concern could not have been shown, and H. M. will have the satisfaction of finding how much he is personally beloved. Mr. Pitt has conducted himself with the greatest judgment and ability—Fox has been dangerously ill.

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7. Extracts from Mrs. Harcourt's Diary. (In Fitzgerald, Life of George IV. London, 1881, Vol. I. p. 177.)

Feb 22.

Lady C. Finch said the King showed the greatest affection to the Queen. It was the attention of a lover. He seemed to delight in making her presents — kissed her hand and showed every mark of tenderness. I was just with Lady C. when Genl. H. came to fetch me to Mr. Smelt's house saying the King was waiting to see me. I flew up stairs where I found the King and before I could speak he caught me in his arms and kissed me, which I own I did him on both sides of his face, telling him how happy I was and how I thanked God for this blessing of seeing him well. . . . He looked very thin but was in excellent spirits, making his usual jokes and looked full of kindness and benevolence. Genl. H. removed from the K's mind a prejudice as to the Queen's leaving him at Windsor before he was removed to Kew by fully explaining the plan having been so arranged by the physician and the King declared himself highly pleased and satisfied. The King and Queen afterwards came together to see me. She was dreadfully reduced and shewed me her stays, which would wrap twice over. . . .

Mr. Storer to Mr. Eden.

Apr. 21, 1789.

. . . We have something new for the day, and that is, a ball given by the club of Brooke's, on account of his Majesty's recovery. The tickets are at three guineas and a half each. . . . The club of White's has already given a ball; and, as the ladies in opposition would not honour the Pantheon with their appearance, so (it is said) the ladies who support Government will not deign to attend to-night the ball at the Opera-house. [The Prince of Wales bought tickets for this ball, but afterwards offered them at public sale.—Ed.]

8. Letter of Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay) to her Father.

His Majesty is in delightful health and much improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of this place [Weymouth] is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God save the King;" all the shops have it over their doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors *in their voices*, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the King, or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on to three cheers.

The bathing machines make it their motto over all their windows; and those bathers that belong to the Royal dippers wear it in bandeaux on their bonnets, to go into the sea; and have it again in large letters round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaux and girdles, have a most singular appearance, and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty, when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save Great George our King."

GROUP XXX.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

1. Letter of Nelson to Alexander Davison. (Quoted in Barrow's Autobiography. London, 1847, p. 279.)

Victory, 24th July, 1805.

I am as miserable as you can conceive. But for General Brereton's d—d information [that the French fleet had gone to the West Indies.—Ed.], Nelson would have been, living or dead, the greatest man in his profession that England ever saw. Now, alas! I am nothing—perhaps, shall incur censure for misfortunes which may happen and have happened. When I follow my own head I am, in general, much more correct in my judgment than following the opinions of others. I resisted the opinion of General Brereton's information—it would have been the height of presumption to have carried my belief further.

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2. Extracts from Barrow.

In the autumn of 1805 Lord Nelson arrived in England, and, being much out of health, retired to a small place he had at Merton, where he remained in quiet in the midst of a pretty garden and in the society of his sister and Lady Hamilton. But the enjoyment he otherwise would have had is said to have been constantly interrupted by conjectures of what the enemy's fleet consisted, what he was projecting, and what was the force and disposition of his own fleet to meet it. While he was thus tormenting himself in matters of this kind, and in calling to mind the hope he had expressed to Admiral Collingwood, of rejoining him in the month of October, Captain Blackwood arrived with dispatches, announcing that the combined fleets of France and Spain had got into Cadiz. This intelligence admitted of no hesitation or delay—Nelson was himself again. He set off immediately for the Admiralty; told Lord Barham he was on his way to rejoin his fleet the moment the "Victory" was ready at Spithead, where a squadron was prepared as a reinforcement; and in three days he was again in town on his way to Portsmouth.

He had been with me at the Admiralty in the morning, anxiously inquiring and expressing his hopes about a code of signals just then improved and enlarged. I assured him they were all but ready; that he should not be disappointed, and that I would take care they should be at Portsmouth the following morning. On his way, in the evening, he looked in upon me at the Admiralty, where I was stopping to see them off. I pledged myself not to leave the office till a messenger was dispatched with the signals, should the post have departed, and that he might rely on their being at Portsmouth the following morning. On this he shook hands with me; I wished him all happiness and success, which I was sure he would command as he had always done; and he departed apparently more than usually cheerful. . . .

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3. Extracts from Nelson's Diary and Letters. (Quoted from Barrow.)

13 Sept.

At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to

NELSON. 1799 A. D.

cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that he will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done. Amen. Amen.

Oct. 1.

(Letter.) I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it: and when I came to explain to them the *Nelson touch*, it was like an electric shock: some shed tears—all approved. "It was new—it was singular—it was simple;" and from admirals downwards it was repeated. "It must succeed if ever they will allow us to get at them. You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence."

Oct. 21st.

(Diary.) May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may his blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend.

Barrow.

Never can I forget the shock I received, on opening the Board-room door, the morning after the arrival of the dispatches, when Marsden called out—" Glorious news! The most glorious victory our brave navy ever achieved —but Nelson is dead!" The vivid recollection of my interview with this incomparable man, and the idea that I was probably the last person he had taken leave of in London, left an impression of gloom on my mind that required some time to remove.

4. Account of W. Beatty, the Surgeon of the "Victory."

. . . Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, remained on board the *Victory* till a few minutes before the Enemy began to fire upon her. He represented to his Lordship that his Flagship would be singled out and much pressed by the Enemy; and suggested the propriety therefore of permitting one or two Ships of his Line to go ahead of the *Victory*, and lead her into action, which might be the means of drawing in some measure the Enemy's attention from her.

To this Lord Nelson assented and at half past nine o'clock he ordered the *Temeraire* and *Leviathan* by signal (the former of which ships, being close to the *Victory*, was hailed by his Lordship) to go ahead for that purpose; but from the light breeze that prevailed they were unable, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, to attain their intended stations. . . .

About half an hour before the Enemy opened their fire, the memorable telegraphic signal was made, that "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY," which was spread and received throughout the Fleet with enthusiasm. It is impossible adequately to describe by any language the lively emotions excited in the crew of the *Victory* when this propitious communication was made known to them: confidence and resolution were strongly pourtrayed in the countenance of all; and the sentiment generally expressed to each other was, that they would prove to their Country that day, how well British Seamen *could* "do their duty" when led to battle by their revered Admiral. . . .

At fifty minutes past eleven, the Enemy opened their fire on the Commander in Chief. They shewed great coolness in the commencement of the

Battle; for as the *Victory* approached their Line, their ships lying immediately ahead of her and across her bows fired only one gun at a time, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. This was frequently repeated by eight or nine of their ships, till at length a shot passed through the *Victory's* main top-gallant sail: the hole in which being discovered by the Enemy, they immediately opened their broadsides, supporting an awful and tremendous fire.

Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy walked the quarter deck in conversation for some time after this, while the Enemy kept up an incessant raking fire.

A double-headed shot struck one of the parties of Marines drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; when his Lordship, perceiving this, ordered Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together.

In a few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy; a splinter from the bits bruising Captain Hardy's foot, and tearing the buckle from his shoe. They both instantly stopped; and were observed by the Officers on deck to survey each other with inquiring looks, each supposing the other to be wounded. His Lordship then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long;" and declared that "through all the Battles he had been in, he had never witnessed more cool courage than was displayed by the *Victory's* crew on this occasion."

The *Victory* by this time, having approached close to the Enemy's Van, had suffered very severely without firing a single gun: she had lost about twenty men killed, and had about thirty wounded. Her mizzen topmast, and all her studding sails and their booms, on both sides were shot away; the Enemy's fire being chiefly directed at her rigging, with a view to disable her before she could close with them.

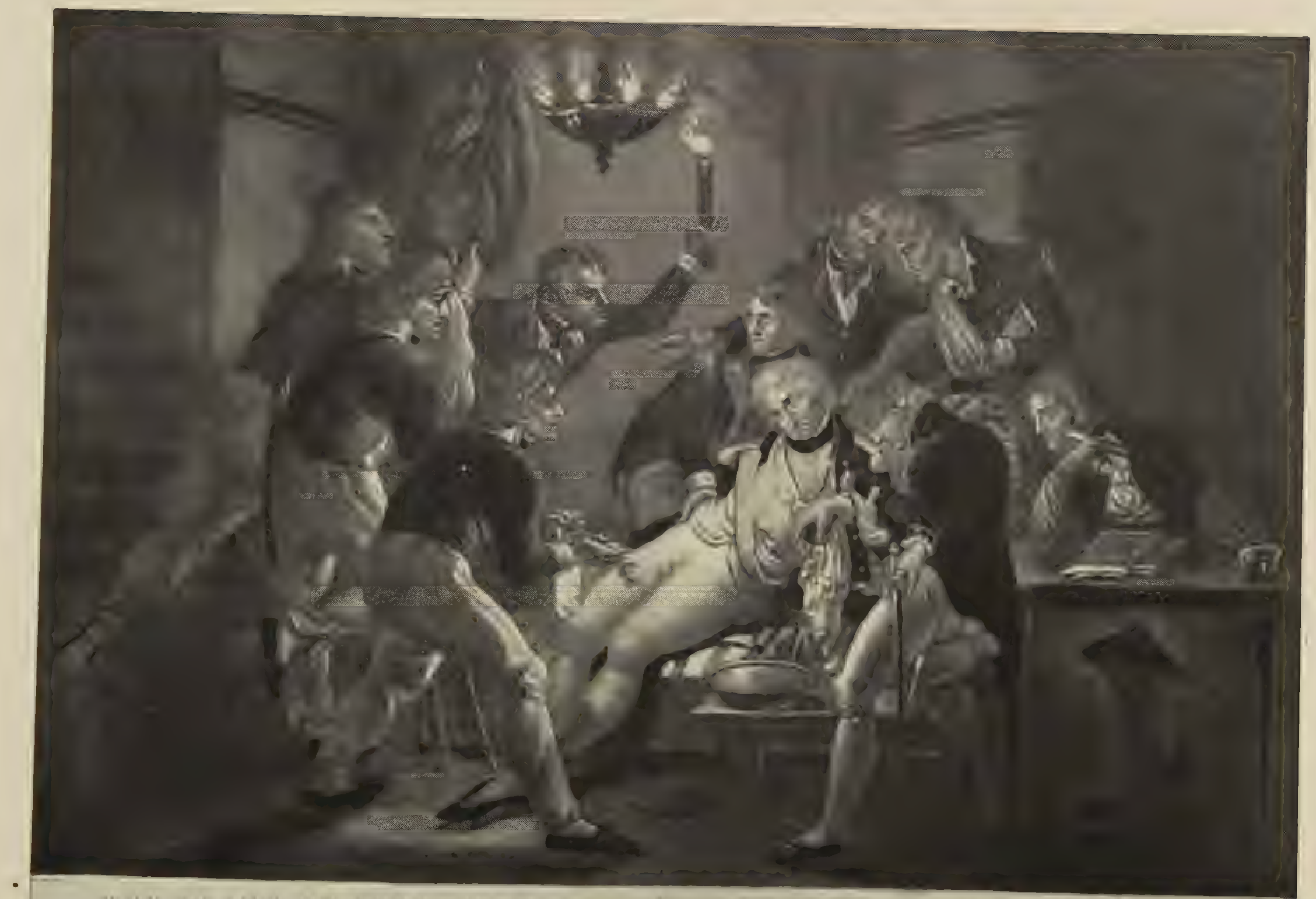
At four minutes past twelve o'clock, she opened her fire, from both sides of her decks, upon the Enemy; when Captain Hardy represented to his Lordship, that "it appeared impracticable to pass through the Enemy's Line without going on board some one of their ships."

Lord Nelson answered, "I cannot help it: it does not signify which we run on board of; go on board which you please; take your choice."

At twenty minutes past twelve, the tiller ropes being shot away: Mr. Atkinson, the Master, was ordered below to get the helm put to port; which being done, the *Victory* was soon run on board the *Redoubtable* of seventy four guns.

On coming alongside and nearly on board of her, that ship fired her broadside into the *Victory*, and immediately let down her lower deck ports; which, as has been since learnt, was done to prevent her from being boarded through them by the *Victory's* crew. She never fired a great gun after this single broadside.

A few minutes after this, the *Temeraire* fell likewise on board of the *Redoubtable*, on the side opposite to the *Victory*; having also an Enemy's ship, said to be *La Fougueuse*, on board of *her* on her other side: so that the extraordinary and unprecedented circumstance occurred here, of *four* Ships of the Line being *on board of each other* in the heat of battle; forming as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The *Temeraire*, as was just before mentioned, was between the *Redoubtable* and *La Fougueuse*.



THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

[illegible] October 1805, covered with Glory and whose Memory will be ever
[illegible]
[illegible] Hardy God be praised and immediately expired.

LA MORT DE MYLORD NELSON.

Qui tomba dans l'Action de Trafalgar le 21 Octobre [illegible] Mémoire sera toujours chérie de la
[illegible] Anglaise: Mylord après avoir [illegible] par le Capitaine Hardy [illegible]
[illegible]
dans le Vaisseau la Victoire, à quoi il répondit en mourant [illegible]

The *Redoubtable* commenced a heavy fire of musketry from the tops, which was continued for a considerable time with destructive effect to the *Victory's* crew: her great guns however being silent, it was supposed at different times that she had surrendered; and in consequence of this opinion, the *Victory* twice ceased firing upon her by Orders transmitted from the quarter deck.

At this period, scarcely a person in the *Victory* escaped unhurt who was exposed to the Enemy's musketry; but there were frequent huzzas and cheers heard from between the decks, in token of the surrender of different of the Enemy's ships. An incessant fire was kept up from both sides of the *Victory:* her larboard guns played upon the *Santissima Trinidada* and the *Bucentaur;* and the starboard guns of the middle and lower decks were depressed and fired with a diminished charge of powder, and three shot each, into the *Redoubtable.* This mode of firing was adopted by Lieutenants Williams, King, Yule, and Brown, to obviate the danger of the *Temeraire's* suffering from the *Victory's* shot passing through the *Redoubtable;* which must have been the case if the usual quantity of powder, and the common elevation, had been given to the guns.

A circumstance occurred in this situation which showed in a most striking manner the cool intrepidity of the Officers and men stationed on the lower deck of the *Victory.* When the guns on this deck were run out, their muzzles came into contact with the *Redoubtable's* side; and consequently at every discharge there was reason to fear that the enemy would take fire, and both the *Victory* and the *Temeraire* be involved in her flames. Here then was seen the astonishing spectacle of the Fireman of each gun standing ready with a bucket full of water, which as soon as his gun was discharged he dashed into the Enemy through the holes made in her side by the shot.

It was from this ship (the *Redoubtable*) that Lord Nelson received his mortal wound. About fifteen minutes past one o'clock, which was in the heat of the engagement, he was walking the middle of the quarter deck with Captain Hardy, and in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the *Victory*, when the fatal ball was fired from the Enemy's mizzen top; which, from the situation of the two ships (lying on board of each other), was brought just abaft, and rather below, the *Victory's* main yard, and of course not more than fifteen yards distant from that part of the deck where his Lordship stood. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck. Captain Hardy, who was on his right (the side furthest from the Enemy) and had advanced some steps before his Lordship, on turning round, saw the Serjeant Major (Secker) of Marines with two Seamen raising him from the deck; where he had fallen on the same spot on which a little before, his Secretary had breathed his last, with whose blood his Lordship's clothes were much soiled.

Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded; to which the gallant Chief replied: "They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"I hope not," answered Captain Hardy.

"Yes," replied his Lordship; "my backbone is shot through."

Captain Hardy ordered the Seamen to carry the Admiral to the Cockpit; and now two incidents occurred strikingly characteristic of this great man, and strongly marking that energy and reflection which in his heroic mind rose superior even to the immediate consideration of his present awful condition. While the men were carrying him down the ladder from the middle deck, his Lordship observed that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced; and desired one of the Midshipmen stationed there to go upon the quarter deck and remind Captain Hardy of that circumstance, and request that new ones should be immediately rove. Having delivered this Order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and covered his face with it, that he might be conveyed to the Cockpit at this crisis unnoticed by the crew. . . .

His Lordship was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. While this was effecting, he said to Dr. Scott, "Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone;" and after a short pause he added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my Country." . . .

The true nature of his wound was concealed by the Surgeon from all on board except only Captain Hardy, Dr. Scott, Mr. Burke, and Messrs. Smith and Westemburg the Assistant Surgeons.

The *Victory's* crew cheered whenever they observed an Enemy's ship surrender. On one of these occasions, Lord Nelson anxiously inquired what was the cause of it; when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded at some distance from his Lordship, raised himself up, and told him that another ship had struck, which appeared to give him much satisfaction. . . .

He evinced great solicitude for the event of the Battle, and fears for the safety of his friend Captain Hardy. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke used every argument they could suggest, to relieve his anxiety.

Mr. Burke told him "the Enemy were decisively defeated, and that he hoped his Lordship would still live to be himself the bearer of the joyful tidings to his Country."

He replied, "it is nonsense, Mr. Burke, to suppose I can live: my sufferings are great, but they will all be soon over."

Dr. Scott entreated his Lordship "not to despair of living," and said "he trusted that Divine Providence would restore him once more to his dear Country and friends."

"Ah, Doctor!" replied his Lordship, "it is all over; it is all over!"

Many messages were sent to Captain Hardy by the Surgeon, requesting his attendance on his Lordship; who became impatient to see him, and often exclaimed: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed: he is surely destroyed."

The Captain's Aide-de-Camp Mr. Bulkley, now came below, and stated that "circumstances respecting the Fleet required Captain Hardy's presence on deck; but that he would avail himself of the first favourable moment to visit his Lordship." . . .

An hour and ten minutes, however, elapsed from the time of his Lordship's being wounded before Captain Hardy's first subsequent interview with him; the particulars of which are nearly as follow.

They shook hands affectionately, and Lord Nelson said: "Well, Hardy, how goes the Battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my Lord," replied Captain Hardy: "we have got twelve or fourteen of the Enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their Van have tacked, and shew an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships around us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said his Lordship, "none of our ships have struck, Hardy."

"No, my Lord," replied Captain Hardy; "there is no fear of that."

Lord Nelson then said: "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Mr. Burke was about to withdraw at the commencement of this conversation; but his Lordship, perceiving his intention, desired he would remain.

Captain Hardy observed, that "he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life."

"Oh! no," answered his Lordship; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then returned on deck, and at parting shook hands again with his revered friend and Commander.

His Lordship now requested the Surgeon, who had previously been absent a short time attending Mr. Rivers, to return to the wounded; and give his assistance to such of them as he could be useful to; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me!" The Surgeon assured him that the Assistant Surgeons were doing everything that could be effected for those unfortunate men; but on his Lordship's several times repeating his injunctions to that purpose, he left him surrounded by Dr. Scott, Mr. Burke, and two of his Lordship's domestics. . . .

He often exclaimed, "God be praised, I have done my duty," and upon the Surgeon's enquiry whether his pain was very great, he declared, "it continued so very severe, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too": and after a pause of a few minutes, he added in the same tone, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?" . . .

Captain Hardy now came to the Cockpit to see his Lordship a second time, which was after an interval of about fifty minutes from the conclusion of the first visit. Before he quitted the deck he sent Lieutenant Hills to acquaint Admiral Collingwood with the lamentable circumstance of Lord Nelson's being wounded.

Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands again: and while the Captain retained his Lordship's hand, he congratulated him even in the arms of Death on his brilliant victory; "which," he said, "was complete; though he did not know how many of the Enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every ship distinctly. He was certain however of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered."

His Lordship answered, "That is well, but I bargained for twenty": and then emphatically exclaimed, "*Anchor*, Hardy, *anchor!*"

To this the Captain replied: "I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs."

"Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!" cried the dying Chief; and at that moment endeavoured ineffectually to raise himself from the bed.

"No," added he; "do *you* anchor, Hardy."

Captain Hardy then said: "Shall *we* make the signal, Sir?"

"Yes," answered his Lordship; "for if I live, I'll anchor."

The energetic manner in which he uttered these his last Orders to Captain Hardy, accompanied with his efforts to raise himself, evinced his determination never to resign the command while he retained the exercise of his transcendant faculties, and that he expected Captain

Hardy still to carry into effect the suggestions of his exalted mind; a sense of his duty overcoming the pains of death.

He then told Captain Hardy, "he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more;" adding in a low tone, "Don't throw me overboard, Hardy."

The Captain answered, "Oh! no, certainly not."

"Then," replied his Lordship, "you know what to do: and" continued he, "take care of my dear Lady Hamilton; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy."

The Captain now knelt down, and kissed his cheek; when his Lordship said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." . . .

His Lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke, who had all along sustained the bed under his shoulders (which raised him in nearly a semirecumbent posture, the only one that was supportable to him), forbore to disturb him by speaking to him; and when he had remained speechless about five minutes, his Lordship's Steward went to the Surgeon, who had been a short time occupied with the wounded in another part of the Cockpit, and stated his apprehensions that his Lordship was dying.

The Surgeon immediately repaired to him, and found him on the verge of dissolution. He knelt down by his side, and took up his hand; which was cold and the pulse gone from the wrist. On the Surgeon's feeling his forehead, which was likewise cold, his Lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again.

The Surgeon again left him, and returned to the wounded who required his assistance; but was not absent five minutes before the Steward announced to him that "he believed his Lordship had expired." The Surgeon retired, and found that the report was but too well founded: his Lordship had breathed his last, at thirty minutes past four o'clock; at which period Dr. Scott was in the act of rubbing his Lordship's breast, and Mr. Burke supporting the bed under his shoulders.

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5. Letter from Captain Pascoe, flag lieutenant on board the Victory. Written thirty-five years after the battle. (In Memoir of Codrington. London, Longmans, 1873.)

His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said: "Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty'"—and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." I replied, "If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word 'expects' for 'confides' the signal will sooner be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary, but the word 'confides' must be spelt." His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, "That will do Pascoe; make it directly." When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to keep it up: accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant masthead, and there it remained until shot away.

Wellington Blücher

Published by J. Booth Jan.y 24, 1817.

GROUP XXXI.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1. Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Flint. (In Booth's Battle of Waterloo, 3rd Edition. London, 1817, Vol. I. p. 95.)

Would you credit it, Napoleon overthrown by the gallantry of a British army!—But I am quite heart-broken by the loss I have sustained; my friends, my poor soldiers—how many of them have I to regret!—I shall follow up this tide of success, and I shall not be satisfied even with this victory, if it be not followed by the total overthrow of Buonaparte.—June 18th.

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2. Letter from Blucher to his wife immediately after the battle. (In Booth's Battle of Waterloo. London, 1817, Vol. I. p. 96.)

My dear Wife: You well remember what I promised you, and I have kept my word. The Enemy's superiority of numbers obliged me to give way on the 17th, but on the 18th, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end at once to Buonaparte's dancing. His army is completely routed, and the whole of his artillery, baggage, caissons, and equipages, are in my hands; the insignia of all the various orders he had worn, are just brought me, having been found in his carriage, in a casket. I had two horses killed under me yesterday. It will soon be all over with Buonaparte.

BLUCHER.

"P. S. (Written by the Prince's son, on the road to Genappe.) Father Blucher embraced Wellington in such a hearty manner, that every body who were present, said it was the most affecting scene that could be imagined."

3. Letter of Blucher to his wife. (From Colomb: Blucher in Briefen aus den Feldzügen 1813–15. Stuttgart, 1876, p. 151.)

Gosselies, June 25, 1815.

I have pretty well recovered from my fall, but again one of my horses has been wounded. I do not expect that there will be any more fighting of consequence here in the near future, perhaps none at all; our victory is the most complete that has ever been gained. Napoleon disappeared in the night without hat or sword; I am sending his hat and sword to the King to-day. His splendid robe of state and his carriage are in my hands; I possess also the field-glass through which he watched us on the day of the battle. I will send you the carriage; it is only a pity that it has been injured. His jewels and all his valuables have become the booty of our troops; nothing is left of his equipment at all and many a soldier is five or six thousand thalers the richer. He was in his carriage on his way back when he was surprised by our troops. He sprang out, threw himself on his horse without his sword, his hat at the same time falling off, and thus apparently favored by the night made his escape—whither, Heaven only knows. To-day I push on into France with the greater part of the army. The results of this victory are incalculable and according to my judgment must include Napoleon's ruin; the French nation must and will despise him. Then I hope peace will ensue and, with God's help, before the winter I will be with you again. Your brother is perfectly well and fought as an excellent officer with his new regiment on the day of the battle. All my suite are sound and well and I am looking eagerly for news from you.

I am trembling so that I can not write much myself—nor have I any time. Farewell and continue to love

Your dearest friend.

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4. Extract of a Letter from an officer of the Guards. (In Booth's Battle of Waterloo. London, 1817, Vol. I. p. 61 ff.)

Village of Gommignies, June 22, 1815.

. . . The 2nd and 3d battalions of the first regiment were formed with the two battalions of Brunswickers into hollow squares, on the slope and summit of the hill, so as to support each other; and in this situation we all lay down, till between three and four o'clock P. M., in order to avoid the storm of death, which was flying close over our heads, and at almost every moment carrying destruction among us: and it is, you will allow, a circumstance highly creditable to those men, to have lain so many hours under a fire, which for intensity and precision was never, I believe, equalled; with nothing else to occupy their attention, save watching their companions falling around them, and listening to their mournful cries. It was about the time I have just named, that the Enemy, having gained the orchard, commenced their desperate charges of cavalry, under cover of the smoke, which the burning houses, etc, had caused; the whole of which the wind drifted towards us, and thus prevented our observing their approach. At this period the battle assumed a character beyond description interesting, and anxiously awful. Buonaparté was about to use against us an arm, which he had never yet wielded but with success. Confidently relying upon the issue of this attack, he charged our artillery and infantry, hoping to capture the one, and break the other, and, by instantly establishing his own infantry on the heights, to carry the Brussels road, and throw our line into confusion. These cavalry, selected for their tried gallantry and skill (not their height or mustachios), who were the terror of Northern Europe, and had never yet been foiled, were first brought up by the 3rd battalion of the 1st regiment. Never was British valour and discipline so pre-eminent as on this occasion; the steady appearance of this battalion caused the famous Cuirassiers to pull up; and a few of them, with the courage worthy of a better cause, rode out of the ranks, and fired at our people and mounted officers, with their pistols, hoping to make the face of the square throw its fire upon them, and thus become an easy prey: but our men, with a steadiness no language could do justice to, defied their efforts, and did not pull a single trigger. The French then made a sudden rush, but were received in such a manner, and with a volley so well directed, as at once to turn them; they then made an attempt on the 2nd battalion, and the Brunswickers, with similar success. . . . Buonaparté renewed his cannonade, which was destructive to a degree, preparatory to an attack of his whole infantry. I constantly saw the noble Duke of Wellington riding backwards and forwards like the Genius of the storm, who, borne upon his wings, directed its thunder where to burst. He was everywhere to be found, encouraging, directing, animating. He was in a blue short cloak, and a plain cocked hat, his telescope in his hand; there was nothing that escaped him, nothing that he did not take advantage of, and his lynx's eyes seemed to penetrate the smoke, and forestall the movements of the foe. How he escaped, that merciful Power alone can tell, who vouchsafed to the allied arms the

Arthur Marquis of Wellington

[illegible]

issue of this pre-eminent contest; for such it is, whether considered as an action by itself, or with regard to the results which it had brought about. Upon the cavalry being repulsed, the Duke himself ordered our second battalion to form line with the third battalion, and, after advancing to the brow of the hill, to lie down and shelter ourselves from the fire. Here we remained, I imagine near an hour. It was now about seven o'clock. The French infantry had in vain been brought up against our line, and, as a last resource, Buonaparté resolved upon attacking our part of the position with his veteran Imperial Guard, promising them the plunder of Brussels. Their artillery covered them, and they advanced in solid column to where we lay. The Duke, who was riding behind us, watched their approach, and at length, when within a hundred yards of us, exclaimed, "Up, Guards, and at them, again!" Never was there a prouder moment than this for our country and ourselves. The household troops of both nations were now, for the first time, brought in contact, and on the issue of their struggle the greatest of stakes was placed. The Enemy did not expect to meet us so soon; we suffered them to approach still nearer, and then delivered a fire into them, which made them halt; a second, like the first, carried hundreds of deaths into their mass; and, without suffering them to deploy, we gave them three British cheers, and a British charge of the bayonet. This was too much for their nerves, and they fled in disorder. The shape of their column was tracked by their dying and dead, and not less than three hundred of them had fallen in two minutes to rise no more. Seeing the fate of their companions, a regiment of tirailleurs of the Guard attempted to attack our flank; we instantly charged them, and our cheers rendered any thing further unnecessary, for they never awaited our approach. The French now formed solid squares in their rear, to resist our advance, which, however, our cavalry cut to pieces. The Duke now ordered the whole line to move forward; nothing could be more beautiful. The sun, which had hitherto been veiled, at this instant shed upon us in departing rays, as if to smile upon the efforts we were making, and bless them with success. As we proceeded in line down the slope, the regiments on the high ground on our flanks were formed into hollow squares, in which manner they accompanied us, in order to protect us from cavalry—the blow was now struck, the victory was complete, and the Enemy fled in every direction: his déroute was the most perfect ever known, in the space of a mile and a half along the road, we found more than thirty guns, besides ammunition wagons, etc., etc. Our noble and brave coadjutors, the Prussians, who had some time since been dealing out havock in the rear of the Enemy, now falling in with our line of march, we halted, and let them continue the pursuit. Buonaparté fled the field on the advance of the Prussians, and the annihilation of his Imperial Guard, with whose overthrow all his hopes perished. Thus ended the day of "Waterloo." The skill and courage of our artillery could not be exceeded. The brigade of Guards, in Hougoumont, suffered nothing to rob them of their post: every regiment eclipsed its former deeds by the glories of to-day; and I cannot better close this than by informing you, that when we halted for the night, which we did close to where Buonaparté had been during a great portion of the battle, and were preparing our bivouac by the road side, a regiment of Prussian lancers coming by, halted, and played "God save the King," than which nothing could be more appropriate or grateful to our feelings; and I am sure I need scarcely add, that we gave them three heartfelt cheers, as the only return we could then offer."

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5. Letters of a young officer to his sister. (From Letters and Journals of Sir W. M. Gomm. London, Murray, 1881, p. 349.)

Brussels, June 13th, 1815.

Since I last wrote to you I have been attached to the 5th division (Picton's); it is not certain, however, that I shall continue with it. This, however, secures me a place in the world whenever the army moves. . . .

Camp of Waterloo, June 19th.

I know what satisfaction it will give you to learn that I have been with the 5th division, and, therefore, in the hottest of all this "glorious business," and have escaped with two blows which are of no consequence, and two horses wounded which is of great consequence.

The Prussians are marching upon Charleroi, and we move upon Nivelles immediately.

I consider the French army as utterly destroyed, and we shall be in Paris as fast as our legs can carry us. Tell Aunt so, and recommend her to leave off croaking. I am writing this unintelligibly enough, but it would be still worse by word of mouth at this moment, for I am so hoarse at hurraing all yesterday that I can scarcely articulate.

I have been four days without washing face or hands, but am in hourly expectation of my lavender water, etc. I am very tired. Adieu, dear Sophia; I hope this will reach you early, for I well know how anxious you all will be about me. Best love to Aunt, Henry, Goully and all friends. I am much afraid dear Goully will be called upon to illuminate ruinously on this occasion. We have done nothing like it since Blenheim, and the consequences are likely to be far more important. Ever your affectionate brother

W. M. Gomm.

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6. Letter of Gneisenau to Madame von Clausewitz and Countess Dohna. (In Pertz-Delbrück, Das Leben Gneisenaus, Vol. IV. p. 535.)

Henappe-sur-Oise, not far from Guise,
June 24, 1815.

My revered Friends: If the evening in Namur pleased you, you had better set out at once and follow us, for in or near Paris we can celebrate a similar or even merrier evening.

First of all you must know that your husbands are safe and sound. The third Army Corps had to cover our rear while we were fighting. It suffered violent attacks and fought on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Dohna and his regiment made a fine attack near Namur, conquering five cannon and thus establishing the fame of his regiment. It went hard with the third Corps at first but it has come out all right. Had we lost the battle it would have been our only stand-by.

Never was there a finer battle than ours at Belle-Alliance (Waterloo); never was one more decisive; the enemy annihilated as never an enemy before. With several army Corps we had crept round in the rear of the enemy, who with greatly superior numbers and still greater violence had attacked the Duke of Wellington, and had concealed a number of our brigades in a wood. Just when the fate of the day was wavering, when the British army had already considerably lost ground and the enemy was about to give it its death-blow we made up our minds, in spite of the fact that most of our brigades had not yet come up, to

Carl Mayer sc Nbg

August Neidhart Graf von Gneisenau
königl. preuſsischer Feldmarschall

Geb. zu Schilda am 28. Octob. 1760, gest. zu Posen am 24. Aug. 1831.

make the attack with only two brigades. We burst forth from the wood, directly in the rear of the enemy, and opened our fire. The enemy was in a desperate situation and fought, indeed, with desperation, throwing all its reserves against us. We kept our positions. The enemy led troop after troop against us, but we too gained reinforcements from one quarter of an hour to another.

The firing was so violent that with every pulse beat one of the enemy's balls whizzed by, not to speak of our own shots. I could hardly hear the messages that came and even with my strong voice had often to exert myself very much in order to be heard. As reinforcements came up we now pressed forward cautiously but uninterruptedly. It was a fine spectacle to see our four-cornered batallions descend the terraced heights with their batteries and tirailleurs in front. After a stubborn resistance the enemy scattered in wild flight.

I made up my mind to leave him no rest, put myself at the head of the troops, encouraged the wearied ones to follow me and thus with only a few cannon which I let thunder forth from time to time I chased the enemy from all his bivouacs. Thus we followed, constantly shooting and hewing them down, until we came to the encampment of the Guards. Bonaparte had intended to stop in Jenappe but when he heard our cannon-shots and our infantry and cavalry, small as they were, came up, he fled from his carriage defending himself with a pistol. His hat and sword remained in our hands. We have his whole baggage, his diamonds even. My fusileers sold four or five diamonds as large and larger than peas for a few francs. Quite a number of diamonds fell to our share of this size (drawing about the size of a small bean) and one even of this size (large as a pigeon-egg.) The fusileers chose out the finest and sent them as a present to the King. The subalterns of this batallion dine now off silver. As my share of the booty I kept Bonaparte's seal, the one with which I seal this letter. We did not halt until daybreak. It was the most glorious night of my life. The moon lighted up the beautiful scene; the weather was mild. This news that I am sending you might very well be put in the Dusseldorf paper, but without mentioning my name.

We have conquered more than 400 cannon. The enemy is hastening in wild flight towards Paris or else is scattering far and wide. Bonaparte in a round hat hurried through Beaumont.

Our loss is great. In the three days of battle we have lost nearly 22000 men in dead and wounded. But the army for the most part showed out magnificently. It is unheard-of in history that twenty-four hours after a lost battle a new one is engaged in and so decisive a victory gained.

The interest which you, honored ladies, take in my person is for me a sweet reward. In the last battle I again had a horse shot through with a cannon-ball while another was twice wounded by a small ball. My sabre was once knocked out of its sheath, another time shot in pieces. My contusion is not worth mentioning. God preserve you, brave German women! For such women one is glad to fight. May my daughters grow up with such sentiments in their breasts.

GNEISENAU.

7. Correspondence between Gneisenau and Müffling. (In Pertz-Delbrück, Gneisenau's Leben, Vol. IV. pp. 542 ff.) *Translation.*

a. Gneisenau to Müffling.

Compiegne, June 27, 1815.

The French General de Tromelin is in Noyons on his way to the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington in order to treat about the handing over of Bonaparte.

Bonaparte has been pronounced an outlaw by the declaration of the allied powers. It is possible that the Duke of Wellington, out of regard for Parliament, will hesitate to carry out the sentence of the powers. You accordingly are to direct the negotiations in this matter to the end that Bonaparte be handed over to us to be put to death.

Thus eternal justice wills it, thus the declaration of the 13th of March determines, thus will the blood of our soldiers who were killed and mutilated on the 16th and 18th be avenged.

von Gneisenau.

b. Müffling to Gneisenau.

Nesle, June 28th, 1815.

I have had a conversation with the Duke of Wellington concerning the surrender and execution of Bonaparte. He gave me two answers; the first as British marshal:

That he believed now our first duty was to march on Paris. Could we effect Napoleon's surrender we would have to accept it but he did not believe that the declaration of the 13th of March authorized an execution for "livré à la vindicte publique" did not determine that he should be regarded as an outlaw, but that he should be proceeded against judicially. After the recent great events that had happened he considered that it was not a case of pericula in mora and accordingly would feel it his duty in case Napoleon were handed over to Prince Blücher and the latter should wish to execute him to request the prince in writing to postpone the matter.

As a friend the Duke spoke as follows:

The Prince could have Napoleon executed in two ways, either after a trial or by shooting him without ceremony. If the good of Europe demanded it he himself would have no compunctions, but as this was not the case such an execution would go down in history as an *action odieuse* even though the generation alive at present should not blame it. The Duke considered that which these two armies had accomplished to be so great that the two commanders by exercising moderation could only add to the glory of their deeds.

I answered that it seemed to me if Prince Blücher were to proceed against Napoleon it would be an *acte de devouement*, inasmuch as one could be certain the sovereigns would grant Bonaparte his life.

I am not a sovereign, answered the Duke, but I believe the Prince will think as I do—in the condition in which we are, *nous ne céderons à aucun souverain;* and why should we do something that sovereigns would not do or about which anyone could say to us, they would not have done it?

c. Gneisenau to Müffling.

Senlis, June 29, 1815.

The Field-marshal orders me still to say that you shall explain to the Duke of Wellington that it had been the Field-marshal's intention to execute Bonaparte on the same spot where the Duke of Enghien was shot, but that out of regard for the Duke's wishes he would omit the execution. The Duke however must assume the responsibility for such omission.

It seems to me as if the English would be embarrassed with regard to this surrender of Bonaparte. You are therefore to negotiate solely on the basis of his being handed over to us.

N. von Gneisenau.

NAPOLEON JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

NAPOLEON ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

(From an engraving of Horace Vernet's picture.)

d. Gneisenau to Müffling.

Senlis, June 29, 1815.

If the Duke of Wellington declares against the execution of Bonaparte, he thinks and acts like a Briton. To no mortal man is Great Britain under greater obligations than to just this rascal, for through the events that he brought to pass England's greatness, prosperity and wealth have been so vastly increased. They are lords of the sea and neither in this dominion nor in the commerce of the world have they any more rivalry to fear.

It is quite different with us Prussians. We have been impoverished by him. Our nobility can never again recover.

And should we not look upon ourselves as instruments of Providence which has granted us such a victory in order that we should exercise eternal justice? Does not the death of the Duke of Enghien call for such vengeance? Shall we not subject ourselves to the reproaches of the peoples of Prussia, Russia, Spain and Portugal if we omit to render justice?

Well, so be it then! If people wish to exercise a theatrical great-heartedness I will not oppose them. I take this attitude because of regard for the Duke and—of powerlessness.

Count Gneisenau.

GROUP XXXII.

AN AMERICAN MINISTER AT THE COURT OF LONDON.

(From Rush's Narrative. London, 1833, pp. 97 ff.)

February 25, 1818.

Having brought from my Government a letter of credence to the Queen, I was this day presented to her. It was called a private presentation, and took place at Buckingham Palace.

I got to the palace before the hour fixed. Servants were at the door, and in the hall. Ascending an ample staircase, the master of ceremonies received me in one of the rooms of a suite, all open, but no one else in them. When five o'clock came, he conducted me to the audience-room, which I entered alone.

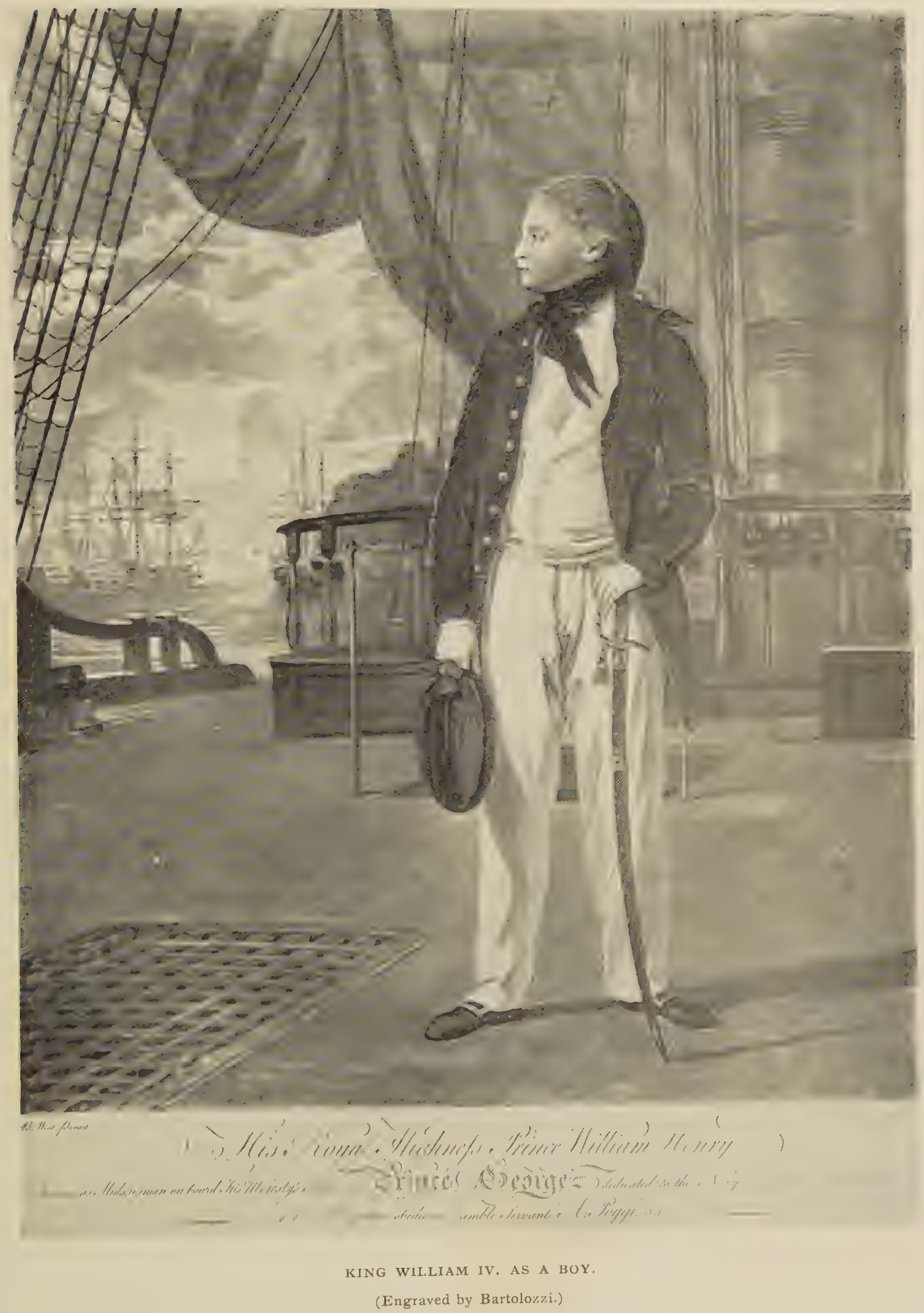
Immediately before me was the Queen. On her right was one of the Princesses, her daughter; on her left another. Near them were two ladies in waiting. All were in full court-dresses; and all standing. In another part of the room were her Majesty's Chamberlain, and the Duke of Montrose. These made up the whole assemblage. All was silence. Approaching the Queen, I said;—"Having been accredited by his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenepotentiary from the United States, I have now the honor to present this letter to Your Majesty. In executing the duties of my mission, I have it in charge from the President so to bear myself as to give hope of gaining your Majesty's esteem; and this I beg to assure your Majesty will be my constant ambition." She received the letter. As she took it she said that the sentiments I expressed were very obliging, and entered into conversation. Learning I was from Philadelphia she asked questions about it, and others respecting the United States, generally; all put in a very kind spirit. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes.

The Queen was then seventy-six. Her birthday was the day following. As I entered the room, and during the whole interview, there was a benignity in her manner, which, in union with her age and rank, was both attractive and touching. The tones of her voice had a gentleness the result, in part, of years; but full as much of intended suavity to a stranger. The scene as it first broke upon me, its novelty, its quiet yet impressive stateliness became almost immediately, by her manner, one of naturalness and ease. My immediate predecessor, Mr. Adams, when presented to her, made an allusion to qualities in her character, which, as I came to learn through a good source that it was advantageously remembered at the English Court, I will repeat. His mission commenced in 1815, directly after the war between the two countries. He said, that the political relations between them had been subject to the versatility that attended all human affairs; that dissensions had arisen, which however had been removed; but that the reverence commanded by her Majesty's private virtues had been subject to no such change; it had been invariably felt by his Government, and he could utter no wish more propitious to the happiness of both countries, than that the future harmony between them might be equally unalterable. The allusion was happy because it was just. Throughout a long life she had been uniformly distinguished by her private virtues, and her efforts to imprint them upon the times. I saw her sinking below the horizon. But the serenity that I saw betokened that as the splendors of her day were setting she had a consciousness that it was not for them alone she had lived.

Feb. 27.

Yesterday her Majesty held a drawing-room. It was in celebration of her birth-day. My wife was presented by Lady Castlereagh. . . .

Four rooms were allotted to the ceremony. In the second was the Queen. She sat on a velvet chair and cushion, a little raised up. . . . If the scene in the hall was picturesque, the one upstairs transcended it. The doors of the rooms were all open. You saw in them a thousand ladies richly dressed. All the colors of nature were mingling their rays together. It was the first occasion of laying by mourning for the Princess Charlotte; so that it was like the bursting out of spring. No lady was without her plume. The whole was a waving field of feathers. Some were blue, like the sky; some tinged with red; here you saw violet and yellow; there, shades of green. But the most were like tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them caught the sun through the windows and threw dazzling beams around. Then the hoops! I cannot describe these. They should be seen. To see one is nothing. But to see a thousand—and their thousand wearers! I afterwards sat in the Ambassadors' box at a coronation. That sight faded before this. Each lady seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade; or one of silvery texture. This, topped by her plume, and the "face divine" interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere. It was brilliant and joyous. Those to whom it was not new, stood at gaze as I did. Canning for one. His fine eye took it all in. You saw admiration in the gravest statesmen; Lord Liverpool, Huskisson, the Lord Chancellor, everybody. I had already seen in England signs enough of opulence and power. Now I saw, radiating on all sides, British beauty. My own country I believed was destined to a just measure of the two first; and I had the inward assurance that my countrywomen were the inheritresses of the last. *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*


B. West pinxit
His Royal Highness Prince William Henry
as Midshipman on board His Majesty's
Prince George dedicated to the
humble servant Ca Poggi

KING WILLIAM IV. AS A BOY.

(Engraved by Bartolozzi.)

So appeared the drawing-room of Queen Charlotte.

April 8th.

The Princess Elizabeth was married last evening to the Prince of Hesse Homburg. . . . Our invitation was from the Queen, given through the Earl of Winchelsea, nearly three weeks before. . . . Soon after the service was performed the bride and bridegroom set off for Windsor. The company remained. The evening passed in high ceremony, without excluding social ease. From the members of the royal family the guests had every measure of courtesy. The conduct of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family—her children then clustering about her; the female head of a great empire—in the seventy-sixth year of her age—went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindliness in her manner from which time had struck away useless forms. No one did she omit. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the King. He was absent, scathed by the hand of Heaven; a marriage going on in one of his palaces; he the lonely, suffering tenant of another. But the portrait was a token superior to a crown! It bespoke the natural glory of wife and mother, eclipsing the artificial glory of Queen. For more than fifty years this royal pair had lived together in affection. The scene would have been one of interest anywhere. May it not be noticed on a throne? . . .

April 16, 1818.

Went to the Court of King's Bench to hear the argument in the case of wager of battle. The parties were present. Through the courtesy of the Judges, I had a seat on the bench, next to Mr. Justice Bayley. On his left was Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, occupying the seat of the Cokes, the Hales, the Mansfields. To the left of Lord Ellenborough were Mr. Justice Abbot and Mr. Justice Holroyd. If at Lord Hardwicke's I was awake to the associations which the great legal names of England call up, the feeling could not be less here. The room was extremely full. The case was so remarkable as to have become a topic in general society.

By the ancient law of England, when a person was murdered, the nearest relative of the deceased might bring what was called an appeal of death, against the party accused of the murder. Under this proceeding, the accuser and accused fought. The weapons were clubs. The battle began at sunrise, and was in presence of the Judges; by whom also the dress of the combatants, and all other formalities were arranged. Part of the oath was, that neither combatant would resort to witchcraft. If the accused was slain, it was taken as proof of his guilt; if the accuser, of his innocence. If the former held out until star-light, that also attested his innocence. If either yielded whilst able to fight, it worked his condemnation and disgrace. Those who wish a full description of the proceedings, may seek it in Sully, or continental writers of an earlier day, as Froissart, the custom having been imported into England by the Normans. My summary will give the general idea.

It was a mode of trial for dark ages. Ashford the appellor, had accused Thornton the appellee, of the murder of one of his relations, and the latter desired to fight. In the highest tribunal of the most enlightened country of Europe, I was listening to a discussion whether or not this mode of trial was in force in the nineteenth century! It was difficult to persuade myself of the reality of the scene. Sir Humphrey Davy's remark was fresh in my mind.

Mr. Chitty, a lawyer of eminence, argued against the right of battle. Mr. Tindall had argued on the other side, on a former day. Fleta, Bracton, the Year-books, and other repositories of ancient law, were ransacked. Abundant ability was displayed on both sides. The greatest order prevailed, even gravity. The Judges were in their robes. About seventy lawyers sat in front of them; all in gowns and wigs. Finally, the Judges decided that trial by battle was in force. It had never, it seems, been repealed.

To repeal laws, belongs to the legislature. Courts expound and apply them. Free government is complex, and works slowly; tyranny is simple, and does its work at once. An absurd law may sleep in a free code, because overlooked; but, whilst there, it is the law. It is so, I suppose, that we must reason; and generally the reasoning would be right. Yet it might have been thought, that, in a case like this, long disuse added to obvious absurdity, would have worked the silent repeal of the law; according to the doctrine of desuetude under the Roman code.

In the end, no battle was fought. A technical flaw interposed to prevent it, and Parliament passed a repealing statute. But the case marks an incident in English jurisprudence, having come near to converting the Court of King's Bench into another Lyceum of Mendoza.

. . . .

On the 17th of November, died the Queen. She expired at Kew Palace, after a long illness. . . . Her funeral was on the 2nd of December, at Windsor. The body had lain in state for the time usual. The procession moved from Kew. I went there with my sons. The multitude was so great, of carriages, persons on horseback, and foot passengers, that it might be said to form a compact mass from London to Kew, a distance of eight miles. . . . On the 3rd of December the theatres were reopened. I went to Drury-Lane. The house was crowded and everybody in black for the Queen. Orders for court mourning take in only a limited class; but the streets, as the theatres, are filled with persons of all classes, who put it on. Even children wear it, and servants. Such is the usage of the country.

KING WILLIAM IV.

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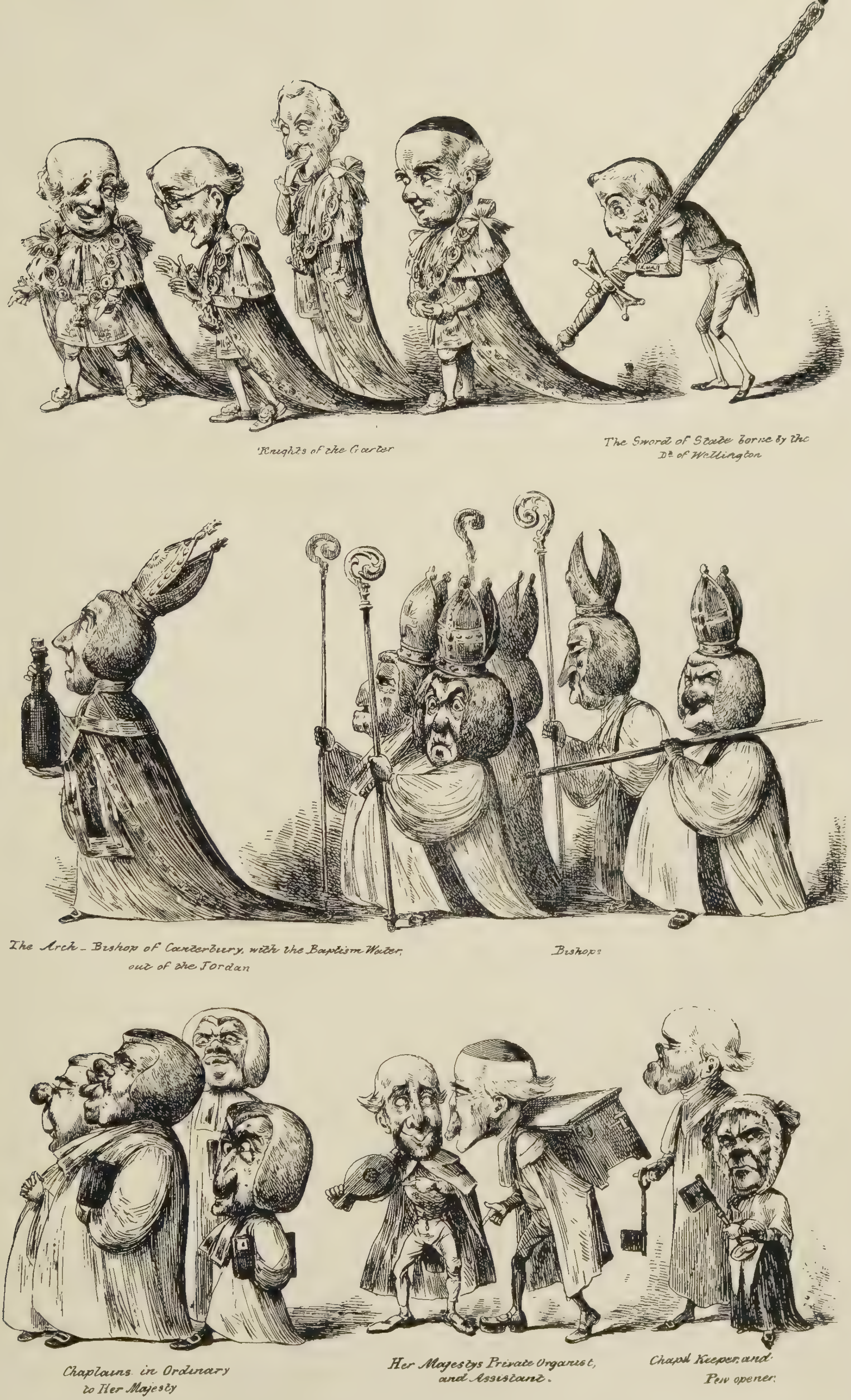
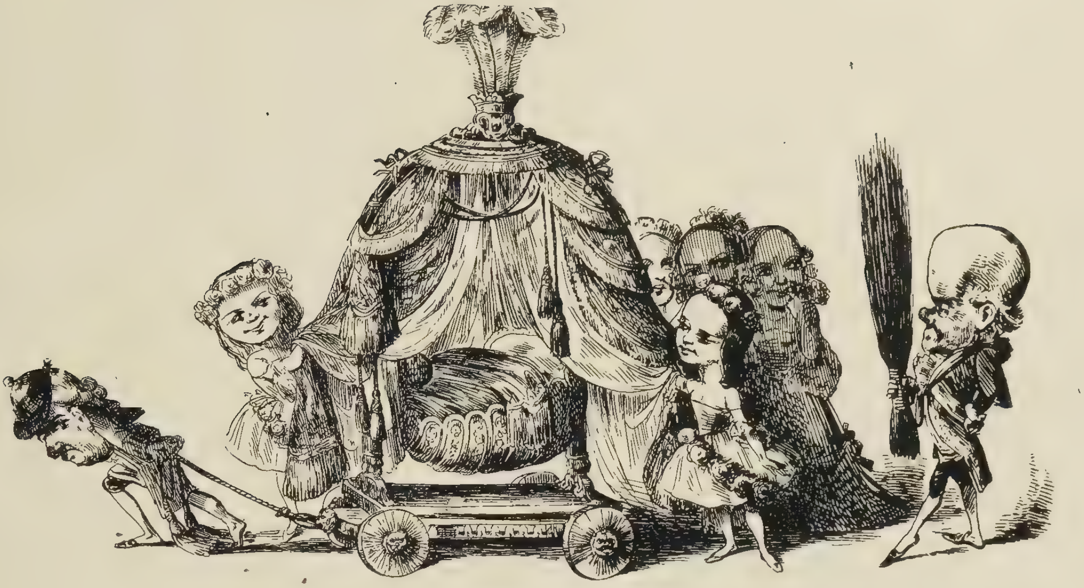
QUEEN VICTORIA

(About 1840 A. D. Anonymous engraving.)


Knights of the Garter
The Sword of State borne by the D^{e} of Wellington
The Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, with the Baptism Water, out of the Jordan
Bishops
Chaplains in Ordinary to Her Majesty
Her Majestys Private Organist, and Assistant.
Chapel Keeper and Pew opener.

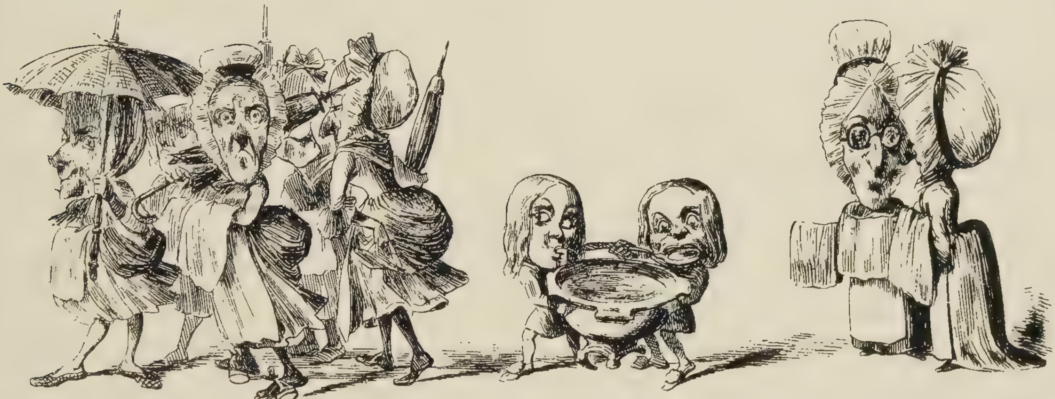
CHRISTENING OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1841 A. D.

(Contemporary caricatures.)



The Royal Cot.

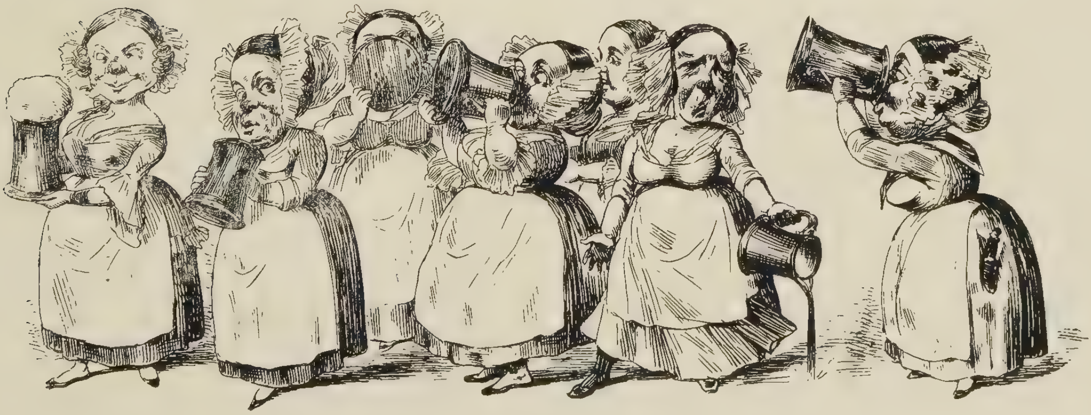
Usher of the Black Rod



The Dry Nurse's

Pap Bearers.
to H.R.H the Prince of Wales.

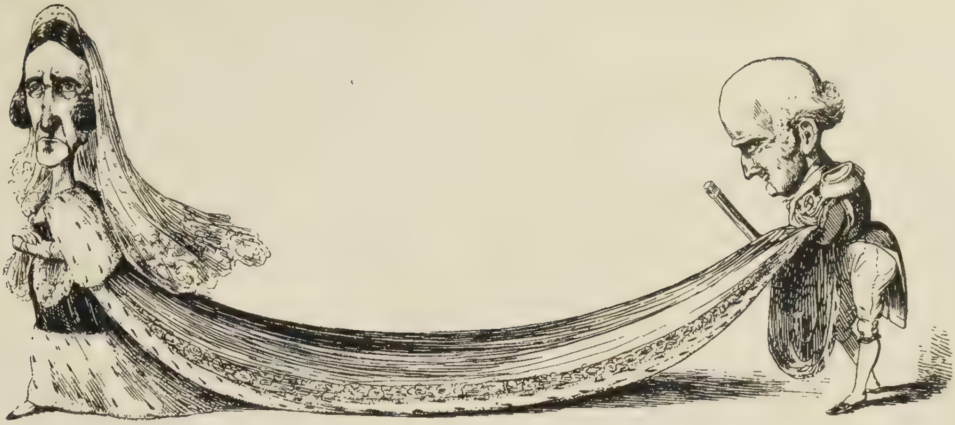
Napkin bearers to ditto



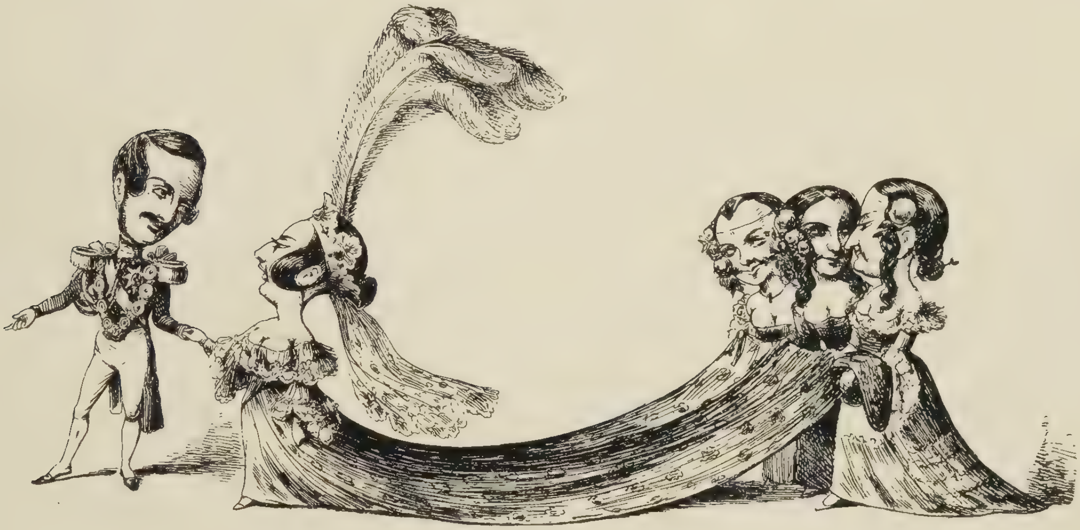
The Wet Nurses.

CHRISTENING OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1841 A. D.

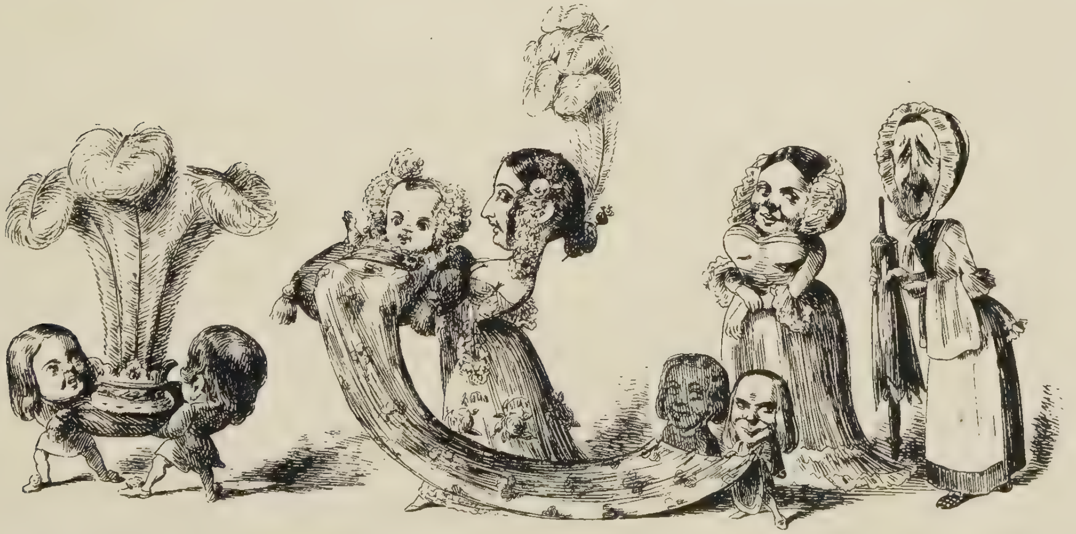
(Contemporary caricatures.)



The Queen Dowager, her Tail borne — the Lord knows How



Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and Her Illustrious Consort Prince Albert. *Tail Bearers*



The Feathers *H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, borne by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His Tail supported by two Pages* *Chief Wet Nurse* *Chief Dry Nurse.*

CHRISTENING OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 1841 A. D.

(Contemporary caricatures.)